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FOREIGN
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- ART. I.—1. *Œuvres Complètes de Madame la Baronne de Staël Holstein, &c.* 17 vols. 8vo. Paris.
2. *Mélanges de Littérature et de Politique.* Par M. Benjamin Constant. Paris, 1829. 8vo.
3. *Lives of Madame de Staël and Madame Roland.* By Mrs. Child. 12mo. Boston, 1833.

MADAME DE STAEL was not only the most remarkable woman of her time, but is in one respect strikingly distinguished above all her sex. She is, perhaps, the only woman whom a majority of competent judges would place in the first order of human talent. In surveying the wide circle of literature, art and science, we are naturally disposed to adopt some species of classification—to take a few great names from out the herd, and to place them in a class by themselves. This first class of master-minds will be smaller or more extensive according to the taste of the individual selecting them, and the degree of his veneration for a few of the leading examples of intellectual greatness; but, if a thousand well-informed persons were required each to produce his first-class list of the eminent in arts, literature and science, however they might vary in other respects, they would probably be found to agree in this—they would either not admit in their first class the name of any woman, or only that of Madame de Staël.

We are unwilling to assign a limit to the faculties of women, or to believe that there is any height of intellectual greatness attained by man to which they are incapable of reaching; nor will we pause to inquire whether, assuming such incapability to be true, mental organization or insufficient culture is the disabling cause. We will abstain from speculation, and point only to the fact,—that in arts and literature *first rate* excellence has never been exhibited by woman. Not even in those arts which demand that quickness of feeling and refinement of taste which woman is presumed most likely to possess, do we find the proficiency we should expect. Music is perhaps more extensively cultivated by women than by men; yet the great composers have all been men. Painting and sculpture might be feminine accomplishments; yet where is the female artist who deserves to be classed with the great masters in those arts? In the lighter and more imaginative branches of literature,

which should be most accessible to women, the case is no less striking. Shakspeare in the drama, Milton in poetry, Scott in romance, are unapproached by female pens. We do not pretend to explain the reason, we only mean to state the fact, and to observe, that to a body of instances so conclusive as might well suffice to constitute a rule, *Madame de Staël* is perhaps a solitary exception. She is perhaps the only woman who can claim admission to an equality with the first order of manly talent. She was one whom listening senates would have admired, as though it had been a Burke, a Chatham, a Fox, or a Mirabeau. She was one whom legislators might consult with profit. She was one whose voice and pen were feared, and, because feared, unrelentingly persecuted by the absolute master of the mightiest empire that the world has witnessed since the days of Charlemagne.

This extraordinary woman, though the daughter of a distinguished and affectionate father, cannot be said to have owed much to education. In her childhood she was bandied about between opposite systems. Her mother was a pedantic disciplinarian; her father, the celebrated Necker, was in the other extreme indulgent. Under the rule of the former she was crammed with learning to the injury of her health; and when the authority of the latter prevailed, she was for some years suffered to be idle, feed her imagination, write pastorals, and plan romances. With an exuberant buoyancy of childish spirit, she was scarcely ever a child in intellect. One of the games of her childhood was to compose tragedies, and make puppets to act them. Before twelve she conversed, with the intelligence of a grown-up person, with such men as Grimm and Marmontel. At fifteen she wrote remarks on the *Esprit des Lois*; at sixteen she composed a long anonymous letter to her father on the subject of his *Compte Rendu*; and Raynal had so high an opinion of her powers, that he wished her to write for his work a paper on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. At the age of twenty she married the Baron de Staël, ambassador from Sweden, and obtained a position, which, if it failed to bring with it all she wished of domestic happiness, at least afforded ample scope for the exercise of her great abilities. She was enthusiastic, sanguine, and imaginative; and, like many other ardent minds, hers was captivated by those beautiful harbingers of expected liberty, the first fair dawnings of the French Revolution, when nothing was sought but exemption from oppression, and subsequent excesses were not foreseen. But though she embraced this cause with ardour, she was not blinded to the change which its character underwent, and did not stubbornly adhere to it when that character was changed. She not only abhorred, but courageously opposed the frightful course

towards regicide which revolutionary France was running. After Louis had been brought back a captive from Varennes, she drew up a written plan for his escape from the Tuilleries, and gave it to Montmorin, by whom it was never communicated to the king. She bravely incurred a still greater risk in venturing to publish a defence of the queen, about the frightful commencement of the reign of terror.

After the fall of the Terrorists, Madame de Staël, fearing lest the country should be forced, as she energetically expressed it, "*à retraverser une seconde fois le fleuve du sang*"—anxious for any thing that resembled a re-establishment of order, and comparatively little solicitous about the constitution and materials of the new government, if it would only save from a recurrence of anarchy—lent the aid of her talents in support of the Directory. She became the centre of a political society, combining many distinguished men, among whom was Benjamin Constant, and which laboured to counteract the sinister influence of the Club de Clichy, by which the Directory was vehemently assailed. But the talents of its advocates could do little for the Directory. While Bonaparte was conquering in Italy and in Egypt, it was dying of its own weakness: a political atrophy had seized it. It bore the forms of republicanism without its spirit. It utterly wanted what republican institutions need more, perhaps, than any others—the invigorating support of public opinion. It excited no interest; and it was not regarded as an object of fear. Second-rate lawyers were installed in the seats of government, amid the sneers and murmurings of the people, who, disgusted with the farce at home, looked with satisfaction only at the brilliant spectacle of victories at a distance; and all was ripe for that military domination which Bonaparte was prepared to seize.

Madame de Staël evinced her penetration by an early distrust of the character of Bonaparte. Unlike a woman, she was not dazzled by those successes which turned the heads of the men of France. She saw the anti-liberal tendency of his mind—the dark inherent germ of despotism. She appears to have seen it long before the revolution of the 18th Brumaire, when, treading closely in the steps of Cromwell, but with less of energy and decision in the execution of his measures, he dissolved a legislative assembly by military force; and a jeering populace saw the members of the Council of Five Hundred ludicrously escaping in their senatorial trappings out of the windows at St. Cloud, while the hall was swept by a file of soldiers.

"Shortly after the 18th Brumaire," says Madame de Staël, in her *Dix Années d'Exil*, "Bonaparte was informed that I had been speaking strongly in my circle against that dawning oppression, of the progress

of which I had as clear a presentiment as if the page of futurity had been revealed to me. Joseph Bonaparte, whose wit and conversation I liked exceedingly, said to me, on one of his visits: 'My brother complains of you. Why, repeated he to me yesterday, does not Madame de Staël attach herself to my government? What does she require?—the payment of her father's deposit?—I will order it. To reside at Paris?—I will permit her to do so. In short, what is it she really wants?'—'*Mon Dieu!*' was my reply, 'the question is, not what I *want*, but what I *think*.'"

Soon after this she was consulted by Benjamin Constant on an intended speech against the government. She urged him to make it. He warned her of the consequences, appealing to her love of society and social influence. "Your salon is now filled with persons whom you like; if I make my speech to-morrow, it will be deserted; think well of it." "We must follow our conviction," was her answer. The speech was made, and the threatened consequence ensued; and such is Madame de Staël's account of her first quarrel with Bonaparte. It is difficult to analyse the secret motives, and detect the share which wounded vanity might have had in producing coldness, almost from the outset of their acquaintance, between these two celebrated persons. It is plain that the tone and demeanour of the latter were depreciating and repulsive; that he regarded the former as an unwelcome phenomenon, and that his aversion was a mixed feeling, combining jealousy of the admiration which her talents created, with preconceived contempt for the intellect of her sex. Bonaparte's feeling towards women was somewhat akin to that with which the Indian savage views his squaw. He never seems to have been able to divest himself of a strong impression of their inferiority; and he probably disliked Madame de Staël the more for having subjected his prejudice to so rude a shock. But if his hostility originated in prejudice, it was continued through policy. She would not be other than a source of danger; her interests and his policy were diametrically opposite. Her success was incompatible with the despotism he had meditated. A man of eminent talents might be linked to his fortunes by the chain of office; and the hopes of promotion and the terrors of disgrace might equally be applied to render him subservient: but what equal controul could he hope to exercise over equal abilities in the person of a woman? She would be less serviceable, and more dangerous. She would bear the double armoury of strength and weakness, availing herself of the privileges which European chivalry has awarded to the weaker sex, while employing the powerful resources of a masculine reason. To confute her might be impossible; to silence her ungenerous. He could not allure her or fetter her with

office; he could offer no boon which could compensate for the absence of that free discussion which he was determined to deny. If he feared her reason, still more did he fear her wit; he had little hope of fettering *that*, even though he made her nominally an adherent. So potent a *disenchantress* must be ever dangerous to one whose object was to dazzle. Napoleon understood Frenchmen well enough to know that an epigram might be as destructive to his power as an argument. To save himself from the terrors of her tongue, he inflicted the sentence of banishment from Paris. After a protracted infliction of this punishment, he next directed his vengeance against her writings; and it may be truly said that, within a century, the annals of literary persecution contain nothing more extraordinary, than that to which they were exposed by his watchful tyranny.

Her work on Germany, a work chiefly literary, and from which politics were excluded, was in 1810, in obedience to a new decree against the liberty of the press, submitted to the censors previous to publication. They authorized its publication, but demanded the erasure of several passages. We cannot, without a smile of pity and surprise, turn to those passages of which the timid satellites of the most powerful monarch in the world required the suppression. They would not allow her to say that Paris “*étoit le lieu du monde où l’on pouvoit le mieux se passer de bonheur.*” The present times must not be called “*ces temps cruels.*” She must not say that in Austria “*les bases de l’édifice social sont bonnes et respectables, mais il y manque un faite et des colonnes, pour que la gloire et le génie puissent y avoir un temple.*” She must not say that “*un homme peut faire marcher ensemble les élémens opposés, mais à sa mort ils se separent.*” She had said that the conquest which led to the partition of Poland was “*une conquête machiavelique.*” This was allowed to stand, but they suppressed the following part of the sentence, “*et l’on ne pouvoit jamais espérer que des sujets ainsi derobés fussent fidèles à l’escamoteur qui se disoit leur souverain.*” It was not permissible to say, in speaking of Prussia, that “*l’ardent héroïsme du malheureux Prince Louis doit jeter encore quelque gloire sur ses compagnons d’armes.*” The following proposition—“*Le bon goût en littérature est, à quelques égards, comme l’ordre sous le despotisme; il importe d’examiner à quel prix on l’achète*”—was not allowed to go forth to the world; nor might she even say that “*nous n’en sommes pas, j’imagine, à vouloir clever autour de la France littéraire la grande muraille de la Chine, pour empêcher les idées du dehors d’y pénétrer.*”

A book thus sifted by such microscopic detectors of whatever tended towards an anti-despotic liberality of sentiment, might,

one should have supposed, have been safely given to an enslaved public, whose prejudices were enlisted on the side of despotism, and against the principles which that book espoused. But it was judged otherwise. The decree had sanctioned an entire suppression by the minister of the police, even of works which the censors had permitted; and this power was rigorously exercised. The MS. had been examined and returned,—the exceptionable passages (above quoted) had been expunged,—it had been sent to the publisher, and 10,000 copies had been struck off, when Savary ordered its suppression.—Gendarmes were sent to seize the impressions,—the print was obliterated by a chemical process,—and the restoration of the paper, thus brought back to its blank state, was the only remuneration afforded to the publisher.

But this was not all. The MS. was demanded, and the authoress ordered to quit France in twenty-four hours. She remonstrated, and required that the time should be extended to eight days; a request which Savary granted, but in a letter which served only to blacken the tyrannical injustice of the whole proceeding: “*Votre dernier ouvrage n’est point Français : c’est moi qui en ai arrêté l’impression. Je regrette la perte qu’il va faire éprouver au libraire, mais il ne m’est pas possible de le laisser paraître.*” “*Your work is not French. It is impossible for me to suffer it to appear!*”—this was the only explanation which this peremptory minister of the emperor’s will condescended to give. This was the liberty to which, in twenty-one years from the commencement of her revolution, France had travelled through so much blood.

The proscribed authoress retired to Coppet, to be exposed to fresh persecutions,—persecutions directed not only against herself, but against her family and friends. She was to be wounded through her children. Her sons were excluded from France; and when this impediment to their education was sought to be obviated by placing them under the tutelage of Schlegel, he was ordered to quit the country. An excursion to the baths of Aix in Savoy, for the benefit of the health of one of her sons, was stopped by an order from the prefect of Geneva: and she was soon forbidden to stir more than ten leagues in any direction from her house at Coppet.

With a tyranny as petty as it was powerful, was she vexatiously and needlessly debarred from what formed one of the chief pleasures of her life—society. She was debarred from seeking friends, and friends from seeking her. M. de Montmorency and Mad. Recamier both endeavoured to beguile her solitude; and both were punished by banishment for the crime of friendship. It was deliberately intended to force her into submissive adulation

of Napoleon by whatever could render her situation disconsolate and irksome; and not only were the French forbidden to visit her, but even foreigners were warned against the consequences of such a step. At length, by secret flight, she escaped from this miserable thralldom. England was her intended goal; and in order to reach it she must pass through Russia. Napoleon's far-extended tyranny had left her no directer route. In her "*Dix Années d'Exil*," the recital of her persecutions and her wanderings, while describing a case of individual suffering, she draws, in fact, a picture of the times. She takes, like Sterne, a single captive and looks with us into the prison:—but what a captive! and what a prison! the captive, herself;—the prison—more than half of Europe. The most eloquent and comprehensive generalities would not impress us with so strong a sense of the gigantic magnitude and microscopic vigilance of the power which Napoleon wielded.

These persecutions tended to rouse and confirm in Mad. de Staël a stern independence of spirit, which seems to have belonged peculiarly to her character. She was little liable to be dazzled; and that theatrical greatness which so much captivates the minds of Frenchmen had scarcely any influence on hers. She was not blinded by the glory of Napoleon; and she was not deluded by the factitious splendour of Louis XIV. She could estimate at its true value that hollow greatness which had imposed on the shallow penetration of the *soi-disant philosophe*, Voltaire; and she stripped off the delusion with a firm and vigorous hand.

"The reign of Louis XIV., which has been the object of so much poetical adulation, was signalized by every species of injustice; and no one ventured to remonstrate against the abuses of a government which was itself a continual abuse. Fenelon alone raised his voice; in the eyes of posterity that is sufficient. This monarch, who was so scrupulous upon religious dogmas, was not at all so in regard to good morals, and it was only during the period of his adversity that he displayed real virtues. Up to the moment of his misfortunes we feel no sort of sympathy with him; then only did native grandeur re-appear in his soul.

"We boast of the noble edifices which Louis XIV. erected. But we know by experience, that in all countries where the deputies of the nation do not protect the money of the people, it is easy to procure it for every species of expenditure. The pyramids of Memphis cost more labour than the embellishments of Paris, and yet the despots of Egypt found it easy to employ their slaves in building them.

"Must we also give Louis XIV. credit for the great writers of his time? He persecuted the Port Royal, of which Pascal was the head; he exiled Fenelon; he was constantly opposed to the honours which people wished to pay to Lafontaine; and he professed to admire no one but Boileau. Literature, in exalting him so excessively, did much more for

him, than he for literature. A few pensions to literary men will never produce much influence on real talent. Genius looks only to glory, and glory is but the reflexion of public opinion."

The position of Necker, or the scenes amidst which the youth of Mad. de Staël was passed, gave her politics a paramount importance; and it was natural that her genius should have found its earliest developement in her political writings. Her early efforts in poetry, fiction, criticism, and metaphysics, were in a great measure weak, wild, crude, and illogical—those on politics were pointed and discriminating, just in thought, and eloquent in expression. The first of her acknowledged political writings appeared in 1792. It was an article in "*Les Indépendans*," a journal edited by Lacretelle and Suard, in which she endeavoured ably, though not successfully, to solve a difficult problem, the solution of which is eminently desirable in times of political excitement. She thus pointedly and succinctly states the difficulty which existed at that moment:—

"The right side of the Assembly, known by the name of *Aristocrats*, maintains that terror enchains the wishes of the majority of the nation. A portion of the left side, distinguished by that of *Jacobins*, attributes all the resistance which it meets with to an attachment to old abuses. Both parties are agreed in deferring to the general will; the one, however, with arguments too contrary to examples, and the other with examples too contrary to arguments, relies erroneously, either upon the existence of a majority which never appears, or on that of a majority always in insurrection."

Hers, however, is the merit only of having clearly shown the difficulty, not of having been able to point out the remedy.

The next she published was highly creditable, both from its eloquence and the moral courage which it displayed. It was called "*Reflexions sur le Procès de la Reine*," and appeared in Aug. 1793. In this she bravely and ably advocated the cause of an injured and defenceless woman. It was a touching appeal to feeling. It was also a skilful appeal to the judgment of the public, and showed address in the selection of topics and the line of its defence. It shielded the queen from the charge of having too much influenced the king,—it proved that this influence was overrated,—that Maurepas continued minister in spite of her,—nay, more, that he had even procured the dismissal of two other ministers, Turgot and Necker, of whom Marie Antoinette was known to have approved; that her only exertions of successful influence were in procuring the dismissal of Calonne, and appointment of the Archbishop of Sens in his place; and for this France had reason to thank her. Mad. de Staël exposes the sophistical calumny, that

on account of her Austrian extraction she must be hostile to France. She speaks of her courage, her devotion to her husband and children, and draws a touching and eloquent picture of her sufferings. Among appeals *ad misericordiam* it is the most dignified we remember. In answer to the question triumphantly asked: "Seriez-vous de ceux qui plaignent un roi plus qu'un autre homme?" she courageously answers: "Oui, je suis de ce nombre; mais ce n'est point par la superstition de la royauté, c'est par le culte sacré de malheur. Je sais que la douleur est une sensation relative; qu'elle se compose des habitudes, des souvenirs, des contrastes, du caractère enfin, résultat de ces diverses circonstances; et quand la plus heureuse des femmes tombe dans l'infortune, quand une princesse illustre est livrée à l'outrage, je mesure la chute, et je souffre de chaque degré." This was written in 1793, about the terrible commencement of the Reign of Terror.

In 1794 and 1795 she produced two pamphlets,—the former entitled "*Reflexions sur la Paix, adressées à M. Pitt et aux Français*;" the latter, "*Reflexions sur la Paix intérieure*,"—productions which deserved to be deemed eloquent and able, from whatever pen they might have proceeded, and which, as youthful and female performances, are certainly remarkable. The tone and object of each was praiseworthy. In each, the predominant theory which, both incidentally and directly, she endeavoured to enforce was this—that the principles of republicans who are friends of order, and the principles of royalists who are friends of liberty, are essentially identical. She evinces in these a remarkable degree of political prescience, and appears to have foreseen, even at that early period, the eventual consolidation of a military despotism, to which the troubled state of France was tending. In all these early political productions she has evinced a vigour of thought and soundness of judgment, which are not equally conspicuous in her early metaphysical, critical, and imaginative writings,—and which tend to show that this was the direction to which her genius naturally inclined. The greatest result of her genius, thus following its natural bent, was that most powerful of her literary performances, which did not appear until after her death,—the "*Considerations sur la Revolution Française*."

It is impossible to read this work without being impressed with the comprehensiveness of mind which the writer displays, the discriminating clearness with which she unveils the springs of action, and lays open the interior movements of the political machine, the depth and originality of her thoughts, and the vivid brilliancy of her copious eloquence. Her style, like that of Burke, flows onward in discursive splendour, blending, like him, philosophical deductions with graphic imagery; now condensing

wisdom into aphorisms, and now delighting us with the graces of poetical illustration. We feel as if commentary could do no more—as if we might have ampler, abler, and more accurate histories of those portentous times of political trouble than any that have yet been written, but that comment and deduction have been exhausted—that of all sound, acute and philosophical remarks which the circumstances of those times can elicit, the germ will be found in this one work. Yet, much as admiration is excited, there will be mingled with it at the close a certain feeling of disappointment. It will be felt that it is not so satisfactory as a work of such genius ought to be. It wants connection and unity of design, an ostensible object, a plain and intelligible purpose and plan. She had, in fact, in writing it, no *single* purpose. To justify the political conduct of her father, to prove that France was capable of constitutional freedom, and that its model might be the constitution of England, were among the primary objects which she appears to have proposed to herself: but none of these stand forward prominent and single; and we frequently lose sight of them all. The political life of Necker is kept more distinct, and her object (his justification) rendered more obvious than the other purposes which she had in view; but this is nevertheless perhaps the least valuable part of her work. That which to filial partiality seemed so important, seems much less so to the world at large; and that same partiality, though we cannot disapprove of it, renders her an advocate on whom we are unwilling to rely.

Not only does the want of unity of purpose militate against the effectiveness of her work, but there is an ambiguity in its form and structure which conduce to the same unfavourable results. It is both history and essay, and yet it is neither a complete essay nor a good history. As a history it would be almost useless. It is little calculated, except for those who are already versed in the annals of the times over which it travels. It has not the interest, nor does it afford the information of a full, flowing and connected narrative. Many things are implied and alluded to, but little is detailed. We have ever and anon splendid fragments of history; but they are only fragments filled up and cemented by brilliant and original reflections, to which history serves in turn the part of a cementing link with other essay-like portions of her work. Neither, if viewed solely as an essayist in this work, can she receive our entire approbation. There is a want of continuity in her reasonings, and of a sufficiently full and patient statement of the premises on which they are founded. She utters an aphorism which we are forced to admire, but we are not led to it along the strong chain of a well sustained argument; and the suspicion occasionally comes across us that in her representa-

tion of facts, accuracy may sometimes be sacrificed to her passion for effect. The gratification and interest which this work affords arise not principally from a sense of its instructiveness—not from satisfying our desire to be informed respecting the great events of the French Revolution—but from unfolding to us the impression which those events made, and the reflections which they elicited, from one of the most powerful and original minds of the last forty years. We read the operation of great events on a commanding intellect, and we derive a satisfaction different in degree, but similar in kind to that which we should feel in conversing on such topics with such a person. In fact the agreeableness and interest of the work is in one respect enhanced by the very quality which renders it less valuable as a history or as an essay. It is very conversational. It is like the spontaneous outpouring of a teeming mind, fully conversant with the theme, and richly stored with philosophical principles; and we read the work as if we were listening to her voice. Some one said of Montesquieu's *Esprit des Lois*, that it might rather be called *De l'Esprit sur les Lois*. Still more truly might Madame de Staël's work be entitled *De l'Esprit sur la Revolution Française*. It is in truth a collection of the most brilliant remarks that the most acute and enlightened observer had to offer on this vast theme, and this is a merit which will never pass away.

In estimating the other merits of this work, it must not be forgotten that a difficulty was braved, such as perhaps no genius could have effectually surmounted. Madame de Staël attempted to blend the contemporary memoir with the philosophical history; and her work necessarily exhibits some of the defects which such a junction of conflicting qualities would produce. Her details are at once too scanty for a memoir, and too numerous and minute for a philosophical history. We see too that personal feeling has had much influence in their selection, and that they are frequently not such as the philosophical historian would have chosen to narrate. But having admitted these difficulties—these impediments in the path to excellence—let us render full justice to the high-minded ability with which she has struggled through them. She had to contend against no ordinary array of disqualifying circumstances: she wrote not only near the time of the events narrated, but had lived in the midst of these events: she had been no silent witness, but as much as her sex permitted, a partaker: she was the daughter of one who had borne therein a conspicuous part: she had entered the arena of political partisanship: she had suffered exile for her opinions; and she had not discarded the warm and excitable feelings of a woman. Yet the result has been a work, which, though eloquent and impassioned, is not intemperate—a work which for

far-sighted wisdom, for philosophical depth and comprehensiveness of vision, and for impartiality of judgment, may put to shame the lucubrations of many men on subjects of remote date, viewed at a distance the most favourable for a just and accurate estimate, and from which the suggestions of passion and prejudice could scarcely be permitted to reach them. Situated as Madame de Staël was, it is high praise to have attained what was so difficult, and to have been so far exempt from failings which were scarcely avoidable.

Much care and skill are displayed in the early portions of this work, in her survey of the events which led to the Revolution and preceded the outbreak in 1789. She expends much ability in the exculpation of her father; but the daughter's genius cannot make it appear that Necker was equal to the momentous difficulties of the time. He advised the convocation of the Notables only to require opinions, the nature of which he might have anticipated, and which it was not his intention to follow. The *états généraux* was convoked—that important assembly for which France, ever moved by trifles, was incited to clamour by a punning remark of the Abbé Sabatier—“ Vous demandez, Messieurs, les états de recette et de dépense, et ce sont les états généraux qu'il vous faut.” The joke had fallen like a spark among gunpowder, and the whole country was clamorous for this inestimable panacea. It was granted, wisely no doubt, if the temerity of Necker had not rendered dangerous an experiment which might otherwise have been safe. This assembly had never been convoked since 1614. It was, therefore, necessarily doubtful how a political machine so long disused, so little suited to the habits of the people, would be found to work. Yet invoking this body at a period of national excitement, the minister chose at the same time to make a vital change in its organization. The *états généraux* were originally composed of deputies, representing in nearly equal numbers the nobility, the clergy and the *tiers-état*. Each met and deliberated separately, and presented their separate representations to the sovereign prince. The *états généraux*, as organized according to the advice of Necker, resembled this body only in name. They were to deliberate and vote in one assembly, and that the two former classes might be placed entirely at the mercy of the *tiers-état*, the number of the latter was doubled. A vast influx of the inferior clergy, who sympathized with the *tiers-état*, was also admitted to confirm their predominance; and thus an assembly, nominally representing three classes, was in effect the representative only of one. Be it remembered too, that this one predominant class had writhed under centuries of galling subjection; and it was scarcely to be expected from human nature that they

would exert their power with moderation. The legislative power was rashly concentrated in a single body, ignorant of the art of legislation, and composed of materials which could never amalgamate; and these raw and violent legislators were expected to succeed in effecting the regeneration of France. Necker was like a philosopher, who, devising a machine in strict accordance with abstract mathematical principles, should leave out of his calculations the effects of friction. He had in his mind the abstract idea of a legislative assembly, and the high functions which it was intended to perform; but he had not sufficiently considered how unequal to fulfill his aspirations was that mighty mass of presumptuous ignorance and factious violence, to which he was committing the destinies of the nation.

"The mass of good sense possessed by a free nation did not," says Madame de Staël, "exist in France." "The third estate," she says again, "could only possess one merit, that of moderation, and unfortunately it would not take the trouble of acquiring it."

What strong condemnation of the policy which armed this class, so deficient in good sense and moderation, with a predominant power, which, but for Necker's theoretical rashness, might have been withheld till they were better able to use it with discretion! What was the immediate consequence? "In one month," says Madame de Staël, "affairs had greatly changed; the *tiers-état* had been allowed to grow so strong, that they were no longer grateful for the concessions which they were sure to obtain." It is almost evident that in her heart she disapproved of the policy which her filial feelings have led her to defend. That in which she really succeeds, is, as Benjamin Constant observes, in defending her father "against the charges of those who accuse him of having set these elements in fermentation." The elements of discord had been long accumulating, and were fermenting already. The French Revolution was no unexpected and accidental explosion.

"Those," says Madame de Staël, "who treat it as an accidental event, have neither looked back to the past, nor forward into futurity; they have confounded the authors with the piece, and in order to satisfy their passions they have attributed to the men of the moment the results which centuries had been preparing."

Necker is not chargeable with having produced convulsion; he only did not sufficiently impede the rapid march of revolution. His error was, perhaps, like that of the reckless charioteer, who, when a certain descent was to be made, should prefer the straight steep road to that which was easy and circuitous, and should choose to go down without a drag-chain. At the same time we must give to Necker the benefit of a doubt, whether at such a

moment the happiest union of energy and prudence could have averted the coming catastrophe.

"As a statesman," says Benjamin Constant, "M. Necker shared the fate of all those who attempted, or who were constrained to attempt, to direct a revolution destined by the force of circumstances to baffle all calculations, and to clear a passage for itself. If we reflect on the disposition of men's minds at that period, if we consider the opposite interests of various parties, all of them alike inexperienced, and whose opinions, condensed into some absolute phrases, had all the violence of prejudices and the inflexibility of principles, we must feel that no human energy or prudence were capable of mastering such elements."—*Mélanges*, pp. 191, 192.

The same writer, after some observations upon the advantages enjoyed by Madame de Staël for the composition of this work on the French Revolution, adds—

"If she had condescended to paint individuals more frequently and more in detail, her work, although it would have ranked lower as a literary composition, would have perhaps gained something in anecdotic interest. It is impossible to help regretting that she had not applied to the painting of political characters the talents which she had displayed in *Delphine*. No one would have described with more gracefulness, or with more *piquant* expressions, the numerous apostacies covered with the mask of principle; the selfish calculations transformed into conversions; the prejudices again resumed to day as means, by the very men who but yesterday repelled them as obstacles; the vestals of vice, who preserve its tradition like the sacred fire, and who, traitors alternately to despotism and to liberty, remain faithful only to corruption, as the patriot does to his country. But Madame de Staël preferred the form of history to that of private memoirs."—p. 195.

We entirely concur with him in his opinion of Madame de Staël's ability to have enriched her work still more with characteristic portraiture of remarkable personages, and that it would probably have been more entertaining if it had been more replete with anecdote, and had partaken more of the nature of a memoir. But in order to be thus entertaining, it must have descended a little from the high ground it now occupies. If it had been what M. Constant recommends, it would too often have discoursed of persons rather than of principles, and have devoted to individuals that attention which is now given to the consideration of the mass. Personalities are the bane of politics; and we are glad when those who have the power to treat them as abstract questions, have pursued the course which their genius entitles them to maintain. In spite of M. Constant's complaint of the paucity and brevity of the characteristic delineations, these already constitute a very remarkable and interesting portion of the work. Madame de Staël has done enough in this one work to stamp herself as an eminent

mistress of the difficult art of historical portraiture. How admirably drawn is the character of Calonne! frivolous and reckless, who was thought to possess superior talents because he treated serious matters with the levity of affected superiority, and who forgot that to sport with difficulties is pardonable only in those who can surmount them! What a picture is that of Brienne, the Archbishop of Toulouse (afterwards of Sens)—ever halting between two opinions, alternately *philosophe* and absolutist, firm in neither, bringing to his aid in great emergencies only that courtier-like finesse which under a representative system of government is productive of distrust rather than of respect. Dumont's full-length picture of Mirabeau is more complete, but not more masterly than her sketch of this extraordinary man—the democrat from interest, the aristocrat from inclination—profligate and temporizing—of genius brilliant but limited—indebted for the materials of his eloquence to the assistance of his friends, yet turning whatever he touched into gold. Admirable is her pointed sketch of Pethion, a cold fanatic, pushing all new ideas to their extremes, because he found it easier to exaggerate than to comprehend them. These are a few out of many striking portraits which figure in the pages of this remarkable work.

Among the metaphysical works of Madame de Staël, the most remarkable is her treatise “*De l'Influence de Passions*,” published in 1796. It was written when her imagination was strongly impressed with the dreadful consequences of that unbridled effervescence of popular passions, which had been laying waste the happiness of France during the awful period of the ascendancy of Robespierre. Accustomed to view with alarm the effect of ungoverned passion both in individuals and in masses, and the violent expression of it which the incidents of those times called forth, she was inclined to exaggerate both its evil tendencies and its degree of influence upon human conduct; and to represent the human race as more impassioned and excitable, and less calculating than an extensive view will prove them to be. The results of passion are more apparent than the suggestions of self interest; but in civilized communities, under ordinary circumstances, the latter and not the former must be regarded as the primary guide of human conduct. Interest as a motive may be considered to form the rule, and passion the exception. But such is not the opinion of Madame de Staël; and under her view of the influence of passion, she has poured forth a dissertation on its characteristics and effects, rich in eloquence and sparkling effusions of vigorous originality, but deficient in connection of argument, in logical closeness, and in that concise-

ness which enables the reader to follow her meaning, without weariness and difficulty. The best parts of the treatise are those which she has derived most immediately from the dark contemplation of recent troubles. The concluding portion of the first section, her chapters on crime and on the spirit of party, are especially true and forcible. In each of these she introduces many just and pointed observations, which serve to explain the almost incredible atrocities of the ruling monsters of the Reign of Terror. Truly has she said that there is a point of remorseless wickedness at which men contract a morbid avidity for the dread and hatred of their fellows, as they might previously have desired their admiration and esteem; that they wish to astonish by their crimes, and feel that there is a desirable distinction in its very excess; that the more humane feelings of their nature become productive only of uneasiness and remorse, and that they have at length no satisfaction but in plunging deeper into crime, and denaturalizing themselves more effectually; that there arises a species of mental thirst for the horrible excitement that crime affords, ever increasing like the physical thirst of the habitual drunkard, and progressively requiring a more powerful stimulus. Before this horrible progress can be made, the two great bonds which (religion apart) keep men in the path of virtue, public opinion and self-esteem, must both be broken. The gloomy misanthrope who has set at nought the former, still clings to the latter, and is saved by it from crime; but the reckless criminal, such as Madame de Staël has represented, must equally have discarded both; or the public opinion which he courts is of so depraved and perverted a nature, that it is utterly incapable of guiding him aright. Such is the public opinion of a fraternity of thieves—such was the demoralized public opinion to which Robespierre and his confederates appealed more imposingly during the Reign of Terror. Well has she designated the leading traits of that dangerous spirit—the spirit of party—a spirit the more dangerous, because minds apparently the most strong and enlightened, minds like that of Condorcet, are not proof against even its excess. In that spirit the strongest cementing bond of union is, as she has well shown, not common love, but common hatred.

“At the time,” says Madame de Staël, “when the constitutionalists were warring with the jacobins, if the aristocrats had adopted the system of the former, if they had advised the king to put his trust in them, they might then have overthrown their common enemy, without losing the hope of one day ridding themselves of their allies. But in the spirit of party, persons like better to fall, dragging their enemies with them, than to triumph along with any of them. In place of attending at the elections where they might have influenced the choice of men on whom the

fate of France was about to depend, they preferred subjecting her to the yoke of ruffians, to a partial acknowledgment of the principles of the revolution by voting in the primary assemblies."

Recent circumstances of a milder character in this country have taught us the truth of this picture, not merely as applied to France, but to human nature generally. Turning to the ultra-Tory, we may say, "*mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*" Akin to the infatuation of the French aristocrat, is the conduct of some of our soi-disant conservatives, who, establishing an unnatural alliance with the extremest violence of the opposite party, have been ready to support the democratic Radical in preference to the ministerial Whig. The two extremes have been united together in one common hatred of moderate Whiggism—of that Whiggism, which the Radical ally of the Tory hates, because it is too Tory, and the Tory ally of the Radical, for its supposed tendency to radical doctrines. Well has she also described that other prominent characteristic of party spirit—its intolerance—an intolerance displayed even in the promulgation of opinions of which toleration and liberality are essential ingredients. She had seen Atheism preached with all the intolerance of fanatical superstition, and liberty advocated in the tone of despotism.

In this treatise Madame de Staël has executed only one, and that the least difficult, portion of the task she had undertaken, and of which she holds forth a promise in her eloquent introduction. It was her plan to show the influence of passion on the fate, not only of individuals, but of nations. The latter portion is that which she has not accomplished. Perhaps it cannot be said that she is eminently successful in the first. The work abounds in just and profound views of human nature, and in aphorisms of original and sterling merit. Yet such is its diffuseness, its want of connection and arrangement, and the clear proposition of some definite object of proof, that the reader will too often rise from its perusal with no other impression than that of having been dazzled and delighted with much rich and discursive eloquence, but without being strongly impressed with the distinct purpose on which it was expended.

Not only is her work not sufficiently *practical* in its tendency, but that part which is most practical is not eminently sound. She dwells on the inexpediency of passion as an obstacle in the path to happiness, rather than as a seduction from the path of virtue. The one, it is true, is resolvable into the other; but their intimate connection might have been more pointedly shown, and the higher motive placed foremost. She also takes too dark a view of the passions of our nature. They are implanted in us, not for unmitigated evil, but also for good. It is not requisite that

they should be utterly suppressed. They are susceptible of a beneficent direction. It is one of the peculiarities of our religion that it enjoins a cultivation of the affections—that its precepts are inculcated not solely through the stimulants of hope and fear, but also through an appeal to the affections. But comparatively cold and chilling is the moral philosophy of Madame de Staël, and little tending to the advancement of man considered as a social being. Her theory tends to denaturalize man, to check the warm emotions of his nature, and this with a view to secure his happiness. Religious fervour, friendship, and parental, filial, and conjugal love, are not allowed in her doctrine to be admitted to the rank of resources. They are considered only intermediate between the more stormy passions and those resources which we find in ourselves.

“ Friendship, parental, filial, and conjugal affections, and, with some characters, religion, have many of the inconveniences of the passions; while in others the same affections supply most of the advantages of resources which we find within ourselves. The exigence, in other words the want of a certain return from others, is the point of resemblance by which friendship and the feelings of nature remind us of the pains of love; and when religion partakes of fanaticism, all that I have said of the spirit of party completely applies to it.

“ But even when friendship and natural sentiments are free from exigence, when religion is without fanaticism, we cannot include such affections in the class of resources which we find in our own bosoms, for these modified sentiments make happiness still dependent upon chance. If you are separated from a dear friend, if the parents, the children, the husband, whom fate has given to you, are unworthy of your love, the happiness which these ties might promise is no longer in your power; and as to religion, that which forms the basis of its enjoyments—the intensity of faith—is a gift absolutely independent of us; without this firm belief, we must still acknowledge the utility of religious ideas; but it is beyond the power of any human being to make himself sure of happiness from these.”

There is weakness and sophistry in this passage. The grounds on which she proscribes the affections as sources of happiness, would tend to exclude all human pursuits. Uncertainty and disappointment are contingencies incident alike to every course of thought and feeling, to every object of human exertion. If the possibility that they might befall us in any purpose of our heart or head is sufficient to banish that purpose from our catalogue of resources—if hope is to be dethroned, and foreboding fear installed in its stead, it is in vain that Madame de Staël holds forth the flattering idea that we have in fact any resources at all. What are those which she holds forth? Study, beneficence, and the *pococurantism*, which she calls philosophy. Of these, the two former

are ever liable to be frustrated. The intent and endeavour to do good are not sufficient to command success. Study may fail in attaining its desired reward, and circumstances over which man has no controul may arrest it in its course. Some object there must be, and the object may vanish on approach, like the *mirage* in the desert, which had beguiled the thirsting traveller with the semblance of water. Yet we repeat, some object there must be; for no reasoning being of sound mind will long continue to cherish the blossom, without bestowing a thought on the fruit that is to follow. Are then study and beneficence not resources, because disappointment and failure are incident to them? Upon Madame de Staël's principle they are not, and yet she offers them as such.

Her chapter "de la Philosophie," in which she proposes this imaginary boon as an antidote to unhappiness, is one of the most unphilosophic she ever wrote. Her philosopher is not the useful, practical, social being, who makes his philosophy shine through his actions; but a morbid *fainéant*, whose dreamy existence could scarcely be rendered supportable but by the absorbing illusions of monomania. Her philosophy, she tells us, is not insensibility. Yet "quand la philosophie s'empare de l'âme, elle commence, sans doute, par lui faire mettre beaucoup moins de prix à ce qu'elle possède, et à ce qu'elle *espère*." If this is not a tendency towards insensibility, we know not what that word can mean. She tells us "La philosophie, dont je crois utile et possible aux âmes passionnées d'adopter les secours, est de la nature la plus relevée." For the attainment and exercise of this philosophy, we are afterwards told "il faut de la solitude," and yet she tells us a little farther on, that "la solitude est, pour les âmes agitées par de grandes passions, une situation très dangereuse." This is true—but does it not follow from thence that the philosophy which demands solitude is not exactly that of which it will be "utile et possible aux âmes passionnées d'adopter les secours"? As for what she says of "la satisfaction que donne la possession de soi, acquise par la méditation"—"le bonheur que trouve un philosophe dans la possession de soi"—"une sorte d'abstraction dont la jouissance est cependant réelle," by which "on s'élève à quelque distance de soi-même pour se regarder, penser et vivre"—"la solitude est le premier des biens pour le philosophe"—"cette douce mélancolie, vrai sentiment de l'homme, résultat de sa destinée, seule situation du cœur, qui laisse à la méditation toute son action et toute sa force"—all these are mere phrases, which practically have no real significance or value.

In the last part of this treatise she is obliged to explain away many of the conclusions to which we should have been led by

the preceding observations; and to neutralize what she felt to be the evil tendency of some of its speculations. She does this still more at length in a work written many years afterwards,—her “*Réflexions sur le Suicide*,”—in which she is at much pains to exculpate herself from the imputation of being an advocate of suicide, or at least of regarding it too indulgently, an imputation thoroughly warranted, both by certain passages in the “*Influence des Passions*” and the tenor of several of her tales. The “*Réflexions*” are not distinguished by any particular vigour, brilliancy, or originality of thought, but they are right-minded, and serve at least the purpose of clearing the authoress from the imputation of having entertained pernicious opinions on this subject during the latter years of her life.

Madame de Staël may be added to the number of those great poets who are poetical only in prose. The mechanical difficulties of metre appear to have been a clog to her imagination; and in none of what would be called, in common parlance, her *poetical* compositions, (which are few) does she rise above mediocrity. But how brilliant is the poetry of her prose writings! It is difficult to cite instances; they are too numerous for selection. *Corinne*, perhaps, presents a greater abundance of examples than any other single work; but whenever the subject admitted poetical adornment, there was it always found; and even such subjects as did not invite it—politics, for example, and metaphysical disquisitions, were illustrated with the Promethean fire of a poet’s mind. It is no longer regarded as a startling proposition that poetry can exist without verse, and verse without poetry. The literature of every country will afford numerous instances of this truth, sufficiently convincing to the minds of all who can feel what poetry really is. Our own literature affords many examples, high among which are the names of Jeremy Taylor, and of Burke, poets who never wrote a line of verse—at least of none that deserves to be remembered. The literature of France, where conventional formalities subjected the imagination to severe trammels, is richer still in instances of this kind. If we were asked who were the greatest poets of France, we would assuredly say—not Boileau, or Racine,—not Voltaire, or Gresset, or Delille—not those who had executed most successfully a graceful dance in metrical chains—not the accomplished surmounters of verbal difficulties, who constructed their distiches according to the ingenious rule of Boileau, beginning first with the second line, and were ever regardful of metrical etiquette in the orthodox assortment of male and female rhymes. No—the most poetical minds of France have been those whose capacities could not so successfully stoop to

ingenuities of so low an order. Fenelon, Buffon, St. Pierre, Rousseau, and Chateaubriand, have been more truly poets than any rhymesters which France had produced under the *ancienne regime*, and to this list we can add no name which exhibits a more striking instance of this fact than that of Madame de Staël.

As a novelist, Madame de Staël is less entitled to admiration than as a writer on politics and criticism. We have already mentioned that the bent of her genius displayed itself early in a successful predilection for subjects of a political kind. Her early critical writings, the *Lettres sur Rousseau* and *Essai sur les Fictions*, though faulty, were full of ability, and gave ample promise of future excellence. But we cannot turn to her first attempts in novel writing without being sensible of a marked inferiority—without even feeling that they are destitute of promise that works like *Delphine* or *Corinne* would ever proceed from the same pen. In 1795, she published four short tales, all bad in design and weak in execution. A statement of their subjects will give some idea of their lamentable deprivation of moral taste, and the coarse and morbid appetite for excitement which they tend to pamper. Three of them are tales of suicide; and in the fourth, sentiments favourable to suicides are expressed. In “*Adelaide et Theodore*,” a mother waits to give birth to her child; destroys herself immediately afterwards, and dies, pronouncing (as if that were enough!) the name of the child she had so cruelly abandoned. In *Mirza*, an African tale, we are introduced to sentimental savages, such assuredly as are to be found in no realms but those of fiction. An unmarried negress becomes romantically attached to Ximeo, a married negro, and when he is about to be sold, offers herself as a slave in his stead, that he may live happily with his wife, her rival. He, with equal generosity, declines the sacrifice; and the slave merchants are about to avail themselves of the romantic conflict, in order to carry off both into captivity, when the governor “*s’avance comme un ange de lumière*,” and exclaims, “*Soyez libres tous deux; je vous rends à votre pays comme à votre amour. Tant de grandeur d’âme eût fait rougir l’Européen qui vous auroit nommés ses esclaves.*” Both are set at liberty, and Ximeo’s predicament of a conflicting double attachment, and double obligation, the African marriage rite and the tie of gratitude, is all conveniently dissolved by Mirza, who, “*pour anéantir le souvenir de son inconstance*,” commits suicide:—and we are left in doubt which of these two recited acts of self-devotion—the voluntary encounter of slavery, or of death, is to be accounted the most meritorious. In *Zulma*, another tale of savage life and suicide, a young South American having killed her Spanish lover in a fit of jealousy, and being justly condemned to death, cheats justice by killing herself

at the place of execution, and dies exclaiming "je vais rejoindre Fernand dans ce séjour où il ne pourra cherir que moi, où l'homme est dégagé de tout ce qui n'est pas l'amour et la vertu;" and the act and the exclamation are held up to our notice as admirable traits! *Pauline* is the history of a woman, whose infidelities during her first marriage are mentioned in the presence of her second husband, and the statement is resented by him as calumny. She confesses its truth; nevertheless, he is engaged in a duel in which he kills his opponent. She dies of a fever, but with suicidal feelings, courting death as a relief, and exclaiming, "nous nous reunirons dans le ciel—ne pense pas qu'une imagination fanatique exagère à mes yeux des fautes que mes remords ont effacées devant Dieu—je crois qu'il me les a pardonnées, et j'expire sans crainte." These tales are curious examples of the weakness of a strong intellect—of the perversion of a good disposition. But they are illustrations not only of Madame de Staël's taste and moral sense at that period, but of the sad depravation of public feeling which could so lower a naturally powerful and well-intentioned mind.

From these obliquities of moral sense Madame de Staël was not emancipated, when in 1803 she produced the novel of *Delphine*. The ability of this work is incontestable, and it is equally true that it cannot claim the praise of being moral and rightminded; nor has the defence of its moral tendency which Madame de Staël thought herself called upon to make sufficed to confute the prevalent objections. Her "*Reflexions sur le bût moral de Delphine*," are, for the work of one so able, singularly weak and inconclusive. She says,

"I never meant to offer *Delphine* as a model for imitation; my motto proves that I blame both *Leonce* and *Delphine*; but I conceive that it was both useful and strictly moral to show how a superior intellect may commit more faults than mediocrity itself, if a reason equally powerful with the intellect is not united with it; and in what manner a generous and feeling heart may expose itself to many enemies, if it does not submit to the rules of rigid morality. The more wind there is in the sails, the greater is the force required to steer the vessel. When *Richardson* was asked, why he had made *Clarissa* so unhappy? "It is because I could never forgive her for leaving her father's house," was his reply. I might also say with truth, that I have not in my romance pardoned *Delphine* for giving way to her attachment to a married man, although that attachment remained a pure one. I have not pardoned her the acts of imprudence which the pliancy of her character led her to commit, and I have presented all her misfortunes as being the immediate consequences of them."

There is not a little sophistry in this passage. It is true, as Madame de Staël has told us, that the greater part of *Delphine's* misfortunes were the consequences of her actions—that she dis-

regarded the opinion of the world, and that injury to herself was the result. True;—but this will not render Delphine a moral work, if these evil results are made to appear the heroine's misfortune, rather than her fault. Our sympathies are so strongly enlisted on her side, and she is exhibited in so interesting a light, that whatever our judgments may decide, our hearts at least are made to tell us that if she and society are at variance, it is rather society which ought to be remodelled, than that Delphine should be turned aside from the well-intentioned course of her enthusiastic errors. In the preceding passage we find “un cœur genereux et sensible,” placed in opposition to “la rigidité de la morale” as if these were incompatible. Right cannot be opposed to right. Moral qualities, such as generosity and sensibility, cannot be opposed to the strictest morality. They can be represented as being at variance only through some perversion of language; and either it is not true generosity, or it is not strict morality, but some counterfeit which assumes the name, to the injury of that which is pure and true.

But the whole groundwork of her moral, even as represented in her defence, is unsound. The “epigraphe” to which she refers for justification is this: “Man must learn to brave opinion, woman to submit to it.” This deceptive sentence may at the first glance seem replete with worldly wisdom; but, nevertheless, it is deceptive. If it means only that men may do many things with impunity which women cannot do, that the breath of censure injures most easily the delicate purity of the female character, it propounds nothing but needless truism—it utters only a proposition which when heard must be instantly assented to; but which adds no more to our stock of knowledge than the being told that in the latitude of England there is always daylight at mid-day. But if it means that, when exposed on different accounts to the *same amount* of unjust censure, the man should through evil report persist in doing that which he believes to be right, but that the woman should timidly desist, it asserts that to which no rightminded person can conscientiously assent. A different line of conduct may be required by difference of sex, even as among men it is required by difference of circumstance and position; but there can be no abstract rule of right which is not equally binding upon all. What is this “opinion” which man must brave and to which woman must submit? Is it good, or evil? There lies the real question. If it is good, man must yield to its dictates as much as woman.—If it is evil, woman is bound to brave it as resolutely as man. There can be no compromise for either sex. The boasted precept which Madame de Staël holds forth in justification of her work, is, after all, merely the assertion of a very

low and unworthy ground of action. It enforces attention to mere conventional proprieties, and a paramount regard for the cold lessons of worldly expediency. Thus teaches the "épigraphe" which Madame de Staël has quoted; but, in spite of her professions, not so taught Madame de Staël. She has shown her real disapprobation of this worthless maxim, in the inefficient, the almost ironical, manner in which she has attempted to enforce it. In truth she does not enforce it; but unhappily she had no better rule of right to substitute, and thus under the most favourable view, her work, even if it does not mislead (which may be asserted with much reason) leaves us at sea without a compass. A purer morality displays itself in *Corinne*, a morality which, as is well observed by Constant, is rather the result than the object of her novel, and, though incapable of being defined in a compressed form within the compass of a single sentence, emanates from the whole context of the work, and is embodied in the pure, amiable, and elevating impression which the perusal of it excites. It is better, perhaps, that a work of fiction should thus appeal to the disposition through the medium of the imagination, than that it should attempt to impress upon the judgment, by the most logical demonstration, the absolute certainty of a moral axiom.

We must now view in other lights Madame de Staël's character as a novelist. Her success in this branch of composition was less than her genius might have led us to expect; but, if she fell below reasonable expectation, it was assuredly from no deficiency of general ability, but because her ability was not of the requisite description. Her talent was not sufficiently dramatic. In a novel, as in a play, though in less degree, feelings and sentiments must be displayed, not merely as they exist in the mind, but as they exhibit themselves in word and action. This Madame de Staël did not sufficiently effect; nor did she impart sufficient movement to her story, nor attend with the requisite skill and patience to those artifices of arrangement on which the interest of a novel in no slight measure depends. One faculty, however, highly essential to the success of a novelist, she did possess in an eminent degree—the faculty of delineating character. She had the power of exhibiting character both by a few bright touches of epigrammatic force, and by a long and unobtrusive course of minute and delicate delineation—both directly and indirectly—both by description of the qualities of mind and manner, and (though without pretension to dramatic effect) by showing them as displayed in word and action. Some of her fictitious characters are truly masterpieces, and would be alone sufficient to support the credit of the novels in which they are to be found. Never was there a more successful example of true and delicate discrimination than her character of

the Comte d'Erfeuil in *Corinne*; and it possesses the rare merit of being not only a vivid and consistent portrait of an imaginary individual, but of an individual who represents a nation, and in whom are embodied all the most amiable peculiarities of the country to which he belongs. No one can follow this personage through the tale in which he figures, without being better acquainted with the French character, without possessing a clue to their foibles, and at the same time, being disarmed of any violent prejudice he had entertained against them. In the characters of Oswald and Corinne, we have similar attempts to embody with the portraiture of an individual the prevailing attributes of a nation; and we should have thought the attempts not wanting in success if they had not been brought into unfavourable comparison with the more successful picture of D'Erfeuil. Madame de Vernon, in *Delphine*, is an inimitable representation of social Machiavelism. Delphine herself is ably drawn, and the difference with which an excitable and enthusiastic temperament displays itself in her and in Leonce is very happily discriminated. M. de Mendoce, the old Spanish diplomatist, in the same novel, and M. de Maltigues in *Corinne*, though slightly sketched, occur to us also as signal instances of her skill in drawing characters. If she had been equally endowed with the other requisites of novel writing, she must have attained a success in this branch of composition which would have left almost all competitors at a distance.

As a critic, Madame de Staël must occupy a high place. Her views were philosophical and expansive; her appreciation of excellence was generous and acute. She sometimes appeared too indulgent, and little accurate in her favourable judgments; but it was chiefly because she disdained that minute detection of the unimportant blemishes and informalities of literature in which correct criticism is often imagined to consist. Bred in a land, and writing in a language, in which narrow-minded criticism has been most frequently displayed, she emancipated herself from the conventional habits which belonged to that land. She soared above an attention to forms, and extended her views to the essentials of literary excellence. Her work on Germany abounds with instances of this enlightened spirit of literary criticism; and the chapter "De la Poesie" deserves especially to be cited. We must consider the time and the language in which she wrote before we can do full justice to the expansiveness and liberality of her critical opinions. Principles which are now received as axioms, would thirty years ago have been stigmatised as paradoxes. They would have been so considered even in this country; and narrowness of judgment on matters of literature was much more

prevalent in France. It is therefore highly creditable to Madame de Staël, that she should have been among the first of the new and more philosophical school of critics—of those who, without wasting an almost exclusive attention on the conventional forms of literary composition, have looked rather at those intrinsic qualities in which literary excellence, under whatever form, will be ultimately found to consist. As a critic, she deserves very high praise; but not the highest. She was liberal and enlightened in her judgments, but she was not sufficiently dispassionate and patient. Some faults she also had which sprung out of her very excellences. She was warm and enthusiastic in her approbation of merit, but she was guided by the impulse of temporary feeling, and gave expression to praises which cool judgment could not justify. She abhorred a trivial and minute criticism; and generalization was the favourite habit of her mind. But in generalizing she was sometimes extravagant; she classified broadly in defiance of facts, and leapt to conclusions that could not be supported. Such was her attempt to divide the literature of Europe into two classes, that of the north and that of the south, to give to each its distinguishing characteristic, and to deduce the origin of the former from Ossian, and of the latter from Homer. Such is her sweeping assertion, that the literature of the Latin nations, i. e. French, Spanish, and Italian, is copied from the ancients, and retains the tinge of polytheism; that of the Teutonic nations, at the head of which are England and Germany, is modified by a spiritual religion, and based on chivalry. Madame de Staël, in making this broad distinction, appears to have forgotten that chivalry and romance flourished first among the Latin nations, that the stronghold of chivalrous literature was Spain, and that it penetrated subsequently and slowly into the north, and chiefly through the channel of the Italian and Provençal writers. This disposition to generalize upon a partial and superficial view of facts renders Madame de Staël an unsafe guide through the wide fields of speculation. An impatience to arrive at some striking conclusion, at some comprehensive rule, leads her to overlook the inconvenient exceptions which may happen to beset her path. This undue love of classification was the only point in which Madame de Staël partook at all of the narrow spirit of French criticism. In all other respects she rose above it; and even some of her faults as a critic were of so opposite a character, that they became of use with reference to France; for it is only after swinging to the opposite extreme, that taste at length settles into the "*juste milieu*" of reason and correctness.

We regard the critical writings of Madame de Staël as the greatest boon she gave to France—and greatest among these, that for

which she suffered the bitterest persecution, her celebrated work on Germany. There was, perhaps, no other country of which she could have held up the picture more profitably before the eyes of her own. We say this, not because German literature afforded models which it was most advisable for France to follow, but because it was most opposite to French literature in its general characteristics—because the display of its qualities tended to afford to a narrow-minded public a better notion of the extensive range which literature embraced, than that of a country more congenial with their own; and because, in exhibiting the spectacle of emancipation from literary shackles imposed by the French on another people, they might learn, from the same shackles, to emancipate themselves. It taught and exemplified this important truth, that in order to be vigorous a literature must be *national*. It must result, not from the imitation even of approved and classical models, but must bear the genuine flavour of its native soil.

Germany alone afforded a striking example of a country in which, within a brief period, and without any sensible alteration in the state of civilization and science, might be observed both the entire absence and the successful acquisition of a national literature. Till the middle of the eighteenth century, the situation of Germany was very remarkable. In science, in inventions, in theology, in metaphysics, it had attained an eminent station; but it had no national literature—no writer in the German language whose name was known among foreign nations; none even of which Germany itself was proud. The yoke of France was upon its lighter literature. The cold artificial spirit of the age of Louis XIV., by which France had deadened its own natural energies, had been brought to press with double weight as a baleful incubus upon the smothered spirit of Germany. The spell was at length broken: a great literary revolution suddenly commenced, aided by the fortuitous concurrence of some powerful and original minds; and Germany, from being destitute of all national literature, emerged into the possession of a literature the most characteristic exhibited by any European people. It was a literature which bore impressed upon it not only the character of the nation, but the peculiar circumstances of its own birth. It was born, not like the imaginative literature of other countries in the infancy of civilization and philosophy, but in the time of maturity and vigour. It therefore displayed, unlike any other with which we are acquainted, the mingled attributes of age and childhood. It was wild, simple, passionate and fanciful, like the untutored rhapsodies of the savage bard—keen, abstruse, refined and speculative, like the cogitations of the accomplished votary of philosophical investigation. To exhibit this literary emanci-

pation of Germany, and the use it made of its new liberty, was the arduous and praiseworthy task undertaken by Madame de Staël; and she executed it with singular ability. To travel, not over the face of a country, but over the intellect of its people; to give the moral and mental portrait of a nation, discriminatingly yet comprehensively, and divested of that coarse, unfair breadth of delineation, by which national portraiture is frequently disfigured, required a mind of the highest order, endowed with qualities of a rare description.

There is, in our opinion, a wide interval in point of merit between Madame de Staël's work on Germany and her other critical writings. Her *Lettres sur Rousseau* was a production too youthful to be fairly made a subject of comparison; but her treatise *De la Littérature*, her *Essai sur les Fictions*, and *De l'Esprit des Traductions*, productions of more recent date, and the last of which was among the latest of her writings, are comparatively deficient in vigour and in justness of thought, and betray frequent marks of inaccuracy and haste. In the *Essai sur les Fictions* her opinions seem remarkably narrow and meagre, founded only on a partial view of the specimens of fictitious composition then in existence, and written in utter unconsciousness of the capabilities of this branch of literature, and of the almost boundless field which has been thrown open under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott. She dislikes the marvellous in fiction—takes a view of it too little poetical, and too rigidly utilitarian—seems too much to be inquiring what it proves—and is singularly silent with respect to Eastern romance. She, however, justly commends the superior utility of fictions which exhibit human nature as we see it now existing, and propounds as their best object the development and portraiture of the passions. She deprecates the excessive and engrossing introduction of love as a subject of romance, and adduces *Caleb Williams* as an instance of a novel which is interesting without it. In her criticisms on other English novelists, she gives rather more than due credit to the philosophical and moral tendency of Fielding's *Tom Jones*; and does not perceive that Fielding, while inspiring distrust in specious appearances, and in attempting to unveil hypocrisy, has countenanced licence, and wounded the virtues which it is the object of hypocrisy to assume.

The critical writings of Madame de Staël, (and among these especially her work on Germany,) are those by which she has exercised most influence on the literature of her own country. To many the influence which she has exercised will appear unreasonably slight. To those who seek for indications of such influence only in instances of direct imitation, it will, indeed, seem almost

null, for seldom has there existed a great writer who has been so little imitated by others. But the absence of such direct imitations is in truth little to be regretted. They usually present to us, not the intrinsic spirit of the model, but those tricks and mannerisms which, if not deformities, at any rate pall by repetition even in the original, and are seldom tolerable in the copies. Madame de Staël has escaped the injury of being travestied by vulgar imitators, while at the same time she has exercised an extensive but indirect influence upon the literature of France. She was foremost in promoting a daring spirit of literary adventure—in encouraging the abandonment of those ancient models to which, in spite of the shock of its political revolution, the taste of France still resolutely clung. She was among the first who caused innovation in literature to be associated, not with barbarism, but with cultivated genius; and taught the French to become ashamed of that Chinese wall of pedantic exclusiveness by which they had been proud to be circumscribed. Voltaire, with all his boasting, had by no means effected this; nor indeed could he be expected to emancipate others who was himself a slave to literary prejudice. Ducis, who fancied himself a benefactor because he had contrived to gallicise Shakspeare, wanted the genius to do what he intended; and inasmuch as he never could divest himself, even with Shakspeare before his eyes, of the conventional trammels of the French school, he cannot be supposed to have imparted to his countrymen much genuine enlargement of taste. Madame de Staël is the true leader, we will not say of the romantic school, but rather of those who, despising such frivolous distinctions, have felt that the literature of France must be—not classical or romantic—but *national*, in order to rise with renovated vigour. Writers like Delavigne, Lamartine, Béranger, De Vigny, and Victor Hugo, are in no respect imitators of Madame de Staël; but they have profited by that stimulus to originality which her writings have conveyed. Her writings have, beyond all others, vanquished the influence of that mocking spirit of depreciating illiberality which, in France, had long tended rather to cripple genius, than to repress the encroachments of bad taste. She exalted enthusiasm in the place of fastidiousness, and has aided the modest and sensitive man of genius in giving a freer scope to his imagination, and in daring to be “himself.”

Let not these benefits be denied because too many rank and noxious weeds may have resulted from her endeavours to fertilize the literary soil of France. Such will ever be liable to spring up by the side of the fair flowers and wholesome fruits of literature. But would we, because such may be among the conse-

quences of fertility, reduce the soil again to barrenness? The latter state excludes all hope of amelioration; the former, while it gives us cause for fear, affords us also much reason to be sanguine. A newly acquired appetite for the excitement of novelty and originality will frequently be carried to a vicious extreme. There will, for some time, be a rising demand for stimulants of increased power; and men who have not genius wherewith to place themselves in the foremost rank, will endeavour to obtain that place, and force themselves upon the public attention by coarseness, vehemence, and extravagance. But we may confidently expect a re-action. The effect of such stimulants is short-lived: they soon pall; and writers cannot long outvie each other without pushing extravagance to a ludicrous or disgusting excess. In this country there was once an appetite, in some respects similar, for coarse and extravagant stimulants, liberally pampered by the baser part of a very rich portion of our literature—the dramatic literature of the age of Elizabeth. The better portions of this literature are but too little known, while much of it has sunk into merited obscurity. We allude to such works, not with a view of instituting any comparison between them and those of the present day (which we still more strongly condemn,) in France, but to illustrate the fact that a newly raised and luxuriant literature is liable to be encumbered by such noxious weeds. We, after the lapse of numerous generations, forget the evil, and remember only the good. We overlook the obscure literary deformities of that splendid period, and remember with pride that it produced a Shakspeare, and was succeeded by a Milton. That genius will arise in France which will similarly dignify the province of imaginative literature, it is vain to predict, for genius is heaven-born and fortuitous, and depends comparatively little upon culture; but we are sure that, wherever existing in France, it is more likely to emerge advantageously, and to assume its true dimensions under the operation of that literary freedom which Madame de Staël has promoted, than under a system of careful adherence to the study and imitation of the best models of the “Augustan age” of French literature.

ART. II.—*Georg von Frundsberg, oder das Deutsche Kriegshandwerk zur Zeit der Reformation.* Von Dr. F. W. Barthold, &c. (George Von Frundsberg; or, the Military Art in Germany at the Time of the Reformation. By Dr. F. W. Barthold, Extraordinary Professor of History in the University of Greifswalde.) Hamburg. 1833. 8vo.

At the time when the quarrels of the great European potentates ceased to be decided by the shock of feudal armies, when mercenaries began to form the main strength of royal forces, and the military art revived after ten centuries of barbarous warfare, three different regions became celebrated for the superior character and discipline of their infantry—Spain, Switzerland and Germany. Among these, the Spanish soldiery alone formed what may be strictly called a national force, for the Swiss pikes were avowedly at the service of the best bidder, until the alliances of the cantons finally attached them to the cause of France. Germany, on the other hand, a vast country, divided then as now between princes of different political sentiments, enlisted her sons with little scruple under the banners of the several powers of Europe. Nevertheless, her bravest leaders, and the most numerous masses of her infantry, were to be found in the Imperial camps, until the open attacks made by Charles V. against the reformed religion severed from his party the most industrious and active portion of his Teutonic subjects.

The rise of the Swiss infantry into fame and importance may be dated from the period of the battle of Morat; its decadence began after the battle of Pavia; so that the days of its glory hardly outlasted two generations of warriors. When first it became evident to military eyes that a resolute resistance on the part of the foot soldier was sufficient to repulse and throw into disorder the unwieldy cavalry of the Middle Ages, men ascribed this superiority, not to a system of tactics which all might adopt with equal success, but to the personal qualities of the Alpine mountaineers. Certainly, in the narratives then current of their extraordinary feats of arms, there appeared some reason to justify the dread with which they were regarded by the people of the plains below them. Individually they possessed a strength and resolution which as far surpassed those of the overburdened *hommes d'armes* (who, says Dela Noue, were generally crippled before they arrived at the age of thirty-five by the enormous weight of their defensive armour,) as of the peaceful weavers and agricultural serfs of France and Italy; and, considered as organized troops, they had substituted for the principle of individual honour, which actuated the feudal cavalier, those of national glory and

regimental emulation. Formed in deep masses, and armed with lances and halberds sixteen feet in length, they exhibited the appearance and tactics of the ancient Macedonian phalanx. Their charge on level ground was nearly as impetuous as that of the mounted lancers, without the exhaustion and confusion which followed every exertion of consequence on the part of the latter, while their powers of resistance were far superior. Although the Swiss were too poor and too self-confident to adopt very rapidly the improvements which science was making in the art of war, they nevertheless increased their strength greatly by the introduction of fire-arms: those employing them were used chiefly as *tirailleurs*, advancing from the main body to fire, and returning into its ranks when pressed by cavalry. But the pike remained their favourite weapon. With this "queen of arms for the infantry," they opposed their phalanx to attacks from every quarter, cut through forces vastly superior in number, or faced and overthrew the batteries of hostile cannon, carrying their high-minded contempt of death and danger to an extent which provoked the fear and admiration of those who affected to ridicule its unseasonable display.

The German infantry was first organized in order to counteract the power of these Helvetian mercenaries. The Emperor Maximilian, frequently engaged in war with his neighbours, found little military assistance from his nobility, who were almost independent of imperial authority, and constantly engaged in private feuds. The townsfolk of Brabant and Flanders strenuously resisted an authority which he had little power to enforce. His honest friends, the burghers of the free German cities, were of no great service in a warlike capacity. The men of Augsburg, in 1490, marched to battle two and two, like schoolboys. And when the council, aware of their deficiency, hired one George Krebs, a veteran captain, to give the townspeople a drilling, that leader performed his duty so mercilessly, that one of the chief merchants of the city died of apoplexy in the field—an event which by no means increased the popularity of the new régime. The Swiss found better bidders for their blood elsewhere, and their ancient ill-will towards the house of Hapsburg rendered them bad neighbours on their own account. Maximilian's first corps of infantry were therefore levied among the people of his own hereditary states, chiefly in Swabia. Divided from the Swiss only by the Rhine, and speaking a similar dialect, they were frequently confounded with them by foreigners, while their near vicinity only added bitterness to their mutual hatred. The Germans called them *Landsknechts*—country folk, men of the open country,—in contradistinction to the mountaineers—not *Lanzknechts*, or

Lancers, as they are frequently termed by later writers.* They were likewise distinguished into Oberländisch and Niederländisch, according as their bands were recruited in Swabia and the Tyrol, or in the northern parts of Germany. Our author remarks, as a singular coincidence, that the year 1487, in which the first companies of this modern infantry were raised, was likewise that of the last general tournament in Germany—the last court, as it were, of the dethroned goddess of chivalry. Maximilian did all he could to bring his new militia into fashion. On one occasion he marched into Cologne on foot, at the head of nine hundred princes and nobles, each shouldering a pike, in the dress of a common Landsknecht. Nor were his efforts without success, for these levies formed the first force in which nobles and plebeians enrolled themselves indifferently, and fought side by side with the same weapons—an instance of the same national good sense which made so large a portion of the German people the first to embrace and the steadiest to defend the doctrines of the Reformation.

The Landsknechts, from their superior habits of subordination to those of the Swiss, and from the greater facility of procuring the requisite number of them, soon became the favourite mercenaries in all the feuds of that quarrelsome age.

“ This was the period,” says Ranke, “ in which the troops that supported Vasiliovitch when he led his Muscovites against Poland—which subjected Sweden to the Union—which, in England, fell in their ranks in the cause of York,” (we presume he refers to Martin Swart’s German auxiliaries, who fought for Perkin Warbeck)—“ those which defended Brittany against the crown of France, and those which subdued it—the garrison as well as the besiegers of Naples—the conquerors and the saviours of Hungary—those who directed and decided the fate of war throughout the world—were all alike Germans.”

In Italy, however, the military writers of that epoch have generally confounded them with the Swiss; and none, except Machiavel, have done justice to their peculiar merits. Few captains of distinction, and no generals, were formed in their ranks. Their lives were wasted in quarrels of no national interest, and while the great struggle between Valois and Hapsburg was carried on by dint of their pikes, the chieftains of France and Spain adorned themselves with the laurels of alternate victories, won and lost alike at the expense of Teutonic blood.

The manner in which these numerous corps of adventurers were raised was simple and expeditious enough. As soon as the

* And as the ingenious author of the “ Colloquies with Folard ” persists in calling them. Protesting against his orthography, we take this opportunity of acknowledging the amusement and the great assistance which we have derived from his papers (printed in the *United Service Journal* in 1830 and 1831) respecting the history of the Italian wars, which he appears to have studied with the zeal both of a soldier and an antiquary.

emperor, or any other prince who was willing to pay for their services, gave a commission to some well-known leader to raise a regiment, the latter proceeded to call volunteers together by tuck of drum in the towns and districts where his personal influence happened to be greatest. A regiment, strictly speaking, meant (as the name seems to imply) a body of men united under a sort of republican government—a marching commonwealth, subject for the time to a single colonel (obrister), and to the military articles which might be framed for its especial guidance, and grounded on the ordinary custom of the country. It was not until a later period that the rules of war observed in the French, Imperial and other services were collected into bodies of law. In a military sense, the colonel rather answered to the general of brigade or of division in a modern army, or to the tribune of a legion in those of Rome, than to the officer who now bears the same title. His corps generally amounted at the commencement of a campaign to six or seven thousand men. It was composed of a certain number of "Fähnleins" (ensigns or companies), each from four to six hundred strong, and commanded by a captain. A landsknecht only engaged to serve for the campaign. He came provided with arms, offensive and defensive; at least, with a buff coat or cuirass, a cut-and-thrust sword, pike or halberd. The amount of his pay depended in great measure on the state of his equipment, for a sort of rating, like that practised on board ships of war, was adopted among the privates of these regiments. The lowest pay received was four Rhenish guilders a month: and even this sum, allowing for the change in the value of money, was many times greater than the allowance of the wealthiest European states at the present day. Those who were provided with a back-piece, gorget, or shirt of mail, received a higher gratuity: the highest rated had double pay. The colonel received 400 guilders a month, besides the maintenance of his eight body-guards, secretary, interpreter, chaplain and herald. Each company was supposed to contain fifty arquebusiers, but the actual number greatly varied. These also were highly paid. At the same time the pay of cavalry soldiers (where they did not serve on the footing of feudal array) appears to have varied from twelve to twenty-four guilders a month. It was customary, whenever a pitched battle was won, to consider the month as completed, and a new one began to run in favour of the soldier.

The colonel and captains, being as it were the founders of the regiment, chiefly exercised their own discretion in appointing officers; nevertheless, many of the inferior posts in the corps were filled by public election. The old German writers dwell with great delight and prolixity on the long muster-roll of officers and

officials necessary to its complement, carrying within itself, as it did, the elements of civil and military government. Every captain was attended by his ensign, whose bounden duty was never to desert his colours: he had also his *Fourier*, or forage-master, and *Feldweibel*, or exercise-master. The attendants of the colonel have been already noticed. There were also the *Schultheiss*, or civil judge, with his assistants, a sort of ambidextrous personage, *tam Marte quam Mercurio*, whose learned duties did not prevent him from drawing the sword on pressing emergencies; the *Quarter-master*, the *Proviant-meister* and the *Wacht-meister*; the *Bund-meister*, or burning-master, who may almost be termed the chief purveyor of the troops, in an age when commissariats were unknown: his duty was to superintend the burning and plundering, which then formed no unimportant part of regimental economy. There was the fearful provost-marshal, with his *Stall-meister*, *Steckenknecht*, his *Freimann*, or executioner, and his ambulatory gallows—the dread and yet the delight of all “frommen Landsknechte,” who, like their peaceable countrymen, had a strange fondness for this great token of civilization. Charles V. himself never rode past a gibbet without taking off his hat as a sign of reverence. Finally, there was that singular personage, the *Hurenweibel*, whose very critical and difficult duties were fitly rewarded with the rank of a captain, and the attendance of a lieutenant and ensign: he took charge of all the lads and camp-servants, and more especially of all the womankind which followed the camp in various capacities. All these impediments were extremely numerous in a regiment of Landsknechts, who, poor as they were, paid great attention to their bodily comforts. In this respect they were contrasted equally with the penurious Spaniard, the hardy Swiss, and the careless Frenchman. Hence their acknowledged unfitness for the siege or defence of fortified places. Each of their camps resembled a moving town, in which every man loved to find as nearly as possible the conveniences of his home; and there was but too much ground for the reproach which Luther cast on their officers in his untranslateable language—“Sie konnten freilich nichts gegen den Erzfeind” (the Turk) “ausrichten, da sie immer ihre linden Federbetten unter den Hintern haben mussten.”

There was no small portion of prolixity and pedantry in the details of military as well as social life at that period, when the great art of modern days, that of effecting every object at the least possible cost of time and labour, seems to have been entirely unappreciated. Forms and observances were strictly adhered to in all countries, and not the least among the steady and considerate Germans. Every matter of public interest to the soldiery

was conducted after a sort of dramatic fashion, with much ceremonial solemnity. The rights of each individual were under his own protection where not defined by military law. Personal combat with the sword was the resource of the private, as well as of the officer, in vindication of his honour. Corporal punishment, the degrading custom which forms the very basis of the fabric of modern military despotism, was unknown among this proud soldiery; and although death was frequently and unsparingly inflicted for numerous offences, the life of no man was at the mercy of his superiors, by the rules of the service, although this restriction was, perhaps, frequently overstepped on an emergency. According to the original articles under which the regiment was convened, the criminal was either tried by twelve jurymen, under the direction of a Schultheiss, and condemned to the punishment of the sword; or, in regiments in which the pike-law (*das Recht der langen Spiesse*) prevailed, he was judged by the voice of the majority of his comrades, and compelled to throw himself on the lowered pikes of their battalion—a custom from which was derived our modern barbarism of “running the gauntlet.” But notwithstanding the pride and self-importance of the individual soldier, and the occasional severity of the punishments by which he was restrained, the admirer of antiquity must confess that the character of the Landsknechts for discipline and sobriety did not stand high even in those unscrupulous days, although our professor strives hard to justify his countrymen against their accusers in this particular as well as others. Among the unfortunate inhabitants of Italy, (who could distinguish the nation of their oppressors as Hudibras judged of the wood of which cudgels were made, by the nature of the suffering they inflicted,) the “*Tedesca rabbia*” was hardly less dreaded than the wanton pride of France, and only deemed preferable to the cold-blooded, searching, remorseless cruelty of the Spaniard; whilst the character which these “pious companions” bore among their own countrymen may be partly learnt from one of Hans Sachs’s most amusing *Schwänke*—“Saint Peter and the nine poor Landsknechts.” The warlike guests having been admitted into heaven by a mistake of the porter, immediately sit down to dice, and intermingle their sport with such cursing, vociferation and furious gestures, that the heavenly militia stand aghast, and are forced to get rid of their visitors by stratagem: they are induced to sally forth by an alarm sounded without the gates, which are then shut in their faces.

Thus far we have endeavoured to give a cursory abridgment of our author’s amusing details respecting the constitution and government of these famous mercenary bands. Their military

character is better known; nor is the professor qualified to impart much additional information on a subject which has employed so many able pens since the time of Jovius and Guicciardini. To say the truth, there appears to be little worthy of the observation of a modern tactician in the exploits of the infantry during the Italian wars, although considered as the earliest theatre of modern military science. If their superiority over cavalry began to be recognized, it was rather owing to the prevalence of ancient habit in the mode of equipping and employing the latter arm, than to the perfection of the former. The great elements of the art, those which teach how to combine strength with rapidity of motion, were first re-discovered by Maurice of Nassau, after they had been lost amid the downfall of Roman civilization. Could a modern officer have beheld the motley masses of Landsknechts as they advanced to the charge, he would have been at a loss to conjecture the source of their high reputation.

“ If we would form to ourselves a lively idea of the appearance of these adventurous companions, let us look at the amusing illuminated wood cuts with which Melchior Pfünzing, chaplain of St. Sebaldus’ in Nuremberg in the year 1517, caused his copy of *Theuerdank* to be skilfully ornamented. As we see them there in many plates, each man clothed and armed according to his humour or his circumstances, one with a morion, another with a close helmet, another with a hat, another with a cap and feathers; in cuirasses, gorgets, or buff coats: others with puffed jerkins, sometimes with the sleeves tight, sometimes loose and curiously slashed, their lower garments likewise exhibiting the most grotesque variety of cut, from the pompous swell of the trunk hose down to the tight riding pantaloons: each man girt, gartered, and shod just as appeared convenient or suited his fancy: their hair and beard trimmed in every different fashion: finally their weapons, such as every man had found hanging up in his father’s workshop, or such as he had taken from the enemy: morris-pikes, long lances, shafts with variously shaped irons, halberds, partisans, morgensterns, mallets, swords, either the long cut and thrust, or the short broad Landsknecht sword, which for convenience was hung obliquely across the loins or the stomach: others again with shapeless arquebusses,* their powder flasks at their

* Scott has described them among Lord Dacre’s followers before Branksome, in a passage chiefly borrowed from Brantôme:

Buff coats, all frounced and ’broider’d o’er,
And morsing-horns and scarfs they wore;
Each better knee was bared, to aid
The warriors in the escalade;
All, as they march’d, in rugged tongue,
Songs of Teutonic feuds they sung.

Their songs undoubtedly were these doleful and endless ballads of the siege of Pavia, the war of Smalkalde, &c. &c. of which our author has given abundant specimens.

hips, as gaolers carried their keys, and the ancient scribes their writing materials: let us imagine ten or fifteen thousand of these fellows thus strangely and fantastically equipped, clad in all the colours of the rainbow, and armed with every sort of weapon which had been used for a thousand years in peasant wars and town riots: in front a tall warrior on horseback, cased in steel from head to foot, surrounded by his body guards in still stranger array of jerkins and arms, with his dogs leaping around him: the ensigns with their lofty standards, themselves tricked out with chains of honour, in hose and jackets of the most flaunting fashion: the drummers with drums like wine casks, so large that they can scarcely drag them: behind these the "helle Haufen" (main body), an irregular mass of men singing and swearing as they march past out of all line and order: the serious, almost ghost-like figure of the Schultheiss, with his notaries and assistant judges: then the provost marshal, in a grotesque disguise, contrasting strangely with the terrible duties of his office: with him his Stockmeister, his gaolers, and master Hämmerling the executioner: lastly the corps of the honourable Hurenweibel and Rumormeister, courtezans, lads, and packs of yelping dogs, crowded together in inextricable confusion among the cars and tent-waggons: let us conceive a picture composed of these innumerable and motley figures, such as the pencil of some Callot should have transmitted to us, and we shall have bodily before our eyes the most important portion of those armies with which the Emperor Charles held the world in check, with which he conquered Francis at Pavia, the Turks in Hungary, &c. &c."—pp. 63, 64.

The contrast which they exhibited to the more regularly equipped soldiery of southern Europe was displeasing to the eyes of the observant Cæsar Grollier, who thus describes the appearance of the German part of "Bourbon's black banditti" when they entered Rome.

"Biretum ob magnitudinem malè capiti cohærens, laxi calcei, laxæ caligæ, sed laxiores thoraces, ut nihil sit sanè in gentis vestitu calceatuvæ quod spectantium oculos possit oblectare."

It must be observed, however, that the owners of these loose hose and cuirasses had just effected a winter march of seven or eight hundred miles under great privation and fatigue. The order of the Landsknechts consisted, generally, of a vanguard, called by the various names of *Enfans Perdus* (der verlorne Haufen) *Laüfer*, *Avant coureurs*, &c.; then came the main battle, (der helle Haufen), in square column, the pikes in the foremost ranks, followed occasionally by a third division, or rear guard. But none of these bodies acted as a reserve: indeed, the system of reserves was entirely unknown to the defective strategy of those times. In battle, all the divisions drew up in line together as nearly as possible. The march was slow and heavy: the time generally kept (according to our author in a passage which we

do not very well understand) was three steps to five beats on their enormous drums. They had various customary solemnities in going into action; they frequently fell on their knees, to repeat a prayer or hymn together: a more singular custom, common to both Swiss and Germans, which we have never seen explained, was that of throwing dust over their shoulders before they began the *mêlée*. The arquebusiers, armed with a weapon which seems nearly to have resembled the modern carabine, were drawn up on the wings, or thrown forward in detached platoons: the idea of arranging them between the rows of pikes, so as to combine in the same line the *arme blanche* and the firearms, seems to have been first adopted by the Marquis del Guasto at the battle of Cerisolles, the last of the great Italian fields; which thus forms a connecting link between those campaigns and the wars of the Netherlands, the second theatre of modern military skill. The difference between the Castilian and German infantry in action seems chiefly to have consisted in two points: that the favourite *armes blanches* of the former were sword and buckler, and their arquebusiers more numerous in proportion and better exercised. Short as was the range of their weapon, and slight as its effect must have been compared with that of the modern musket, it was occasionally used with terrible success; especially at the battle of Pavia, where the steel-cased cavaliers of France were mowed down by the Spanish fire without the power of defending or extricating themselves. The musket seems to have replaced, at a later period, the "*hacquebuttes à croc*," a sort of hand-guns carried about with the artillery of the army; it was first used in the Duke of Alva's troops, and with its introduction began that complicated and pedantic system of training which distinguished the wars of the Netherlands, which rendered armies still smaller, discipline still more important, and the individual soldado a person of still greater consequence than he had been before. The figures represented in the plates to Grose's *Military History* will give some idea of the unwieldy equipment of the foot soldier at that period. In the work of J. J. Wallhausen, colonel of the city of Danzig, on military training, published 1615, there are 143 motions for the musketeer, and 21 for the pikeman. The Landsknechts charged in masses, eight, twelve, or twenty deep; their only field exercises, says the author of the *Colloquies* above quoted, consisted in the "conversion of the simple rectangular mass into the square with horns, the cross, the crescent, the wing and the porcupine, and other fanciful devices." This phalanx formation, unmanageable as it was, resisted for a century all the lessons of experience. Even Machiavel, who had meditated so successfully on the principles of

Roman warfare, draws up his imaginary legion twenty deep. "Thus," says the same writer, "a mass of 8000 men twenty deep would not occupy a greater front than a modern battalion of as many hundred; and an army of 30,000 men would not cover much more ground than a single modern brigade of two or three thousand." Hence it is easy to judge of the dreadful slaughter caused by the artillery, slowly wrought and ill managed as it was, among these serried bodies of men. The Landsknechts at Ravenna and the Swiss at Marignano remained passive under repeated discharges, which carried off whole files at a time, without an attempt to occupy a less exposed position. This was one cause among many of the sanguinary character which distinguished the few pitched battles of those campaigns. The soldier went into the *mêlée* with almost the literal alternative of death or victory before him, for his heavy accoutrements rendered flight almost impossible; and if the terrible "*mala guerra*" was declared, none of the defeated party could hope to ransom their lives, except such as might interest the cupidity of their captors in their behalf. The character of the artillery of those times does not properly come under discussion in a treatise on German military history, as the knowledge of its management was almost confined to French and Italians; the Landsknechts very seldom brought with them any pieces of greater calibre than their arquebusses.

It would ill become us to affect to judge of the relative amount of glory acquired by the various nations which met on adverse parts on the plains of Lombardy, especially as after three centuries the controversy seems to be still carried on by the descendants of their warriors. Our author asserts manfully the superiority of his countrymen, and complains, not without reason, of the injustice done them by cotemporary writers. But the Swiss were, perhaps, more distinguished by feats of desperate valour, although their headstrong insubordination diminished their value as allies. The Spaniards again were equally gallant in the field, far more active and intelligent on the march, and more enduring in extremities; but their numbers were generally too small to have much influence on the result of a campaign. Perhaps the disunited Italians, who only fought for a choice of masters, have a right to as high a place in the calendar of military honour as their arrogant oppressors, either from the Alps or the Mediterranean.

We can sympathize at least with the national feeling which induces our author to claim the superiority for the infantry of his own country over their rivals, but we cannot go along with him in his endeavour to raise his compatriots still higher by the tone of depreciation which he adopts when speaking of the brave

gendarmerie of France, with which they were so often brought in competition. As a mere military question, his estimate of their efficiency in the field is much too low. It is true that every improvement in tactics or in discipline was gradually throwing more into the shade the brilliant chivalry of earlier times : although the ordonnances, or companies of lances, still nominally formed the principal defence of the crown under Francis the First, men had already discovered that the true safety of the state lay in the arms of more ignoble protectors. The Swiss in his service used to hold themselves far superior to the followers of Bayard and La Tremouille, even as Pescara's Spanish cuirassiers were derided by the common foot soldiers as they rode past in their stately and antiquated dignity. "*Quæ contumeliæ,*" says Paul Jovius, "*equitibus erant devorandæ, quum in accensis sclopetariorum funiculis jura belli posita esse viderentur.*" It is true also that on some occasions the men at arms hesitated to set their noble lives in jeopardy against the pikes of their plebeian opponents ; but more frequently they came to the charge with determined, and not always fruitless, courage. When they had firm ground for their heavy barded Destriers, sufficient space to form their long line, and sixty paces of clear ground in front of them, their shock was as impetuous as that of the crusaders of old. At Ravenna they drove from the field the victorious bands of Pedro Navarra, and saved the Landsknechts themselves from destruction : at Marignano, although unable to break the order of the Swiss, they charged them with unremitting impetuosity, until the baffled mountaineers retreated in despair from the "combat of giants." The Italian wars were, indeed, the last theatre of feudal prowess, for at the close of them the cavalry laid down the lance with part of their defensive armour, and substituted for it, first, the pistol or carbine ; secondly, under the discipline of Maurice of Nassau, the sabre, now the distinguishing weapon of the horseman in all the armies of Europe.

But not content with demonstrating the supposed inutility of the heavy-armed cavalry in a military point of view, our author has omitted no opportunity of treating with contempt the feudal nobility of those times, and the laws of chivalry by which they professed to be directed. He seems to consider it incumbent on him, on patriotic grounds, to refuse all honour to the knight, and attribute all merit to the plebeian foot soldier ; and undoubtedly it is true that, from causes which deserve a better investigation than they have hitherto received, the great body of nobles in Germany appear to have exhibited a lower tone of chivalric principle, and the people a higher moral character and superior physical comfort, than was the case in other countries where the

feudal system prevailed. We do not mean that Germany did not abound in brave and honourable chieftains, as well as in the robber-castellans who infested her western provinces; but there was less of the poetical character in her knighthood, less of that etherial exalted spirit which was found among the nobility of France, Spain, and England. It is very easy to cast all manner of discredit on the high reputation to which the knights of those times aspired; to show the difference between the imaginary hero of romance and the actual gentleman of a feudal court or castle; and to prove that besotted arrogance, loose moral principles, ferocity, and even treacherous cunning, were not always held incompatible with the knightly character. It is true also that the law of honour is but an indifferent substitute, in private conduct, for the higher sanctions of morality; and that, as a public principle, it may be less conducive to the welfare of nations than the rules of popular expediency which states now profess to adopt. But it remains an irrefragable conclusion from history, notwithstanding all deductions which are to be made from the ideal excellence ascribed to it in romance, that the point of honour of the middle ages is one of the chief elements of the developement of modern civilization. Through ages of great vicissitude, through alternate periods of barbarism and refinement, it has remained the distinctive badge of the higher classes of society; their principal incitement to good, their chief defence against temptation; however multiform in aspect, we can trace its identity under all the motley costumes of modern Europe; we detect it alike under the shaggy mantle of the Lombard Arimannus, under the chain-mail of the Norman, and under the panoply of the man-at-arms; and had its received laws been reduced into a code at each of the periods which those personages represent, they would probably be found to correspond in a nearer degree than is generally imagined with those rules which the world imposes on the gentleman of the present day. It has been during all that time one great constituent of our social being, nearly coeval, we may almost say collateral, with Christianity itself, and deriving therefrom whatever it has of excellence. And notwithstanding all that modern philosophy may teach us, (serviceable as it has been in moderating the wild idolatry formerly paid to this bastard virtue,) the actions and sentiments which it inspires will still remain the objects of popular admiration and sympathy. Our author bitterly complains of the little honour which has been paid by historians to the exploits of his countrymen in the wars of which we are treating. Is not this neglect obviously occasioned by the absence of all romantic brilliancy from their ranks; their deficiency in those qualities which are the

salt of the modern world? Thus no distinguished commanders arose among their soldiers; no men fitted in any way to controul or quiet the spirit of an age so susceptible of chivalrous impulses. They served, fought, and died, in a cause to which no sense or principle of honour attached them. Frundsberg has been called the German Bayard; a comparison of which our author himself admits the extreme absurdity; yet he claims, and not without reason, the superiority for his hero in some particulars, for he seems to have possessed greater judgment and steadiness of character, and to have exhibited a better specimen of that compound of mildness, honesty and resolution, which the expressive old German dialect designated by the name of *Biederkeit*. Why then, with all these good qualities, and far higher military deserts than his rival, is Frundsberg forgotten, while the name of Bayard finds an echo wherever the spirit of chivalry has penetrated? Simply because the knight of Dauphiné, notwithstanding his many faults, still presents the closest copy of that ideal character which is the object of so much worship, and because his recorded sayings and actions are as many summaries of the duties inculcated by that worldly law which governs so large a part of the community. And, if that historian adopts a false estimate of the past who neglects or depreciates a principle which has been so widely recognized throughout the history of Christendom, we are inclined to think that the moral philosopher who adopts a similar line of sentiment does not take a much sounder view of the present or the future. It appears to us, that the spread of education and intelligence, in tending to assimilate the several orders of society, is much more likely to propagate this popular principle among classes which are at present little influenced by it, than to extinguish it among its present professors; for it is the child of training and imitation; and if increasing knowledge teaches the poorer members of society to follow the example of the wealthier in external conduct, and even to ape their follies and extravagances, it is surely to be expected that it will also render them disposed to submit to that arbitrary rule of action which the acquiescence of so many centuries has established among us. Those who imagine that modern education is to evolve some new code of morality, or to add some undiscovered sanction to virtue, will of course dissent from these observations, which presume that its primary effect, at least, will rather be to spread over a wider surface the peculiar colour and tincture which now mark out a certain section of the community.

It is on these grounds that we are disposed greatly to regret the tone which prevails throughout the writings of one whom we cannot but regard as the most useful historical writer of the pre-

sent day; we mean M. de Sismondi, the last volumes of whose *Histoire des Français* embrace the same period with the volume before us. In his mind, democratic predilections, and a thorough hatred of the upper classes of society considered as governors, appear to have strengthened with years, and his enthusiasm, (if a sentiment which displays itself almost wholly in vituperation can be so called,) accompanies him still more uniformly in his progress through the annals of monarchical France than in his youthful labours on republican Italy. No one, we imagine, can accuse him of wilful misrepresentation of facts; and his strong critical judgment renders him little liable to the danger of exaggerating them. Yet the general effect of his narrative is any thing rather than just and impartial; he has abandoned, we think, the true moral vocation of an historian; which is to impregnate the minds of his readers with the principles and feelings of past ages, in order that they may institute a comparison between those worn-out motives of action and such as now prevail, and learn wisdom from the contrast; not to judge of past *actions* by the laws of modern *opinion*, keeping out of view the dominant ideas under whose influence such actions were performed; a process which reverses the true course of philosophical reasoning, and can have no result except that of strengthening an already overweening prejudice in favour of the wisdom of the present day. No wonder, therefore, if in his pages all kings are worthless and inconstant, all nobles tyrannical, all serfs oppressed and brutalized; if he seems absolutely to deny the existence of virtue itself, except occasionally within the walls of some Italian city, and there only in the ranks of that faction which at the juncture he is writing of happened to be called the popular party. He views history, not as a citizen of the varying world which he describes, but from a point *ab extra*, as an utilitarian burgher of Geneva. But while we agree with him, and with our professor, in acknowledging the great modern principles both of military and civil action which are coeval with the Reformation, we do not partake in the feelings which cannot sympathize with the last inheritors of feudal enterprize, vainly sacrificing their lives around the persons of their monarchs, on the hill side of Flodden, or in the park of Mirabello.

We have been insensibly led on, civilians as we are, by the interesting nature of the subject, and the preliminary contents of the amusing book before us, (from which most of our preceding details are compiled,) until we have scarcely left ourselves space to do justice to the hero of the work, whose grim portraiture frowns opposite to its title page. George von Frundsberg, to whom the Italian, Spanish, and French historians have shown very little partiality, was previously known in Germany only by a short memoir,

(Georg von Frundsberg's *Kriegsthaten*,) written by one Reissner, not long after his hero's decease; and by the detached notices of him in modern biographical works. The life of the first captain of the early German infantry certainly deserved a more minute notice on the part of his countrymen. He was born and principally resided at Mindelheim, in Bavaria, a castle and village which belonged to his family; the same which gave afterwards to the Duke of Marlborough the title of his Imperial principality; selected, perhaps, with some reference to the military recollections already attached to the name. Born in 1473, he was early distinguished by his great strength and skill in martial exercises, as well as by some sort of mental cultivation, and a taste for the poetical fancies of the day. His first campaigns were fought in Maximilian's war with the Swiss, in which his celebrated cotemporary and neighbour, Goetz von Berlichingen, served for the first and last time under the Imperial standard. Both nobles were likewise engaged in the Bavarian civil war, where George received the honour of knighthood from Maximilian on the field of battle, near Ratisbon. But Goetz continued to waste the energies of his gallant and honest disposition in petty skirmishes with the neighbouring nobles and burghers of Swabia and Franconia, believing that while he fought to maintain the individual supremacy of each baron in his castle, he was in fact rescuing the commonwealth from oppression; while Frundsberg, whose vocation was not for this sort of "hedge-knight-errantry," found himself enticed by the prospect of booty and reputation held out to military adventurers in Italy. He first appeared as colonel of a regiment of Landsknechts in the disgraceful war of the League of Cambray against Venice, and served with various success during the years of singular vicissitude which followed its dissolution, in which he acquired considerable wealth, and a military reputation which raised him high in the favour of the princes of Austria.

We next find him engaged in the wars of the Swabian league, which was formed in order to suppress the private feuds of these independent nobles, and numbered in its muster-roll most of the powerful feudatories and free towns of the south-east of Germany; the princes of the House of Austria were members of it, as counts of the Tyrol; and Frundsberg, who commanded the troops furnished by this important branch of the confederacy, held the highest military rank in the league under the Duke of Bavaria, its general. In 1519, they invaded the country of the turbulent Duke Ulrich of Wirtemberg; he was forced to defend his fortresses, all of which easily fell, except two, Hohenasperg and Möckmühl; the last of these was commanded by von Ber-

lichingen for his suzerain; and the incidents of his gallant defence on this occasion appear to have given origin to the scenes of the siege of Jaxthausen in Goethe's famous drama. When the castle was at last surrendered, Goetz was treacherously seized and conveyed to Heilbron, notwithstanding the opposition of Frundsberg and other nobles, who were disposed to favour him. The details which this work contains of his imprisonment, and the correspondence to which it gave rise between Frundsberg, Franz von Sickingen, and the town-council of Heilbron, will be read with pleasure by those whom the study of the poet has led to take an interest in the fortunes of his iron-handed hero. On the election of Charles V., Frundsberg received from the youthful emperor a confirmation of his military command in the Tyrol, together with valuable fiefs and presents. Invested with this dignity, he attended the Diet at Worms, in which the division of sentiment already produced by the growing Reformation first broke out in public discussion. Frundsberg was one of those nobles whose minds had been the earliest to receive with favour, although with hesitation, the stirring tidings brought by the monk of Wittenberg. As Martin Luther, cited before the Diet, was passing between the rows of the assembled nobles and prelates in order to enter the presence of the emperor, Frundsberg is said to have touched him on the shoulder, and addressed him in the following words:—"Monk! monk! (Mönchlein) thou art treading a path such as I and many other colonels have never ventured on in our most hazardous battle-fields; if thou art honest at heart and certain of thy cause, go forward in God's name, He will not abandon thee."

That the wishes which are disclosed in these pregnant expressions became matured, in the mind of George von Frundsberg, into a deliberate renunciation of Romish allegiance, his subsequent conduct proves beyond a doubt. He was one of those who assisted most essentially, by arm and counsel, in the liberation of a large portion of his countrymen from spiritual controul. But we must be cautious not to judge of the conduct of the earliest champions of the Reformation (and especially of the rough soldiers who embraced it while still heartily attached to the devotional practices in which their infancy was nurtured,) by the rules which are just and reasonable when applied to men who professed the Protestant creed when Protestantism had assumed a definite shape; after each of the new churches had decided for itself how much to retain or reject, and how much to add to ancient doctrine and discipline. Catholic writers are naturally zealous in pointing out the inconsistencies which marked the lives of the earliest reformers; but although such inconsistencies may furnish good

grounds for impeaching their judgment, they can seldom be interpreted as proofs of insincerity. Amidst the irregular ebullition of new opinions, many of the most daring and comprehensive dogmas of innovation came first to the surface; while, on the other hand, many of those practices which to modern eyes seem most unreasonable, many which an enlightened Catholic now rejects, were among the last fully abandoned by the new believers. Hence the history of the Reformation alternately surprises us by the rapid progress made by liberal ideas, and by the slow ebb of superstition. Could we look distinctly into the spirit of those confessors of our churches, as we are partially enabled to do into that of Luther by the unreserved openness of his writings on topics connected with himself, we should probably find them all exhibiting, in less striking proportions, the characteristics of his rude and gigantic intellect, a strange mixture of the hardest philosophy with the most vulgar prejudices. We should then be able to analyze the contradictory emotions which made Frundsberg lead armies across the Alps to humble the Pope, and yet go into battle, (as he did at Pavia,) with a monk's cowl drawn over his helmet in token of devotion. So that while some of his reported actions have induced the Catholics to claim him as adhering at heart to the ancient faith, Luther, who had reason to know him, mentions him "among those heroes for whose sake God blesses a whole country;" and so shortly after his decease as during the war of Smalkalde, he was looked back to as one of the national champions against foreign dominion, and placed in the same rank with Arminius and Frederic Barbarossa.

When war again broke out between Francis and the newly elected emperor, we find Frundsberg first employed in the indecisive campaign of Picardy, in the year 1521. Meanwhile the fortune of France, hitherto triumphant, began to waver in Lombardy; the Cantons were divided against each other; Venice weak and exhausted; Pescara, Leyva, and Colonna headed the troops which the prospect of new enterprizes and victories drew round the standard of the youthful emperor. The gates of Milan were opened to his army; Leo X., the best ally of France, died suddenly, under circumstances which almost warranted the ready suspicion of the Italians. In this conjuncture, the Swiss, who seem to have resented the employment of the new German infantry in the Imperial armies, more than the recent slaughter of Marignano, were for the most part readily induced to embrace the cause of the monarch who had defeated them. Thousands of their best infantry joined the forces of Lautrec and the Venetians, and the balance of numbers again preponderated on their side. Lautrec advanced to the neighbourhood of Milan;

and the duchy would have been once more recovered without a blow, had it not been for the arrival of Frundsberg, at the head of a regiment hastily collected in Upper Swabia, Tyrol, and Trent. Each army gradually increased by the arrival of fresh adventurers; John de Medicis, with the black Italian bands, distinguished by the mourning scarfs which they wore in memory of Leo X. (they are not to be confounded with the black bands of German landsknechts), joined the French; Pescara received considerable Spanish reinforcements. The French general found himself obliged to renounce his intended attack on Milan, and fall back upon the Lago Maggiore, in order to regain his military chest and supplies at Arona, and to place himself in communication with France; but the emperor's generals took up a strong position at La Bicocca, an old hunting lodge of the Visconti family, four miles from Milan, on what is now called the Simplon road, in order to intercept his intended retreat. They were defended on each flank by deep canals of irrigation, in front by an artificial ravine or hollow road, the bank of which they had garnished with their whole artillery. At a little distance behind this bank, Frundsberg's landsknechts were drawn up, protected by detached pelotons of arquebusiers, ranged three or four deep, so that one line might fire while another was reloading its pieces.

Lautrec and the other generals of his army were now placed in a situation of great difficulty. To remain in the Milanese was nearly impracticable; the French gendarmerie was the only part of their motley force on which they could rely; but these had not touched their pay for eighteen months, and their numbers and equipment were extremely deficient. The Swiss, on the other hand, were numerous, fierce, tired with the prolonged exertion of a war of posts and skirmishes, and determined to cut a way towards their mountains at any hazard. Their soldiers surrounded the tents of the French leaders with menacing cries; their officers seconded the mutinous spirit of their countrymen, answering every representation of the impregnable nature of the Imperialist position with reiterated demands of "argent, bataille, ou congé." Pedro Navarra alone, with the obstinacy for which he was distinguished, advised Lautrec, in the council of war which he held in this extremity, to resist their importunities at all risks, and to punish the most clamorous with death. But the marshal dared not come to a rupture with the reckless soldiery, which constituted more than half of his army. Conscious of the perilous nature of the step he was about to take, he marched from Monza the 29th April, 1522, and directed the Baron Anne de Montmorency to lead the Swiss against the front of the Imperial army, while he made some skilful efforts to turn both their flanks with

the rest of his force. But this manoeuvre required time and patience; the Swiss followed nothing but the blind impulse, half allied to fear, which tempts men to precipitate themselves on danger, rather than face it calmly, and calculate the means of overcoming it. Before they reached the edge of the hollow way, more than a thousand had fallen under the fire of the artillery and arquebusiers. Yet they kept their ranks until they reached the brink of the road, when finding it deeper than they had anticipated, and encumbered with the preposterous length of their pikes, the foremost files were thrown into utter confusion. Precipitated by the weight of their own advancing column into the fatal hollow, they were slaughtered in heaps by the fire of the enemy; the strongest and boldest among them struggled out of the press, and clambered singly up the opposite bank, only to perish on the points of the landsknechts; one of their leaders, Arnold von Winkelried, no unworthy inheritor of the name, came near enough to cross pikes with Frundsberg himself, when he was slain, as the Swiss asserted, by a shot, for they jealously refused to allow that a Helvetian could be vanquished by any odds at the national weapon. Twenty-two captains, and three thousand men had fallen, before the wings of the French army had reached their respective points of attack; it was now too late to recover the day, and the whole force fell back in order. Pescara eagerly desired to pursue them and finish the campaign by a complete victory; he pressed Frundsberg with intreaties and reproaches to advance from his position against the retreating enemy; but the German steadily refused; honour enough, he said, had been won that day. In fact, his countrymen appear to have generally adopted the last half at least of the Swiss maxim, "No quarter in the field, no pursuit after victory." Whether his refusal in this instance proceeded from prudence or from want of enterprize, it was certainly justified by the event; for the discomfited Swiss soon broke up and returned to their country, obliging the French force, too weak to maintain itself without them, to follow their example. "The discouragement which they brought back from Bicocca to their chalets and workshops, lay several years over the cantons, and Frundsberg, whom they called the Man-eater, long remained the terror of the warriors of Uri."

The victory of Bicocca was followed, as was usually the case with these mercenaries, by a mutiny among the Germans, which Colonna could not appease without some sacrifices and heavy promises. Their arms were turned against Genoa, and their lust of prey satiated with the plunder of that city, which was stormed and entered by the Imperialists the 30th May, 1522. Frundsberg's share of the spoil contained the emblematic silver sceptre

of the republic, her silver key of the Mediterranean, the chief banner of the state, and a valuable compass, all which he brought back with the other relics of his Italian victories, to his castle at Mindelheim.

When Francis I. again invaded Lombardy in 1524, and formed the siege of Pavia, Frundsberg was commissioned to levy the infantry destined to oppose him. Twenty-nine companies of foot, headed by the most distinguished captains of Germany, composed the force which he led over the Alps on this occasion. Many Burgundian lances and independent mounted adventurers joined the expedition. The Imperialist army, under Pescara, Lannoy, and Bourbon, was at length assembled in considerable force, and moved to accomplish its crowning victory. It may appear a needless task to recapitulate the well-known details of the battle of Pavia, which have employed the pens of so many modern writers; from Robertson to Sismondi,* in our opinion the best historical battle-painter of the present day. Our German biographer, however, considers the subject as by no means exhausted, having expended no less than forty closely printed pages in tracing, step by step, the varying progress of the combat; we will, therefore, follow him so far as to show the actual part which was taken by his hero and the landsknechts in the engagement.

Northward from the city of Pavia lay the park of Mirabello, a princely chase sixteen Italian miles in circumference, surrounded by a high wall: in the centre was the chateau, erected by Gian Galeazzo Visconti. The camp of the French was on the east of the city, its left resting on the southern wall of the park, which was broken down in three places to admit the passage of cavalry; its right on the deep stream of the Tessino; its rear towards the besieged city; its front faced by a line of redoubts, was also defended by a ravine, through which a stream called the Vernacula flowed from the park into the Tessino; on its banks, in that sequestered valley, the judicial combats of the Lombards were fought, when Pavia was the metropolis of their kingdom. So little did the French generals apprehend an attack on the side of the park (which nevertheless was the most vulnerable point of their position), that the chateau was selected for the residence of the ministers, the pope's legate, and other persons whom it was

* We cannot understand on what authority this writer, (whose predilections, where no republic is concerned, are always on the side of France), states the numbers engaged in the battle of Pavia, to have been equal on both sides, (*Hist. des Franc. vol. xvi.*) a computation at variance with those both of former compilers and original authorities, and hardly reconcilable with his own former account of the day (*Rep. Ital. vol. xv.*). Comparing all statements, it will hardly be thought that Francis had less than double the Imperialist force in the field.

wished to place at a distance from the dangers of the engagement; they were protected by a part of the gendarmerie of the rear guard, under whose patronage the country merchants had established in the park a fair, or temporary town, for the supply of the army. Pescara, to whose superior military genius Bourbon and Lannoy instinctively yielded precedence, determined to profit by this misapprehension, and to enter the park; by which manœuvre he would be enabled to turn the French camp by the left, and then place himself in communication with the besieged, or to draw Francis from his intrenchments, and force him to battle on the open ground of the park itself. In the night following, the 23d February, 1545, he detached Salcedo, a Spanish officer, to effect a breach in its northern wall with a battering ram, and the assistance of sappers, in order to avoid alarming the French with the noise of artillery. The first corps which penetrated through the breach, two hours before day-break, was a body of Albanian light horse: these were followed by six thousand infantry—the Castilians—

*Il sagace Spagnuol, che sotto guida
De' due del sangue d'Avalo, ardiria
Farsi nel cielo e nell' inferno via—*

were under the command of the Marquis del Guasto, Pescara's cousin; the Germans under Frundsberg's lieutenant, Jacob von Wernau. All were ordered to wear their shirts over cuirass or doublet, and those among the landsknechts whose linen was scarce supplied the defect by fastening white paper on their breasts. Pescara followed with his Spanish arquebusiers and his scanty cavalry; Bourbon, Lannoy, and Frundsberg brought up the main body of the Germans. Although a part of the king's artillery was brought to bear on the first divisions which entered the park, and occasioned them some loss, yet by the unaccountable supineness of the French, the whole infantry was enabled to form within the wall before any effectual interruption had been given to its advance; they even allowed the Albanians under the Marquis di St. Angelo, Scanderbeg's descendant, to surprise the chateau of Mirabello, and plunder the tents of the market people. When Francis at length moved from his position, the whole Imperialist force, perhaps 20,000 strong, was ranged in a line from north east to south west, its most advanced corps, or right wing, having approached the town of Pavia, and the rear of the king's army. The point of this extended line was exposed to the fire of the French artillery, which their own pieces, few and ill served, were quite insufficient to answer; already some of their cannon were abandoned, and the black landsknechts in Francis's pay had repulsed the Albanian horse into the ravine of the Vernacula, when

the impetuosity of the king, and his resolution that the victory should not be won without his personal aid, deprived his troops of the advantage they had gained. He charged with the long line of his gendarmerie, and by so doing masked his own artillery, in which his chief superiority consisted. The shock of his gallant nobility easily bore down the Spanish and Burgundian lances; but ere he could reach the pikes of the hostile infantry, the arquebusiers sallying out from the line in detached platoons, and again falling back when they had fired their pieces, made fearful havoc among his immediate followers; the cavalry wavered, their line was broken, and instead of a simultaneous charge they wasted their strength in partial and feeble attacks, while every shot of an arquebuss brought down the pride of some noble house. At length the infantry advanced to support them in one massy column; the leading divisions consisted of the black bands of landsknechts, who had just cleared the ground of the Albanians. These famous adventurers came chiefly from the countries on the Lower Rhine; placed under the ban of the empire, they served France with the zeal of exiled men; their chief leaders were Richard, the so-called Duke of Suffolk, or Blanche Rose; the Duke of Gueldres; and George Langenmantel, of Augsburg. They were followed by the Swiss bands, which constituted the main strength of the army.

Hitherto the main body of the Imperial landsknechts had remained immovable under the fire of the French artillery, their leader Frundsberg intently watching the aspect of the battle, and ever and anon stepping from his ranks to detain with his own hand some fugitive arquebusier, and bring him back into the line. The critical moment had now arrived; before the head of the advancing column could reach Pescara's inferior force, on the Imperial right, against which its movement was directed, Frundsberg and Sittich's regiments, 10,000 strong, moved at once obliquely across the field, and took the enemy in flank; the black infantry, having just reached the lines of the Spaniards, faced about to meet the new opponent, and a desperate conflict began between the Germans of the two parties. Had the Swiss supported their allies, the battle, as Francis himself averred, would yet have been won. It is difficult to ascertain the precise moment or the immediate cause of their flight; but it is certain, that instead of following the Germans, they fell back in disorder, with the exception of one division; their officers, finding it impossible to detain them, rushed back into the conflict as common men. The black landsknechts were now enveloped by the triple force of Frundsberg, Sittich, and Pescara; fighting man to man, with pike, sword, and halberd, they were borne down by the mere weight

of numbers and cut to pieces where they stood. Suffolk was slain, and with him Gueldres; Langenmantel, the Count of Nassau, and fifty German nobles besides, paid with their lives the forfeit of their treason to the empire.

The slaughter of these gallant troops decided the day of Pavia, and its event may thus justly be attributed to Frundsberg and his men, although the Spaniards have arrogated to themselves the whole glory of the field, and their boasting narratives have been implicitly followed by writers of other nations. Frundsberg's own letter to the Archduke Ferdinand (which our author does not mention, not professing to have consulted manuscript authorities; a French translation of it, apparently sent to England, then in alliance with the empire, immediately after the battle, is among the Cottonian MSS. at the British Museum) speaks of the victory with a modesty characteristic of the man. After giving the highest commendations to the soldier-like conduct of the arquebusiers, he merely says of himself that he and Marx Sittich defeated the French landsknechts and took a part of their artillery. Another passage in his letter shows the sanguinary character of the fight, and the devoted gallantry by which the Swiss officers atoned for the inexplicable misconduct of the men. "Item," he says (with a dry simplicity like the English captain's "taken and sunk as per margin") "*les capitaines de Suisses ont été vingt-huit, dont les deux ont été prisonniers, et les vingt-six tués avec leurs porteurs d'enseignes.*" But such prisoners as were taken among the Swiss, whose flight was cut off by the Duke of Alençon's breaking down the bridge over the Tessino, were treated by the Germans with a forbearance, which was ill repaid a few years afterwards, when victory once more changed sides at Cerisoles. The successful infantry drew up in their square order on the field which they had won; they took no part in the last act of the battle, the ineffectual resistance and final slaughter of the French nobles around the person of their monarch. It was to a Spanish man-at-arms that he surrendered himself; Spanish soldiers stripped him of his ornaments, Spanish officers received the royal captive, and he was marched into the city amidst the rhodomontades of Spanish arquebusiers. The Germans, whether from forbearance or from their usual inactivity, contented themselves with their victory, made few prisoners, and obtained little booty; their southern allies almost monopolized the spoils of the camp and the ransom of the most distinguished captives, as well as the glory of the common success. We shall not follow our author in his minute narrative of the capture of Francis; it is written with much animation and apparently with much accuracy; he is wrong, however, in saying that there is no trace to be found in the king's letters of

the famous phrase "Tout est perdu fors l'honneur." The epigrammatic turn of the sentence does honour to Père Daniel, who seems to have composed it; but the original sentiment is quoted by Sismondi. "De toutes choses ne m'est demeuré que l'honneur et la vie qui est sauve."

Shortly afterwards, the renewed league of France with Pope Clement VII. again threatened the power of Charles V. in Lombardy. Most of the lesser states of Italy were hostile to the Spanish occupation. Bourbon, who commanded at Milan, finding the storm gradually collecting around him, pressed Frundsberg to raise a fresh levy of landsknechts and march to his assistance; Charles V. urged the same request to his brother the Archduke Ferdinand. But the emptiness of the imperial treasury, the imminent danger of Germany from the Turks after the battle of Mohacz (1526), and the disordered state of the empire itself, were great obstacles in the way of any fresh adventure across the Alps. They would probably have been sufficient to prevent it, had not a new and more powerful motive arisen to influence the counsels of men. The rapid spread of Lutheranism in Germany had begun to excite uneasiness among temporal as well as spiritual potentates; hence the alliance between France and Rome was looked upon by the warlike leaders of the Protestants (if we may call them by that name before they had yet assumed it, or become animated by any spirit of union,) with undefined apprehensions of danger to their new belief; while among the commonalty the zeal of the daily increasing proselytes was mainly directed against Rome itself, the seat of Antichrist, the mark of political hostility to every true German, and of religious hatred to every Lutheran. Frundsberg's personal feelings were strongly tinged with the prevailing enthusiasm. What he would have done had he lived a few years later, when his attachment to the House of Hapsburg would necessarily have interfered with his religious predilections, it is not easy to conjecture; but as yet the two principles had not been set in opposition; and instead of appearing as a mercenary colonel of adventurers, he exhibited on this occasion some impulses not unworthy of a patriotic and religious champion. The force he now collected in Swabia was chiefly levied at his own cost and that of his officers; he mortgaged his paternal inheritance at Mindelheim, pledged the remaining booty of his former campaigns, even to his wife's jewels and ornaments, and got together in three weeks twelve thousand soldiers of fortune, to whom he was enabled to pay their first month's wages, without knocking at the doors of his master's empty exchequer. The story of the gold chain, which Frundsberg carried about his neck, and which he professed his intention to employ in hanging the Pope with

his own hands, has been hitherto repeated by all historians; and, as it is the only trait by which his hero is known to ordinary readers, we are sorry that our author thinks it necessary to impeach the validity of so general a tradition. Nor can we see why he should be angry with Paul Jovius for inventing such a report, since his own account of Frundsberg's conversation with the Cardinal von Klöss, who endeavoured to stop his march in the county of Trent, is not much more complimentary to the good manners of the zealous veteran. He broke up from Trent, "in God's name," on the 12th of November, 1526. The Duke of Urbino, who commanded the league of the pope's allies, had occupied all the passes leading to Milan by the lake of Garda, and encamped with the main body of his troops on the river Adda. But Frundsberg avoided the forces which were stationed to intercept him by a hazardous march over the steep crest of the Piamonte, which lies west of the lake of Garda: a feat which was not accomplished without considerable personal difficulty by the veteran colonel, who had grown corpulent and unwieldy; he is represented by Reissner in a somewhat ludicrous light, whilst overcoming the difficulties of the ascent; one sturdy landsknecht drew him up by the collar; others protected him with their extended pikes from slipping sideways, another finally pushed him up from behind with the but-end of his weapon; a less dignified attitude, certainly, than that of Bonaparte ascending the St. Bernard on David's theatrical war-horse. When the Germans arrived at Brescia, they found all the roads to Milan beset by Urbino's cavalry; Frundsberg, therefore, led them southward by forced marches to the Po, in order to deceive the enemy into the belief that he intended to march straight into the papal territory. At Borgoforte the passage of the great river was disputed by Giovanni de' Medici, with the Italian black bands and Venetian artillery; and the adventurous inroad of the Germans would have been arrested in the narrow angle between the Po and the Mincio, had not the politic Duke of Ferrara, who played alternately the game of both parties, despatched to them by the river supplies of provisions and money, together with two falconets on wheel-carriages. These pieces, as fate ordained, became of greater value than the whole artillery of Venice, for a shot, fired by the hands of Frundsberg himself, mortally wounded the young Italian leader, whose loss was followed by the total dispersion of his force. The landsknechts passed the Po, and continued their march up the stream along its right bank, crossing one by one the rivers which descend from the Apennines, swollen by the rains of an unusually stormy winter. They reached Piacenza with the greatest difficulty, and encamped before its walls, having been long given

up for lost by the partizans of the Imperial cause. Here Bourbon was at last able to detach some cavalry to their assistance, being himself detained at Milan in compulsory idleness through want of money. Round the German camp the country was wasted by friends and enemies; every day passed in ceaseless alarms and skirmishes between the newly arrived light horse and that of Urbino. Frundsberg, helpless and constrained to inaction, was tormented by gloomy anticipations; he listened night and day to the cry of a screech-owl, which haunted his quarters, and dreaded it as the omen of approaching evil.

At length, late in January, 1527, Bourbon was enabled to move to his relief. He had, to use his own expression, "*cavato insino al sangue di Milano*," in order to appease his soldiers; but even thus he had hardly cancelled their arrears of pay: when he joined Frundsberg, their united armies presented the aspect of a force of 32,000 men, without supplies, without money, and surrounded by enemies, from the sovereign princes and magistrates of the Italian states to the lowest peasant who dwelt within their jurisdiction. Over such a multitude, Bourbon, a traitor, and a foreigner to all of them, scarcely respected for the imperial commission which he carried, retained no authority. Frundsberg himself was obliged to submit to every demand of his men, rendered ferocious by the disappointment of all the hopes they had been taught to embrace: and dreadful is the history of an army in which the soldier leads the officer. Their march southward was signalized by rapine and devastation amid continual mutinies: on one occasion, while the Germans contented themselves with refusing to obey orders, and remained in their ranks vociferating *lanz! lanz! geld! geld!* the Italians and Spaniards, more fiery and revengeful, pursued Bourbon with their lances and forced him to take refuge in the stall of Frundsberg's stable. At length, on the 16th March, the latter called together his followers in the camp at S. Giovanni, presented himself before them, attended by his son Melchior, and Philibert, Prince of Orange, and made them a long address, in which the most prodigal promises were held out to them. "Thus spake Frundsberg," says Reissner, "wildly and earnestly, enough to move a stone,—but the landsknechts were no longer to be governed by the expostulations of their Father." They renewed their cries of *geld! geld!*—they lowered their pikes against the officers who approached them, and Frundsberg, overcome by his disappointment and the violence of his passions, was struck with apoplexy in front of his regiment. This fearful accident appeased for a while the tumult; he was carried to his quarters, and recovered sufficiently to sit down at table with his despairing officers, but he was unable to speak, his

voice being entirely gone. Paralysis and fever followed; he was removed from the camp to Ferrara, where he was received with friendly care by the Duke Alfonso. The triumph of the Catholics at the judgment which had befallen him, and their confident anticipation that the levies which the credit of his name had raised would disband when deprived of him, were soon turned into mourning; the landsknechts remained true to their standard, and the loss of the only leader who could have moderated their savage impetuosity, served but to aggravate the chastisement of Rome.

Such was the disastrous termination of the career of a warrior who had grown grey in almost incessant military labours, and acquired so extensive and permanent an influence among his countrymen. Frundsberg lingered many months in Ferrara, under multiplied bodily and mental sufferings; the Duke Alfonso, although he still continued his attentions to the sick leader, had joined the party of France; his personal affairs became embarrassed, and he was besieged by the clamours of the disappointed creditors to whom he had mortgaged his whole substance in the ardour of his zeal for the expedition. His gallant son Melchior perished in Rome, with thousands of his plunder-gorged countrymen. Amidst these complicated distresses, a letter arrived from the Archduke Ferdinand, requesting his aid in contriving how to resist the new French invasion under Lautrec. But the spirit was broken; the old war-horse no longer answered to the call of the trumpet. His reply, which is quoted at length in this work, is only a painful recapitulation of private and public causes of grief, which disabled him from present service, although he still hoped to recover from the sickness under which he laboured. In fact, he once more joined the army in Lombardy during the ensuing spring, and was present, although without taking an active part, at the unsuccessful siege of Lodi. He had just strength enough remaining to return once more over the Grison Alps to his castle of Mindelheim, in order to die in the home of his ancestors, eight days after his arrival, on the 28th of August, 1528. He received, say his later biographers, the sacrament after the old fashion, and founded a mass in his church at Sterzingen. But we need only refer to the former observations which have been made on this subject, in order to remind our readers that these facts, if truly reported, by no means prove that he had abandoned his Lutheran sentiments.

Professor Barthold has not thought fit to desert the army of Bourbon along with the unfortunate hero of his biography; he has devoted the last and perhaps the most interesting part of his

book to a minute relation of the famous sack of Rome, in which Frundsberg's landsknechts played a principal part. Although this narrative is animated and amusing, it contains little which is not to be found in well-known compilations, without resorting to original authorities; and, like other parts of the book before us, it is extremely prolix and discursive, and somewhat confused, owing to the author's endeavour to condense into one tale all the varying recitals of the several historians of the time, a practice which, if not very ably conducted, occasions perpetual and wearisome interruptions, for the purpose of comparison and collation. One more fault we have to find, before dismissing this volume with a sincere recommendation to all lovers of the spirit-stirring history of Europe's most brilliant age: we cannot but observe, that our author is unfortunately addicted to the flowery, periphrastic, Byzantine style of narrative, and to those constant efforts at picturesque writing, which modern historians seem to make, in order to confront with equal arms their rivals, the historical novelists. But however popular the works of these latter gentlemen may be (although to our taste, with the single exception of those of the great founder of the school, they present the most uniform example of the "genre ennuyeux" which are to be met with in modern writing) it is very certain that a serious history, written *à la Walter Scott*, is an infliction of no ordinary kind, and one of the worst effects of that false taste which the extraordinary success of recent works of fiction has introduced in the literary world.

ART. III.—1. *Voyage en Turcomanie et à Khiva fait en 1819 and 1820*, par M. N. Mouraviev. Revue par MM. Eyries et Klaproth. Paris. 1825. 8vo.

2. *Voyage d'Orenbourg à Boukhara, fait en 1820*, rédigé par M. le Baron Georges de Meyendorff, et revue par M. le Chevalier Amedée Jaubert. Paris. 1826. 8vo.

THE political and social condition of Central Asia, after having been almost wholly neglected since the days of Marco Polo and Rubruquis, has recently attracted some share of the attention which its importance seems to demand. When Russia became mistress of the countries between the Black Sea and the Caspian, and virtually of the seas themselves, it was reasonably suspected that such an ambitious power might direct its views further to the east and south, and attempt in our days to realize the project of the Macedonian Alexander, by founding universal dominion on the monopoly of the commerce between Europe and Asia. There has

been also for some years a growing belief that sufficient advantage has not been taken of our position in India to extend British commerce. A glance at the map of Asia shows mighty rivers, not very distant from the presidencies, through which our manufactures might be conveyed into the very heart of Asia, and it was known that these facilities, from some cause or other, had been either altogether overlooked, or at least used to a very limited extent. The publication of Heeren's *Researches*, of which an English translation has only recently been completed, gave a new stimulus to enquiry; that indefatigable scholar had traced out with unrivalled industry and ability the great commercial routes of antiquity; the sources of the wealth possessed by Babylon, by Tyre, and by the Greek cities of Asia; he had shown that some trade still travelled in the same directions, and he thus suggested the possibility of again opening the ancient marts, and restoring them to their former efficiency.

Fortunately, the three subjects of enquiry, the feasibility of the imputed designs of Russia, the possibility of establishing an extensive commerce between the Indo-British cities and central Asia, and the probability of a considerable portion of Asiatic trade being again directed into its ancient channels, must all be determined by the same analysis, an examination of the countries between Russia and India. Still more fortunately, ample means have been provided for such an examination, not only by the Russian travellers, with whose works we have headed this article, but also in the Correspondence of Jacquemont, the French naturalist, reviewed in our Number before last, and in the still more recent works of two of our own travellers, Lieutenant Conolly,* and Lieutenant Burnes,† of whom their country has just reason to be proud. In one or other of these works information may be found respecting almost every point connected with our enquiries, and it is our purpose to select from each of them such portions of that information as appear to us of importance in guiding our decisions.

In an article which appeared in the Eighth Number of this Review (pp. 574—601,) it was shown that the advantages which Russia was supposed to have derived from the acquisition of the Caucasian provinces, had been greatly overrated; that the wild tribes over whom she had established nominal sway would be dangerous enemies rather than obedient subjects; and that the fusion of these provinces into the Russian empire was a very

* Travels to the Indus, through Persia and Affghannistaun. 2 vols. 8vo. Bentley.

† Travels into Bokhara; being the Account of a Journey from India to Cabool, Tartary and Persia; also, Narrative of a Voyage on the Indus, from the Sea to Lahore, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Murray.

improbable contingency, while the attempt would cost much blood and treasure to the cabinet of St. Petersburg. A very few months sufficed to show the soundness of these views. In the spring of the following year (1830), a false prophet named Kazí Molláh appeared among the Mussulman mountaineers; he soon collected a vast number of followers, and for nearly two years maintained a desperate guerilla warfare against the Russians, and the tribes that retained their allegiance. Not one syllable was said about this war in Europe until the insurrection was suppressed, (nearly three years after,) when it pleased the cabinet of St. Petersburg to issue an official report, in which there was a great parade of victories obtained, but at the same time circumstances incidentally mentioned, which proved that the issue of the contest was more than once doubtful. The fierce resistance which the Russians had to encounter may be estimated by the following extract from the Report.

“ A party of about fifty men commanded by the Molláh Abderrahman, one of the most determined partizans of Kazí Molláh, was cut off from the rest of the troop, and blockaded in a large house. They had no chance of escape, but when summoned to surrender at discretion, they shouted out some verses of the Koran, as is their custom when they devote themselves to death, then piercing loop-holes in the walls, they maintained a well-supported and well-directed fire against the assailants. Some grenades thrown into the chimney exploded in the midst of the house, but this shook not their resolution. As it was necessary to put an end to their bravado, orders were given to set fire to the house. Eleven of them, half suffocated by the smoke, came out and surrendered themselves; a few others, with sword and dagger in hand, threw themselves on the bayonets of our soldiers; but the greater part perished with the Molláh Abderrahman, singing to the last their song of death.”

Whether these brave men were obstinate rebels or resolute patriots must be determined by a future age; but it is very clear that they and their countrymen could never be submissive vassals to Russia. But desperate valour was not the only impediment to the progress of the imperial forces; nature itself placed formidable obstacles before them, and if the road to Hùmry, Kazí Molláh's head quarters, be a specimen of Caucasian communications, the military occupation of a single province is physically impossible.

“ The road to Hùmry, from the territory of the Tebentchentzes presents incredible difficulties. It ascends from Kazanaï to the snowy summit of a lofty mountain, and then descends in a winding direction about four werats (three miles) over the scarped side of a mountain, along precipices and across rocks; it is only the breadth of an ordinary foot-path. It afterwards passes about the same distance over the narrow projections of rocks, where there is no means of passing from one to the

other but by ladders, with which it is necessary to come provided. When it afterwards joins another road coming from Erpeli, it becomes still narrower, between two lofty walls of perpendicular rock; and finally, in front of the village of Hùmry, it is crossed by three walls, the first of which is flanked by towers. The whole side of the mountain is cut into terraces, so judiciously arranged as to afford the means of making the most effective resistance."

No wonder that in such a position the garrison of Hùmry should have exclaimed, "The Russians can come to us only as the rain comes." It would lead us too far from our immediate subject to relate how these difficulties were overcome; but we must make room for the final scene.

"After the soldiers had carried the first wall, it was not possible for the garrisons of the towers to escape. Still they refused to surrender, but on the contrary became more obstinate in their resistance, General Veliaminov opened a heavy cannonade on the ramparts in front of the towers, but as the bandits still maintained their fire, a body of volunteers from the corps of sappers and miners stormed the forts, and put the mountaineers who defended them to the sword. Amongst those who fell were Kazi Molláh and his most distinguished partizans; their bodies, pierced with bayonets, were recognized next morning by their countrymen. Night put an end to the combat, and our advanced guard halted between the third wall and the village. On the morning of the 30th of October (1832) the Russian troops entered into Hùmry."

Matters have improved a little since the suppression of this insurrection; but Lieutenant Conolly assures us that the Russians have still but an insecure authority over these mountaineers.

"The Russians do not yet command free passage through the Caucasus; for they are obliged to be very vigilant against surprise by the Circassian sons of the mist, who still cherish the bitterest hatred against them. In some instances the Russian posts on the right of the defile were opposed to little stone eyries perched upon the opposite heights; and when any number of the Caucasians were observed descending the great paths on the mountain side, the Russian guards would turn out and be on the alert. Not very long before our arrival we learned that a party of Circassians had, in the sheer spirit of hatred, lain in ambush for a return guard of some sixteen Cossacks, and killed every man.

"Such facts seem to argue great weakness on the part of the Russians; but great have been the difficulties they have contended with, in keeping the upper hand over enemies, whose haunts are almost inaccessible to any but themselves. Several colonies of these ferocious mountaineers have been captured and transplanted to villages of their own in the plains, where they are guarded, and live as sulkily as wild beasts; and a general crusade, if I may be allowed the expression, has been talked of for some years past, to sweep such untameable enemies from the mountains, and settle them on the plains in the interior of Russia."

—Conolly, vol. i. p. 9.

The proposed remedy would be found worse than the disease; but Lieutenant Conolly thinks that by the possession of Anapa and Poti, the ports whence these mountaineers procured arms and ammunition, Russia will have less difficulty in restraining future excesses. We cannot quite agree with him, for Ireland is a sad example of the utter impossibility of preventing a turbulent population from procuring arms and ammunition. A gentleman from Astrakhan, with whom we had some conversation on this subject, mentioned to us a circumstance very likely to aggravate these evils. The government of these southern provinces is conferred as a punishment; from what we have said no one will doubt that it is felt as such, but we mean that the appointment is avowedly made by the court in many instances as a milder sentence of exile than transmission to Siberia. Hence necessarily the governor hates the governed, oppression produces resistance, resistance affords an excuse for further oppression, and the evils go on in a complete circle, which it is not easy to break through, when all its tendencies are to self-perpetuation.

Through its Caucasian provinces, it therefore seems very improbable that Russia can ever expect to direct a profitable trade. The facilities supposed to be afforded by the Cyrus and Phasis have been shown, in the article to which we have referred, to be quite visionary.

The next question is, could Russia establish a lucrative caravan trade from Astrakhan to Khiva, or from Orenburg to Bokhara? Or finally, could that power establish a settlement on the eastern side of the Caspian, through which communication might be opened with the great marts of Central Asia? The discussion of the first question leads us to consider the character of those nations through which the caravans must pass; the second involves matters purely geographical. Before discussing either of them, we must briefly notice some ethnographical matters respecting the appellations of Turks and Tartars, which are too frequently confounded; and we shall chiefly follow the guidance of Klaproth, who is undoubtedly the best authority on the subject.

The Tartars, known also by the names of Mongols, Kalbucks and Mantchews, originally inhabited the country to the north-east of China. Without entering into their history, it is sufficient to say that the Black Tartars or Mongols were subject to a Turkish tribe, sometimes called the tribe of White Tartars; they were liberated from their bondage by Yesukai, who slew their chief, Temujin, and gave his name to a son, born shortly after the victory. This son, on succeeding to the chieftaincy, or as some think, after he had been chosen head of the confederate Tartar tribes, took the name of Jenghiz-khan. It is unnecessary to enumerate

the vast conquests made by him and his successors; we must, however, observe, that in the reign of his son, the most important Turkish tribes were subdued, and that in the western kingdoms and khanats, formed out of his empire, the princes were Tartars and the subjects and soldiers Turks. Yet the name of Tartar was applied to these tribes long after every trace of the Mongolian domination had disappeared—language, countenance and religion. The ethnographic error is of some importance, because the Turks belong to the Caucasian, and the Tartars to the Mongolian race. It deserves also to be remarked that the name of *Mogul*, given to the emperors of Delhi, is clearly erroneous; Baber and his companions were *Turks*, and Timûr-leng's pretended descent from Jenghiz-khan is a mere fable, resulting from the similarity of their conquests. We shall have more than one occasion to remark on the confusion of the names Turk and Tartar by some of the authors before us.

The land route from Astrakhan to Khiva is nearly, if not quite, impracticable; the intervening country consists chiefly of barren steppes, and wherever a patch of vegetation is to be found it is occupied by "the sons of the desert," eager to make travellers their prey. A shorter and safer mode of communication is afforded by the Caspian sea, and this was the route taken by Mouraviev in 1819. He landed in the bay of Balkan, and having with some difficulty procured camels and horses, commenced his journey over a barren steppe.

"The aspect of the steppe was calculated to excite any thing rather than pleasurable emotion; it was the image of death, or rather of desolation after some great revolution of nature; the eye could discover neither beast nor bird, nor verdure; no single plant refreshed the view, save that at distant intervals might be seen spots where a few stunted shrubs seemed with difficulty to maintain existence."—*Mouraviev*.

On his road through this desert he passed through the bed of some river that had been dried up, and discovered traces either of a very large lake that had disappeared, or of the Caspian, whose extent he believes to be much diminished from what it was in ancient times. To these matters we shall soon return, but must now record an ominous incident which filled him with not unfounded forebodings.

"Before sun-rise we met a numerous caravan of the (Turkish) tribe of Igdyr; it was composed of 200 men and 1000 camels. They made great noise on their march, they sung, laughed and shouted, glad of having got out of Khiva, and of having made there an advantageous purchase of corn. They were going to Mangihlak . . . They looked at us very curiously, and asked our Turcomans, "who are these?" "They are Russian prisoners," replied they; "this year one of their ships was

wrecked on our coast, and we have taken these three to sell at Khiva." "Carry off! Carry off the cursed infidels," they exclaimed in chorus, with a ferocious laugh, "we have just sold three of them ourselves at an exceeding good price!"—*Mouraviev*.

The aspect of the desert became less savage as the party approached Khiva, and they at length reached a rich and fertile country, watered by canals from the Oxus and some minor streams.

"I had never seen, even in Germany, fields so carefully cultivated as those round Khiva. All the houses were surrounded with canals, over which light bridges were thrown. I strolled through beautiful meadows planted with rich fruit trees. Numbers of birds enlivened with their song these splendid orchards. The *kibitki* (moveable huts) and houses of clay, scattered over this charming country, afforded one of the most delightful prospects imaginable. I asked my conductors (who belonged to the tribes of the desert) why they did not pay equal attention to agriculture, or why they did not prefer the fertile plains of Khiva to their savage desert. 'O ambassador!' they replied, 'we are masters, these are labourers; they fear a chief, we fear God only.'"—*Mouraviev*.

The nearer Mouraviev approached to Khiva, the more had he reason to fear that his enterprise would have an unfavourable issue. His inquiries about the distances of places, the position and depth of the wells, and the seasons most favourable for travelling, were regarded as positive proofs of his being a spy; while the accounts he constantly heard of the cruelty with which the Russian slaves were treated, and the savage ferocity with which their attempts to escape were punished, proved to him that dread of his sovereign's vengeance would have little influence in the court of Khiva. The extent of the Russian slave-trade was greater than he had conceived; the Kirghis hunt men along the whole frontier of Orenburg, and sell them at a high price to the Khivans. He consequently felt as humiliated as an ambassador from Haiti landing at New Orleans. A proof of the distracted state of the country was afforded him by the residences of the chief proprietors around Khiva; each of these was a regular little fortress, capable of standing a smart siege. Mouraviev had every opportunity of becoming acquainted with these baronial towers, for he was imprisoned in one of them as a spy for forty-eight days. We pass over the personal adventures of the ambassador, to glance at his account of Khiva. This oasis, he says, if placed under an enlightened government, would become the great mart of commerce between Central Asia and Europe. It already carries on a considerable trade with Orenburg by caravans through the steppes of the Kirghis, and with Astrakhan by caravans which meet Russian vessels at the Bay of Balkan. Mouraviev, therefore, strenuously recommends the Russians to take possession of

the country, and assures them that they will thus secure the commerce of Bokhara. The distance of Bokhara from Khiva is given in the characteristic answer of a Turkman: "it is seven days' journey for an honest man, and three for a thief." Lieutenant Conolly's comment on Mouraviev's proposal is quite decisive as to its practicability.

"Mouraviev some years ago talked sanguinely about marching to capture Khiva and revolutionize Tartary with 3000 men; but I do not read that he made any arrangements for communicating with his countrymen even in case of success. He speculates upon several very uncertain aids, and in my humble opinion his plan is rather a romantic one. The Turkmen being greatly divided amongst themselves, some of them might be induced to assist the Russians, for interest is a first principle with them; but they are quite as treacherous as greedy, and though they would perhaps assist the invaders as long as they had the best of it, they would turn upon them in case of a reverse.

"With respect to the communication between the Caspian sea and Khiva (a journey of about seventeen days at a very moderate computation), it is interrupted in summer by the great heats, which render the passage across the desert a serious undertaking, and the road may be said to be open only for nine months and a half in the year, i. e. from the middle of August till the commencement of June."—*Conolly*, i. 150.

But though Russia would certainly be a loser by an attempt to seize Khiva for itself, it might, as an ally of Persia or of some Turkman chief, establish in that country a more stable government that would revive the ancient prosperity of Karasm. The sands between Khiva and the Caspian contain manifest traces of former cultivation, and Lieutenant Conolly, whose practical good sense is proved by every page of his book, declares that the soil might easily be rendered again productive by ordinary labour.

Before parting with Mouraviev, it is perhaps necessary to say a few words respecting the ancient connection of the Oxus with the Caspian Sea, which he strenuously asserts, and which Lieutenant Burnes more than doubts. The brief remarks of the latter on the subject have shaken our belief in the existence of this asserted connection, notwithstanding the number and respectability of the authorities that may be quoted in its support. Lieutenant Conolly also declares that he passed over the bed of what was once a very large river, but he hesitates before pronouncing it to be a branch of the Oxus.

"Coming to the bank of a dry *nullah* (water-course), we kept along it till we found a place of descent into the bed. This, after a while, led us into deep ravines, and from them we passed into what appeared to be the deserted bed of a once very large river. We journeyed N.E. up its centre for two hours, then a little before sun-set halted to prepare a meal. The Syud (descendant of Mohammed)

and I, parting from the centre, walked each to a bank, and measured jointly a thousand paces. The soil differed from that above, having gravel and pebbles, and against the right bank to which I walked, many large stones were collected, and the earth near it was coned up, as if by the strong force of water. The banks, which were very high and much worn, would run for some distance at a breadth about equal to that which we measured; then they would be broken into a succession of deep parallel ravines, each the size of a nullah. My friend, the Syud, not only saw no reason why this great bed, which could be traced so far east, should not be admitted to prove the ancient historian's account of the Oxus, but he was inclined to think that, if the water of one of a river's two arms was turned off (as it is traditional that one stream of the Oxus was) by human agency, it might by the same means be conducted back again, so as to afford "Messieurs les Russes" water communication between the Caspian and the capital of Karasm. This would indeed be revolutionizing Asia."—*Conolly*, vol. i. p. 82.

The testimonies of oriental writers to the existence of a connection between the Oxus and the Caspian have been collected by M. Jaubert, in a very able memoir on this river, published in the *Nouveau Journal Asiatique* for December, 1833. Mouraviev also declares that he met with the dry bed of a river, but he places it about 150 miles north of the channel discovered, or supposed to be discovered, by Lieutenant Conolly. There are, however, physical obstacles to such a course of the Oxus; a range of mountains extends from the Bay of Balkan to Mestridis, and the declivity of that part of Asia is clearly towards the north. Under these circumstances it is difficult to believe that a river, whose course is north-west, should suddenly turn to the west-south-west, when there is no mountain or any other physical cause to change its direction. Herodotus says that the Oxus flows into the Caspian, because he was unacquainted with the existence of the sea of Aral. The canals, extending from Karasm towards the desert, are probably the cause of Abu'l-ghazi's belief that the Oxus itself once flowed in that direction; Conolly and Mouraviev appear to have examined either salt-lakes partially dried, or ravines formed by melted snow; the slope of the country is sufficient to decide the controversy, for that completely refutes the possibility of the supposed communication. Even if such a branch of the Oxus had existed, it could scarcely be now restored; and, consequently, the trade between that river and the Caspian must be conducted by caravans as at present. The average time of passing the intervening desert is ten days.

We must now direct our attention to Meyendorff's journey from Orenburg to Bokhara. The embassy to which he was attached was escorted by a little army, consisting of 200 Cossacks, 200 infantry, 25 Bashkirs, and 2 pieces of artillery; and yet it was

with fear and trembling that Meyendorff thus escorted began his journey.

“Dangers presented themselves in vast numbers; it was possible that the Kirghis, always reluctant to have their territories explored by the Russians, might attack us by night; this supposition was not groundless, for not far from the Sir-deria (the ancient Jaxartes) in 1803, Lieutenant Gaverdowsky was attacked by the Kirghis; by a most obstinate defence, he with difficulty saved his wife, his physician and himself, but three-fourths of his escort remained in the power of the nomades of the desert.” *Meyendorff*, pp. 5—6.

Even if they abstained from a direct attack, they might set fire to the grass and shrubs on the steppes; or they might steal the horses from the camp, or destroy the sentinels and pillage undetected. Like the Indians of North America, the Kirghis have an abundance of savage cunning, which is frequently an overmatch for the wisdom of civilization. A treaty with the sultan of the Kirghis averted this danger, but there was still reason to dread the Khivians, who are equally devoted to plunder, and better skilled in managing a foray. They sometimes maraud in bands of four or five thousand; they employ a different sort of artifices from the Kirghis, and the precautions that protect from one horde are rarely the best to be used against another. One of their most common stratagem is to terrify the camels of a caravan by their wild cries, and make their attack in the midst of the confusion occasioned by the dispersion of these animals. If the thought of such dangers alarmed Meyendorff, though protected by a large escort, what must be their effect on the minds of simple merchants? But even after these dangers were passed, there was reason to fear the operation of jealousy in Bokhara itself. Whilst the travellers were assembling at Orenburg, they learned that the merchants who had come thither from Bokhara said confidentially to their friends, “Probably none of these Christian dogs will return home; though the khan of Khiva should suffer them to pass, our khan will not be such a fool as to allow them to return. Why do you wish that Christians should become acquainted with our country?”

The Russian commerce with Bokhara must ever pass either through the khanat of Khiva, or over the steppes of the Kirghis; of the former route we have already spoken, and Meyendorff’s apprehensions show the dangers of the latter. But he seems to think it possible that Russia may be able to establish “a salutary influence” over the children of the desert, and have respect paid to its edicts from the banks of the Volga to those of the Sir-deria (Jaxartes). But her success with the Caucasian tribes has not been such as to induce Russia to attempt the extension of “salu-

tary influences," and the traveller himself states some circumstances which tend to prove that the Kirghis are not likely for many ages to be in a position where such influence would operate.

"These means of existence (pillage and pasturage) appear to them more easy than laboriously to till a soil generally ungrateful; they fear indeed nothing so much as to become permanently attached to any fixed residence, and make their happiness consist in beholding themselves free as the birds, a comparison that they invariably employ whenever they speak of their nomade life. We may easily conceive then why the Kirghis never, except in extreme cases, become agriculturists; besides, an old tradition, which they love to repeat, declares, 'the Kirghis will lose their liberty whenever they dwell in houses and devote themselves to agriculture.' This tradition acquires fresh strength from the condition of the Bashkirs, (subject to the iron sway of Russia,) whose fate they dread."—*Meyendorff*, p. 39.

This is not the only instance in which the common sense of mankind assumes the form of a prophecy; the Japanese have a similar prediction if ever they open their ports to European commerce, and they have a tolerably fair share of examples along the coasts of the Indian Ocean.

Notwithstanding all the advantages possessed by Meyendorff's party; equipages abundantly provided by his government, not merely the forbearance but the active aid of the Kirghis secured, and a season so unprecedentedly fine, that the nomades ascribed it to supernatural causes, the travellers suffered severe hardships, especially from want of water, in the sands of Kara Kúm. But so many accounts of similar sufferings have been published, that there would be no novelty in the description; we shall, in preference, extract one or two anecdotes illustrative of the character of the Kirghis.

"The Kirghis often pass half the night seated on a stone looking at the moon, and *improvising* mournful ditties to airs still more sad. They have also historical ballads which record the gallant exploits of their heroes; but poems of this kind are only sung by professional singers: I greatly regret not having heard them. I often said to the Kirghis that I would gladly hear their national songs; but they only sung *impromptu* compliments, scarcely worthy of being recorded; nevertheless some fragments have remained in my memory. A Kirghis Beg (gentleman,) a rich man, possessing some taste and talent, the chief of a numerous family, once sung to me the following *impromptu*,—'You wish me to sing you a song. I will tell you that an honest Beg, though a poor man, is superior to a despised Khan.' . . . These words perfectly explained his feelings for he was a declared enemy of the Khan of the Kirghis. A young Kirghis thundered out one day the following song, composed by a young girl: 'Do you see this snow?—well, my skin is fairer. Do you see the blood of yon slaughtered sheep distain the snow?—well, my cheeks have a more ruddy hue. Cross over this mountain and you will see the charred trunk of a burnt tree; well,

my hair is blacker. In the sultan's palace there are mollahs who write continually; well, my eyebrows are darker than their ink.' . . . This is a specimen of the notions of the Kirghis, children of the desert, who, with the single exception of religion, (they are Mussulmans,) have remained strangers to all foreign civilization. Unconquerable, warlike, ferocious, the Kirghis, alone, dashes with his steed into the midst of the desert, and traverses five or six hundred wersts,* with astonishing rapidity, to see a relation or perhaps a friend of a different tribe. On the road he stops at almost every *äül* (encampment) he meets; there he tells his news, and sure of a good reception, whether known or not, he partakes of the food provided by his hosts. This food is generally *kroot*, (cheese, not very unlike a brickbat in appearance and taste,) *hairan*, (sheep's milk slightly curdled,) meat and *kúrns*, which are curds of mare's milk, a delicacy greatly prized by the nomades. He never forgets the appearance of a country through which he has once passed, and returns home after a few days' absence, rich in new stories, to rest himself with his wife and children. His wives are his principal and sometimes his only servants; they dress his food, make his clothes, saddle his horse, whilst he, with imperturbable *nonchalance*, limits his cares to guarding his flocks in tranquillity. I have seen the sultan's brother, who is highly respected by the Kirghis, attend to the pasturage of his own sheep, mounted on a horse, in a vest of red cloth, and travel thus for a fortnight, without feeling that he derogated in the slightest degree from his dignity."—*Meyendorff*, pp. 43—46.

Meyendorff's embassy was received with great favour by the Khan of Bokhara; it seems that the mercantile spirit of the place has infected the government, for the love of money is much more conspicuous in the negotiations for the reception of the ambassadors, than the regulation of the ceremonials, in which the orientals so greatly delight. We should have called Meyendorff's account of Bokhara the most lively and picturesque piece of descriptive writing which it has been our fortune to meet, had we not seen Burnes's later description of the same city. Our readers will, we are sure, thank us for extracting largely from a narrative equally remarkable for the graphic power, good sense, and valuable information which it displays.

“ Our first care on entering Bokhara was to change our garb, and conform to the usages prescribed by the laws of the country. Our turbans were exchanged for shabby sheep-skin caps, with the fur inside; and our ‘*kummurbunds*’ (girdles) were thrown aside for a rude piece of rope or tape. The outer garment of the country was discontinued, as well as our stockings; since these are the emblems of distinction in the holy city of Bokhara between an infidel and a true believer. We knew also that none but a Mahomedan might ride within the walls of the city, and had an inward feeling which told us to be satisfied if we were permitted, at such trifling sacrifices, to con-

* A werst is about three fourths of a mile.

tinue our abode in the capital. A couplet,* which describes Samarcand as the paradise of the world, also names Bokhara as the strength of religion and of Islam; and, impious and powerless as we were, we could have no desire to try experiments among those who seemed, outwardly at least, such bigots.

“On entering the city, the authorities did not even search us; but in the afternoon, an officer summoned us to the presence of the minister. My fellow-traveller (Dr. Gerard) was still labouring under fever, and could not accompany me; I therefore proceeded alone to the ark or palace, where the minister lived along with the king. I was lost in amazement at the novel scene before me, since we had to walk for about two miles through the streets of Bokhara, before reaching the citadel. I was immediately introduced to the minister, or, as he is styled, the Koosh Begee, or Lord of all the Begs, an elderly man, of great influence, who was sitting in a small room that had a private courtyard in front of it. He desired me to be seated outside on the pavement, yet evinced both a kind and considerate manner, which set my mind at ease. I presented a silver watch and a Cashmeer dress, which I had brought for the purpose; but he declined to receive anything, saying, that he was but the slave of the king. He then interrogated me for about two hours as to my own affairs, and the objects which had brought me to a country so remote as Bokhara. I told our usual tale of being in progress *towards* our native country, and produced my passport from the Governor-General of India, which the minister read with peculiar attention. I then added, that Bokhara was a country of such celebrity among eastern nations, that I had been chiefly induced to visit Toorkistan for the purpose of seeing it. ‘But what is your profession?’ said the minister. I replied, that I was an officer of the Indian army. In reply to some enquiries regarding our baggage, I considered it prudent to acquaint him that I had a sextant, since I concluded that we should be searched, and it was better to make a merit of necessity. I informed him, therefore, that I liked to observe the stars and the other heavenly bodies, since it was a most attractive study. On hearing this, the Vizier’s attention was roused, and he begged, with some earnestness, and in a subdued tone of voice, that I would inform him of a favourable conjunction of the planets, and the price of grain which it indicated in the ensuing year. I told him, that our astronomical knowledge did not lead to such information, at which he expressed himself disappointed. On the whole, however, he appeared to be satisfied with our character, and assured me of his protection. While in Bokhara, he said that he must prohibit our using pen and ink, since it might lead to our conduct being misrepresented to the king, and prove injurious.

“Two days after this interview, I was again summoned by the vizier, and found him surrounded by a great number of respectable persons, to whom he appeared desirous of exhibiting me. I was questioned in such a way as to make me believe that our character was

* Samurcand suequl-i-rooe zumeen ust
Bokhara qoowut-i-Islam wu deen ust.

not altogether free from suspicion; but the vizier said jocularly, 'I suppose you have been writing about Bokhara.' Since I had in the first instance given so true a tale, I had here no apprehensions of contradiction, and freely told the party that I had come to see the world and the wonders of Bokhara, and that, by the vizier's favour, I had been already perambulating the city, and seen the gardens outside its walls. On my return home, it struck me that the all-curious vizier might be gratified by the sight of a patent compass, with its glasses, screws, and reflectors; but it also occurred that he might regard my possession of this complicated piece of mechanism in a light which would not be favourable. I, however, sallied forth with the instrument in my pocket, and soon found myself again in his presence. I told him, that I believed I had a curiosity which would gratify him, and produced the compass, which was quite new, and of very beautiful workmanship. I described its utility, and pointed out its beauty, till the vizier seemed quite to have forgotten 'that he was but a slave of the king, and could receive nothing;' indeed he was proceeding to bargain for its price, when I interrupted him by an assurance, that I had brought it from Hindostan to present to him, since I had heard of his zeal in the cause of religion, and it would enable him to point to the holy Mecca and rectify the 'kiblu'* of the grand mosque, which he was now building in Bokhara. I could therefore receive no return, since we were already rewarded above all price by his protection. The Koosh Beggee packed up the compass with all the haste and anxiety of a child, and said that he would take it direct to his majesty, and describe the wonderful ingenuity of our nation.

"My usual resort in the evening was the registan of Bokhara, which is the name given to a spacious area in the city, near the palace, which opens upon it. On two other sides there are massive buildings, colleges of the learned, and on the fourth side is a fountain, filled with water, and shaded by lofty trees, where idlers and newsmongers assemble round the wares of Asia and Europe, which are here exposed for sale. A stranger has only to seat himself on a bench of the Registan, to know the Uzbeks and the people of Bokhara. He may here converse with the natives of Persia, Turkey, Russia, Tartary, China, India, and Cabool. He will meet with Toorkmuns, Calmuks, and Kuzzaks,† from the surrounding deserts, as well as the natives of more favoured lands. He may contrast the polished manners of the subjects of the 'Great King' with the ruder habits of a roaming Tartar. He may see the Uzbeks from all the states of Mawur-ool nuhr, and speculate from their physiognomy on the changes which time and place effect among any race of men. The Uzbek of Bokhara is hardly to be recognized as a Toork or Tartar from his intermixture of Persian blood. Those from the neighbouring country of Kokan are less changed; and the natives of Orgunje, the ancient Kharasm, have yet a harshness of feature peculiar to themselves. They may be distinguished from all others by dark sheep-skin caps, called 'tilpak,' about a foot

* Aspect towards Mecca.

† Cossacks.

high. A red beard, grey eyes, and fair skin, will now and then arrest the notice of a stranger, and his attention will have been fixed on a poor Russian, who has lost his country and his liberty, and here drags out a miserable life of slavery. A native of China may be seen here and there in the same forlorn predicament, shorn of his long cue of hair, with his crown under a turban, since both he and the Russian act the part of Mahommedans. Then follows a Hindoo, in a garb foreign to himself and his country. A small square cap, and a string instead of a girdle, distinguishes him from the Mahommedans, and, as the Moslems themselves tell you, prevents their profaning the prescribed salutations of their language by using them to an idolater. Without these distinctions, the native of India is to be recognized by his demure look, and the studious manner in which he avoids all communication with the crowd. He herds only with a few individuals, similarly circumstanced with himself. The Jew is as marked a being as the Hindoo: he wears a somewhat different dress, and a conical cap. No mark, however, is so distinguishing as the well-known features of the Hebrew people. In Bokhara they are a race remarkably handsome, and I saw more than one Rebecca in my peregrinations. Their features are set off by ringlets of beautiful hair hanging over their cheeks and neck. There are about 4000 Jews in Bokhara, emigrants from Meshid, in Persia, who are chiefly employed in dying cloth. They receive the same treatment as the Hindoos. A stray Armenian, in a still different dress, represents this wandering nation; but there are few of them in Bokhara. With these exceptions, the stranger beholds in the bazars, a portly, fair, and well dressed mass of people, the Mahommedans of Toorkistan. A large white turban and a 'chogha,' or pelisse, of some dark colour, over three or four others of the same description, is the general costume; but the registan leads to the palace, and the Uzbeks delight to appear before their king in a mottled garment of silk, called 'udrus,' made of the brightest colours, and which would be intolerable to any but an Uzbek. Some of the higher persons are clothed in brocade, and one may distinguish the gradations of the chiefs, since those in favour ride into the citadel, and the others dismount at the gate. Almost every individual who visits the king is attended by his slave; and though this class of people are for the most part Persians or their descendants, they have a peculiar appearance. It is said, indeed, that three fourths of the people of Bokhara are of slave extraction; for of the captives brought from Persia into Toorkistan few are permitted to return, and, by all accounts, there are many who have no inclination to do so. A great portion of the people of Bokhara appear on horseback; but, whether mounted or on foot, they are dressed in boots, and the pedestrians strut on high and small heels, in which it was difficult for me to walk or even stand. They are about an inch and a half high, and the pinnacle is not one third the diameter. This is the national dress of the Uzbeks. Some men of rank have a shoe over the boot, which is taken off on entering a room. I must not forget the ladies in my enumeration of the inhabitants. They generally appear on horseback, riding

as the men ; a few walk, and all are veiled with a black hair-cloth. The difficulty of seeing through it makes the fair ones stare at every one as in a masquerade. Here, however, no one must speak to them ; and if any of the king's harem pass, you are admonished to look in another direction, and get a blow on the head if you neglect the advice. So holy are the fair ones of the ' holy Bokhara.'

“ My reader may now, perhaps, form some idea of the appearance of the inhabitants of Bokhara. From morn to night the crowd which assembles raises a humming noise, and one is stunned at the moving mass of human beings. In the middle of the area the fruits of the season are sold under the shade of a square piece of mat, supported by a single pole. One wonders at the never-ending employment of the fruiterers in dealing out their grapes, melons, apricots, apples, peaches, pears, and plums to a continued succession of purchasers. It is with difficulty that a passage can be forced through the streets, and it is only done at the momentary risk of being rode over by some one on a horse or donkey. These latter animals are exceedingly fine, and amble along at a quick pace with their riders and burdens. Carts of a light construction are also driving up and down, since the streets are not too narrow to admit of wheeled carriages. In every part of the bazar there are people making tea, which is done in large European urns, instead of teapots, and kept hot by a metal tube. The love of the Bokharees for tea is, I believe, without parallel, for they drink it at all times and places, and in half a dozen ways : with and without sugar, with and without milk, with grease, with salt, &c. Next to the vendors of this hot beverage, one may purchase 'rahut i jan,' or the delight of life,—grape jelly or syrup, mixed up with chopped ice. This abundance of ice is one of the greatest luxuries in Bokhara, and it may be had till the cold weather makes it unnecessary. It is pitted in winter, and sold at a price within the reach of the poorest people. No one ever thinks of drinking water in Bokhara without iceing it, and a beggar may be seen purchasing it as he proclaims his poverty and entreats the bounty of the passenger. It is a refreshing sight to see the huge masses of it, with the thermometer at 90°, coloured, scraped, and piled into heaps like snow. It would be endless to describe the whole body of traders ; suffice it to say, that almost every thing may be purchased in the registan : the jewellery and cutlery of Europe, (coarse enough, however,) the tea of China, the sugar of India, the spices of Manilla, &c. &c. One may also add to his lore both Toorke and Persian at the book-stalls, where the learned, or would-be-so, pore over the tattered pages. As one withdraws in the evening from this bustling crowd to the more retired parts of the city, he winds his way through arched bazars, now empty, and passes mosques, surmounted by handsome cupolas, and adorned by all the simple ornaments which are admitted by Mahommedans. After the bazar hours, these are crowded for evening prayers. At the doors of the colleges, which generally face the mosques, one may see the students lounging after the labours of the day ; not, however, so gay or so young as the tyros of an European university, but many of them grave and demure old men, with

more hypocrisy, but by no means less vice, than the youths in other quarters of the world. With the twilight this busy scene closes, the king's drum beats, it is re-echoed by others in every part of the city, and, at a certain hour, no one is permitted to move out without a lantern. From these arrangements the police of the city is excellent, and in every street large bales of cloth are left on the stalls at night with perfect safety. All is silence until morning, when the bustle again commences in the registan. The day is ushered in with the same guzzling and tea drinking, and hundreds of boys and donkeys laden with milk hasten to the busy throng. The milk is sold in small bowls, over which the cream floats: a lad will bring twenty or thirty of these to market in shelves, supported and suspended by a stick over his shoulder. Whatever number may be brought speedily disappears among the tea-drinking population of this great city.

"I took an early opportunity of seeing the slave-bazar of Bokhara, which is held every Saturday morning. The Uzbeks manage all their affairs by means of slaves, who are chiefly brought from Persia by the Toorkmuns. Here these poor wretches are exposed for sale, and occupy thirty or forty stalls, where they are examined like cattle, only with this difference, that they are able to give an account of themselves *vivâ voce*. On the morning I visited the bazar, there were only six unfortunate beings, and I witnessed the manner in which they are disposed of. They are first interrogated regarding their parentage and capture, and if they are Mahommedans, that is, Soonees. The question is put in that form, for the Uzbeks do not consider a Shiah to be a true believer; with them, as with the primitive Christians, a sectary is more odious than an unbeliever. After the intended purchaser is satisfied of the slave being an infidel (kaffir), he examines his body, particularly noting if he be free from leprosy, so common in Toorkistan, and then proceeds to bargain for his price. Three of the Persian boys were for sale at thirty tillas of gold apiece;* and it was surprising to see how contented the poor fellows sat under their lot.

"From the slave-market I passed on that morning to the great bazar, and the very first sight which fell under my notice was the offenders against Mahommedanism of the preceding Friday. They consisted of four individuals, who had been caught asleep at prayer time, and a youth, who had been smoking in public. They were all tied to each other, and the person who had been found using tobacco led the way, holding the hookah, or pipe, in his hand. The officer of police followed with a thick thong, and chastised them as he went, calling aloud, 'Ye followers of Islam, behold the punishment of those who violate the law!' Never, however, was there such a series of contradiction and absurdity as in the practice and theory of religion in Bokhara. You may openly purchase tobacco and all the most approved apparatus for inhaling it; yet if seen smoking in public you are straightway dragged before the cazee, punished by stripes, or paraded on a donkey, with a blackened face, as a warning to others.

* 200 rupees=20l.

If a person is caught flying pigeons on a Friday, he is sent forth with the dead bird round his neck, seated on a camel.

"The Hindoos of Bokhara courted our society, for that people seem to look upon the English as their natural superiors. They visited us in every country we passed, and would never speak any other language than Hindoostanee, which was a bond of union between us and them. In this country they appeared to enjoy a sufficient degree of toleration to enable them to live happily. An enumeration of their restrictions might make them appear a persecuted race. They are not permitted to build temples, nor set up idols, nor walk in procession: they do not ride within the walls of the city, and must wear a peculiar dress. They pay the 'jizyu,' or poll-tax, which varies from four to eight rupees a year; but this they only render in common with others, not Mahomedans. They must never abuse or ill-use a Mahomedan. When the king passes their quarter of the city, they must draw up, and wish him health and prosperity; when on horseback outside the city, they must dismount if they meet his majesty or the cazee. They are not permitted to purchase female slaves, as an infidel would defile a believer; nor do any of them bring their families beyond the Oxus. For these sacrifices the Hindoos in Bokhara live unmolested, and, in all trials and suits, have equal justice with the Mahomedans.

"Among the Hindoos we had a singular visiter in a deserter from the Indian army at Bombay. He had set out on a pilgrimage to all the shrines of the Hindoo world, and was then proceeding to the fire temples on the shores of the Caspian! I knew many of the officers of the regiment (the 24th N. I.) to which he had belonged, and felt pleased at hearing names which were familiar to me in this remote city. I listened with interest to the man's detail of his adventures and travels, nor was he deterred by any fear that I would lodge information against him, and secure his apprehension. I looked upon him as a brother in arms, and he amused me with many a tale of my friend Moorad Beg of Koondooz, whom he had followed in his campaigns, and served as a bombardier. This man, when he first showed himself, was disguised in the dress of a pilgrim: but the carriage of a soldier is not to be mistaken, even if met in Bokhara.

"The house in which we lived was exceedingly small, and overlooked on every side, but we could not regret it, since it presented an opportunity of seeing a Toorkee beauty, a handsome young lady, who promenaded one of the surrounding balconies, and wished to think she was not seen. A pretended flight was not even neglected by this fair one, whose curiosity often prompted her to steal a glance at the Feringees. Since we had a fair exchange, she was any thing but an intruder, though unfortunately too distant for us to indulge 'in the sweet music of speech.' The ladies of Bokhara stain their teeth quite black; they braid their hair, and allow it to hang in tresses down their shoulders. Their dress differs little from the men: they wear the same pelisses, only that the two sleeves, instead of being used as such, are tucked together and tied behind. In the house even they dress in huge hessian boots made of velvet, and highly ornamented."—*Burnes's Travels*, vol. i. pp. 267—287.

These very graphic and interesting details sufficiently prove that Bokhara is the present mart for the trade of Central Asia, and that a commerce opened between it and some European country would be productive of immense advantages to both parties. The importance of this has been felt in Russia for more than a century, but as yet no commercial route has been established, and the extracts we have given from Mouraviev and Meyendorff seem to prove that the routes through the desert of Khiva and the steppes of the Kirghis are impracticable. There is however a third course open to Russia, which is now travelled by Persian merchants: we mean the route from Khorassan, into which it would be easy to strike from Astrabad. Old Jonas Hanway gives us the following account of Astrabad Bay.

“ Here, as in other parts of the Caspian, the sea has made great inroads, insomuch that in many places the trunks and whole bodies of trees lay on the shore, and make it as difficult of access, as its appearance is wild and inhospitable. . . . The different currents which meet in the road, and the eddies of wind obliged us often to new lay our anchors; in other respects this harbour is very safe. . . . From the shore to the high road, there are many narrow paths with broken and decayed bridges, and several ditches made by the flowing of the water from the mountains.—*Hanway's Travels*, vol. i. p. 110.

We have been informed by other travellers that a causeway once extended from the city to the port, but it fell into decay during the wars by which Persia was distracted during the last century, and notwithstanding the high character some have given of the reigning dynasty, we expect not the improvement of ports or roads under their sway. The following anecdotes will show the grounds of our opinion.

“ We crossed the river Tedjen (in Mazenderán) by a once fine bridge of seventeen arches, some of which were nearly broken away from each other. We were told that his majesty Futteh Allee Shah, Geetee Sultaun, (the grasper of the universe,) had sent fifteen hundred tomauns for the repair of this bridge, but that his son Mohummud Kouli Meerza Mokhara, (the ornament of the land,) had caused a few boards to be laid over the broken arches, and kept the money to pay the Ghazeaune-Islám, (warriors of Islám, his soldiers,) a courtier-like mode of expressing that the prince had put the money into his own pocket. It may be imagined that the roads in the province of such a governor were not of the best. Once a public-spirited individual began to repair the fine causeway which Shah Abbas made, but a stop was presently put to his undertaking by a message from the capital, intimating that if he had any spare cash, the prince would be glad of it.”—*Conolly*, vol. i. p. 22.

But supposing all necessary improvements made in Astrabad, merchants would still have to encounter the horrors of the

Turkman desert between Khorassan and Bokhara. Let us first take a view of the physical obstacles.

“ We had before heard of the deserts southward of the Oxus ; and had now the means of forming a judgment from personal observation. We saw the skeletons of camels and horses bleaching in the sun, which had perished from thirst. The nature of the roads or pathways admits of their easy obliteration ; and, if the beaten track be once forsaken, the traveller and his jaded animal generally perish. A circumstance of this very nature occurred but a few days previous to our leaving Charjooee. A party of three persons travelling from the Orgunje camp lost the road, and their supply of water failed them. Two of their horses sank under the parching thirst ; and the unfortunate men opened the vein of their surviving camel, sucked its blood, and reached Charjooee from the nourishment which they thus derived. The camel died. These are facts of frequent occurrence. The Khan of Orgunje in his late march into the desert, lost upwards of two thousand camels that had been loaded with water and provisions for his men. He dug his wells as he advanced : but the supply of water was scanty. Camels are very patient under thirst ; it is a vulgar error, however, to believe that they can live any length of time without water. They generally pine and die on the fourth day, and, under great heat, will even sink sooner.”—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 17.

The roving hordes of the Turkmans, and the soldiers of the Khans of Khiva and Orgunje are plagues to the full as great as superabundant sand and deficient water. Tenantless, these deserts would be formidable, but the hordes by which they are infested complete the picture of ruin, and add new horrors to desolation. Both our British travellers supply abundant anecdotes of their ferocity, their eagerness to obtain slaves, and their frequent expeditions for this purpose into the north-eastern provinces of Persia.

“ We had been treading in our last marches on the very ground which had been disturbed by the hoofs of the Toorkmuns who were advancing on Persia. It was with no small delight that we at last lost our traces of the formidable band, which we could discover had branched off the high road towards Meshid. Had we encountered them, a second negotiation would have been necessary, and the demands of robbers might not have been easily satisfied. “ Allamans”* seldom attack a caravan, but still there are authenticated instances of their having murdered a whole party in the very road we were travelling. Men with arms in their hands, and in power, are not to be restrained. After losing all traces of this band, we came suddenly upon a small party of Allamans, seven in number, who were returning from an unsuccessful expedition. They were young men, well mounted and caparisoned, in the Toorkmun manner ; a lance and a sword formed their arms ; they

* It may be remarked as a singular coincidence, that the most formidable of the Germanic hordes that plundered and destroyed the Roman empire was called the *Allemans*.

had no bows, and but one led horse. Their party had been discomfited, and four of them had fallen into the hands of the Persians. They told us of their disasters, and asked for bread, which some of our party gave them. I wish that all their expeditions would terminate like this."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 48.

Even those tribes which have more permanent habitations, and pay a nominal allegiance to a settled government, cannot lay aside the manners of their race and abstain from plunder. When we began to read the account of Shurukhs, we hoped that we had found a resting-place for civilization, but the following anecdote put all our hopes to flight.

"Shurukhs is the residence of the Salore Toorkmuns, the noblest of the race. Two thousand families are here domiciled, and an equal number of horses, of the finest blood, may be raised in case of need. If unable to cope with their enemies, these people flee to the deserts, which lie before them, and there await the termination of the storm. They pay a sparing and doubtful allegiance to Orgunje and Persia, but it is only an impending force that leads to their submission. When we were at Shurukhs, they had a Persian ambassador in chains, and refused to grant a share of the transit duties to the Khan of Orgunje, which they had promised in the preceding month, when that chief was near them. These are commentaries on their allegiance."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 51.

Nadir Shah, after returning from his Indian expedition, invaded Turkistan and Bokhara, A. D. 1739, without experiencing any resistance, except from the Khan of Khiva. He might almost have said with Cæsar, that "he came, saw, and conquered;" his biographers assure us that he was himself ashamed of the ease and rapidity with which the conquest was achieved. Hence many continental writers have speculated on the possibility of the Persians, aided by the Russians, becoming once more masters of Transoxiana, and rewarding their auxiliaries by giving them the monopoly of its commerce. The short answer is, that Nadir Shah's conquests were lost with the same rapidity that they were acquired; that the line of the Kajars is not likely to produce such a warrior as Nadir, and that a predatory incursion is a very different thing from an attempt to acquire a permanent possession. Lieutenant Burnes has examined the desert with a soldier's eye, and thus describes its military capabilities.

"I have now a little leisure to speak of the desert which we had traversed on our route to the Moorhab. In a military point of view, the scarcity of water is a great obstacle. In some places the wells were thirty-six miles apart, and generally the water was both bitter and scanty. The water which we had transported with us from the Oxus was not less nauseous than that of the desert; for it must be carried in skins, and these must be oiled to preserve them from bursting. The

grease mixes with the water, which latterly became so tainted, that the horses even refused to drink it. There is nothing of which we feel the want so much as good water. In the march, several people of the caravan, particularly the camel-drivers, were attacked with inflammation of the eyes; I suppose from the sand, glare, and dust. With such an enumeration of petty vexations and physical obstacles, it is dubious if an army could cross it at this point. The heavy sandy pathways, for there are no roads, might certainly be rendered passable to guns, by placing brushwood on the sand; but there is a great scarcity of grass for cattle, and the few horses which accompanied the caravan were jaded and worn out before they reached the river. A horse which travels with a camel has great injustice done to him; but an army could not outstrip the motions of a caravan, and fatigues would still fall heavily upon them. History tells us, that many armies have fought in and crossed this desert; but they consisted of hordes of light cavalry, that could move with rapidity. It is to be remembered, that we had not a foot-passenger in our party. Light horse might pass such a desert, by divisions, and separate routes; for besides the high road to Merve, there is a road both to the east and the west. It would, at all times, be a difficult task for a great body of men to pass from the Moorghab to the Oxus, since our caravan, of eighty camels, emptied the wells; and it would be easy to hide, or even fill up these scanty reservoirs. Where water lies within thirty feet of the surface, an energetic commander may remedy his wants, since we have an instance of it in the advance of the Orgunje Khan to the banks of the Moorghab."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 25.

But by no means the slightest obstacle to the supposed designs of Russia in this quarter of the globe, is the mingled hatred, fear and scorn with which the Russian name is regarded in the countries east of the Caspian. We will not say that the reasoning by which the enslaving of Russians is defended should be received as conclusive, but we venture boldly to assert that it is infinitely superior to the miserable sophistry in defence of the African slave-trade, which for more than a quarter of a century passed current in both the British houses of parliament.

"The Mahommedans are not sensible of any offence in enslaving the Russians, since they state that Russia herself exhibits the example of a whole country of slaves, particularly in the despotic government of her soldiery. 'If we purchase Russians,' say they, 'the Russians buy the Kuzzaks on our frontier, who are Mahommedans, and they tamper with these people by threats, bribery, and hopes, to make them forsake their creed, and become idolaters. Look, on the other hand, at the Russians in Bokhara, at their life, liberty, and comfort, and compare it with the black bread and unrelenting tyranny which they experience in their native country.' Last, not least, they referred to their cruel banishment to Siberia (as they called it Sibere), which they spoke of with shuddering horror, and stated that it had on some occasions driven Russians voluntarily to betake themselves to Bokhara. We shall not

attempt to decide between the parties ; but it is a melancholy reflection on the liberties of Russia, that they admit of a comparison with the institutions of a Tartar kingdom, whose pity, it is proverbially said, is only upon a par with the tyranny of the Afghan."—*Burnes*, vol i. p. 296.

We have been greatly interested in the account of his melancholy situation given by one of those captives to Lieutenant Burnes, and as it illustrates the estimation in which the Russians are held by the Turkmen, we shall extract it.

"I expressed a wish, soon after reaching Bokhara, to see some of the unfortunate Russians who have been sold into this country. One evening a stout and manly-looking person fell at my feet, and kissed them. He was a Russian of the name of Gregory Pulakoff, who had been kidnapped when asleep at a Russian outpost, about twenty-five years ago. He was the son of a soldier, and now followed the trade of a carpenter. I made him sit down with us, and give an account of his woes and condition : it was our dinner-time, and the poor carpenter helped us to eat our pilao. Though but ten years of age when captured, he yet retained his native language, and the most ardent wish to return to his country. He paid seven tillas a year to his master, who allowed him to practise his trade and keep all he might earn beyond that sum. He had a wife and child, also slaves. 'I am well-treated by master,' said he; 'I go where I choose; I associate with the people, and play the part of a Mahomedan; I appear happy, but my heart yearns for my native land, where I would serve in the most despotic army with gladness. Could I but see it again, I would willingly die. I tell you my feelings, but I smother them from the Uzbeks. I am yet a Christian (here the poor fellow crossed himself after the manner of the Greek church), and I live among a people who detest, with the utmost cordiality, every individual of my creed. It is only for my own peace that I call myself a Mahomedan.' The poor fellow had acquired all the habits and manners of an Uzbek, nor should I have been able to distinguish him, but for his blue eyes, red beard, and fair skin."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 294.

We now enter on the consideration of a much more interesting question than any connected with Russia and its policy; namely, whether there is a possibility of opening commercial communications between Bokhara and British India? and if there be, what would be the most prudent course of policy to adopt in order to secure the safety of the traders? In discussing these questions, it is necessary to observe that we by no means intend to accuse the East India Company of having neglected any available means of extending British commerce, or of adopting a course of policy injurious to trading interests. The trade of which that body had the management was more than sufficient to give employment to a single company, however numerous, or however extensive. The management of the commerce with India and China alone had become a task too onerous for a single association; a body corporate has a character of indivi-

quality, and can no more with safety grasp at a great diversity of objects, than any firm in London can venture to engage in all branches of trade at the same moment. Again, it must be remembered that the Company's operations must have varied with the shifting policy of the countries by which its territories are surrounded. It is commonly said that political revolutions make little change in commercial relations, for it is soon discovered that every government is interested in protecting the merchant. The aphorism should clearly be limited to civilized governments, for the policy of barbarous rulers towards traders is that of the boy to the goose that laid golden eggs. But a stronger exception to the rule arises when "the merchants are princes;"—then every commercial question becomes decidedly political; the trader is regarded as an agent or a spy, and every bargain becomes a treaty between sovereign powers. To blame the Company for not becoming absolute over circumstances would be just as wise as to accuse it of not having possessed the attributes of Deity; the management of all the commerce between Europe and Asia, that has existed or may exist, would require not one, but five hundred companies, and, after all, would be much better directed by voluntary associations and individual enterprize.

The feasibility of opening direct commercial communication between Bokhara and British India may be very easily demonstrated. Our references in the discussion are made to Lieutenant Burnes's map, constructed by Mr. John Arrowsmith, which is the most accurate and most clear that has yet been published.

If oceans deserve to be called the highways of nations, rivers may be regarded as the cross-roads; and two nobler lines of communication than the Indus and the Oxus could scarcely be found on the earth's surface. Now the Indus is navigable from the sea to Attock, and though the impolicy of the Sinde government impedes at present the commerce on the lower part of the river, yet England could command its navigation without obstruction, both from Cutch and the Sutledge. Neither do we deem it altogether hopeless to teach the Ameers of Sinde the benefits that may be derived from more liberal policy; the very interesting account published by Dr. James Burnes (brother of the traveller to Bokhara), of a visit to the Sindian court, proves that the Ameers are men capable of being awakened to their true interests. The Memoir on the Indus, by Lieutenant Burnes, contained in the appendix to the third volume of his *Travels*, refers principally to the navigation between the sea and Lahore, a distance by the course of the river of about a thousand miles. His observations are, however, equally applicable to the communication with Attock.

" This extensive inland navigation, open as I have stated it to be, can *only* be considered traversable to the boats of the country, which are flat-bottomed, and do not draw more than four feet of water, when heavily laden. The largest of these carry about seventy-five tons English : science and capital might improve the build of these vessels ; but in extending our commerce, or in setting on foot a flotilla, the present model would ever be found most convenient. Vessels of a sharp build are liable to be upset when they run a-ground on the sand-banks. Steam-boats could ply, if constructed after the manner of the country, but no vessel with a keel could be safely navigated.

" The voyage from the sea to Lahore occupied exactly sixty days ; but the season was most favourable, as the south-westerly winds had set in, while the stronger inundations of the periodical swell had not commenced. We reached Mooltan on the fortieth day, and the remaining time was expended in navigating the Ravee, which is a most crooked river. The boats sailed from sunrise to sunset, and, when the wind was unfavourable, were dragged by ropes through the water.

" There are no rocks or rapids to obstruct the ascent, and the current does not exceed two miles and a half an hour. Our daily progress sometimes averaged twenty miles, by the course of the river ; for a vessel can be haled against the current at the rate of one mile and a half an hour. With light breezes we advanced two miles an hour, and in strong gales we could stem the river at the rate of three miles. Steam would obviate the inconveniences of this slow and tedious navigation ; and I do not doubt but Mooltan might be reached in ten, instead of forty days. From that city a commercial communication could best be opened with the neighbouring countries.

" A boat may drop down from Lahore to the sea in fifteen days, as follows :—to Mooltan in six, to Bukkur in four, to Hyderabad in three, and to the sea-ports in two. This is, of course, the very quickest period of descent ; and I may add, that it has never been of late tried, for there is no trade between Sinde and the Punjab by water."—*Burnes*, lii. 194.

At Attock the Indus is joined by the Cabul river, whence there is a good navigation on the latter stream to Jelallabad, about one hundred miles westward. The account given of the former city by Lieutenant Burnes merits our attention.

" About two hundred yards above Attock, and before the Indus is joined by the Cabul river, it gushes over a rapid with amazing fury. Its breadth does not here exceed one hundred and twenty yards ; the water is much ruffled, and dashes like the waves and spray of the ocean. It hisses and rolls with a loud noise, and exceeds the rate of ten miles in the hour. A boat cannot live in this tempestuous torrent ; but after the Cabul river has joined it, the Indus passes in a tranquil stream, about two hundred and sixty yards wide and thirty-five fathoms deep, under the walls of Attock. This fortress is a place of no strength : it has a population of 2000 souls.

" Before crossing the Indus, we observed a singular phenomenon at the fork of the Indus and Cabul river, where an ignis fatuus shows itself

every evening. Two, three, and even four bright lights are visible at a time, and continue to shine throughout the night, ranging within a few yards of each other. The natives could not account for them, and their continuance during the rainy season is the most inexplicable part of the phenomenon, in their estimation. They tell you, that the valiant Man Sing, a Rajpoot, who carried his war of revenge against the Mahommedans across the Indus, fought a battle in this spot, and that the lights now seen are the spirits of the departed. I should not have believed in the constancy of this will-o'-the-wisp, had I not seen it. It may arise from the reflection of the water on the rock, smoothed by the current; but then it only shows itself on a particular spot, and the whole bank is smoothed. It may also be an exhalation of some gas from a fissure in the rock, but its position prevented our examining it.

"We found the fishermen on the Indus and Cabul river washing the sand for gold. The operation is performed with most profit after the swell has subsided. The sand is passed through a sieve, and the larger particles that remain are mixed with quicksilver, to which the metal adheres. Some of the minor rivers, such as the Swan and Hurroo, yield more gold than the Indus; and as their sources are not remote, it would show that the ores lie on the southern side of the Himalaya."—Burnes, i. 79.

From the Cabul river an easy portage might be established to Koondooz on the Oxus, *for one of the roads over the Hindú Kúsh is passable even in winter.* Lieutenant Burnes left the city of Cabul on the 18th of May, and reached Koondooz on the 1st of June, but we incline to believe that the time of the passage may be considerably diminished; if the native governments could be persuaded to join in improving the roads and providing for the security of travellers. The Oxus is navigable to Koondooz, but the trade of the river extends at present only from Orgunje to Charjooee, a distance of about 200 miles. The state of the navigation of the river may be easily understood from the account given of the transport-boats.

"The boats which are used on the Oxus are of a superior description, though they have neither masts nor sails. They are built in the shape of a ship, with a prow at both ends, and are generally about fifty feet long, and eighteen broad. They would carry about twenty tons English; they are flat-bottomed and about four feet deep; when afloat, the gunwale is about two and a half or three feet above the stream; for they do not draw much more than a foot of water when laden. They are constructed of squared logs of wood, each about six feet long, formed of a dwarf jungle-tree, called "pukee," or "sheeshum," which grows in great abundance throughout the banks of the river, and cannot be procured of greater dimensions. These trees are felled, their bark is peeled off, and they are chipped into a square shape, which makes them ready for the workmen. The logs are clamped with iron, and, though these boats have a rude appearance, there is a strength and solidity in

their build that admirably fits them for the navigation of such a river. There are few boats in the higher part of the Oxus above Charjooee. From that place to where it becomes fordable, near Koondooz, there are about fifteen ferries, and as each is provided with two, we have only a tonnage of thirty vessels in a distance of three hundred miles. The reason is obvious, for the inhabitants make no use of the navigable facilities of the Oxus. Below Bokhara the supply increases, and there are about 150 boats between it and the Delta, chiefly belonging to Orgmje. Here they are not appropriated as ferry-boats, but used in the transport of merchandise to and from Bokhara. The embarkations take place at Eljeek, on the north bank of the river, about sixty-five miles from the city. Below that Delta there are no boats; and I am informed that the sea of Aral is without vessels of any other description than small canoes. In ascending, the boats are dragged against the stream; and in dropping down, they make for the middle, where the current is rapid, and float down with their broadsides to it. Neither rafts nor skins are used on the Oxus."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 195.

The conclusion of Lieutenant Burnes's Memoir on the Oxus so well expresses the capabilities of this noble river, that we shall not weaken its effect by a word of comment.

"The advantages of the Oxus, both in a political and commercial point of view, must, then, be regarded as very great: the many facilities which have been enumerated point it out either as the channel of merchandize, or the route of a military expedition; nor is it from the features of the river itself that we form such a conclusion. It is to be remembered that its banks are peopled and cultivated. It must therefore be viewed as a river which is navigable, and possessing great facilities for improving the extent of their navigation. This is a fact of great political and commercial importance, whether an hostile nation may turn it to the gratification of ambition, or a friendly power here seek for the extension and improvement of its trade. In either case, the Oxus presents many fair prospects, since it holds the most direct course, and connects, with the exception of a narrow desert, the nations of Europe with the remote regions of Central Asia."—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 199.

The ancient glories of Transoxiana may have been exaggerated, but no description, we are assured, can do justice to the beauty and fertility of the valley of Sogd from Bokhara to Samarcand; when the Khaliphs described it as one of the three terrestrial paradises, they were scarcely guilty of exaggeration. The upper valley of the Oxus, that is, the countries above Koondooz, though subjected to a ruthless tyranny, would probably afford some opportunities for commercial speculations north of the Hindú Kúsh. Budukshan has, indeed, been almost depopulated by the Sultan of Koondooz, and has also suffered severely from a recent convulsion of nature; but a country of which from its fertility it is proverbially said that "bread is never sold within its precincts,"

is one of whose recovery we cannot despair. The account of its mineral treasures is very curious :—

“ Budukhshan has acquired great celebrity for its ruby mines, which were well known in early times, and also to the emperors of Delhi. They are said to be situated on the verge of the Oxus, near Shughnan, at a place called Gharan; which may simply mean caves. They are dug in low hills; and one man assured me that the galleries passed under the Oxus; but I doubt the information. It is a mistake to believe that they are not worked, as the present chief of Koondooz has employed people in digging them since he conquered the country. These persons had been hereditarily engaged in that occupation; but, as the returns were small, the tyrant of Koondooz demanded their labour without pay; and on their refusing to work, he marched them to the unhealthy fens of Koondooz, where their race has almost become extinct. In the search of rubies, it is a popular belief that a pair of large ones will be always found together; and the workmen will often conceal a gem till its match can be found, or break a large ruby into two pieces. The rubies are said to be imbedded in lime-stone; and to be found like round pieces of pebble or flint, which exist in such deposits. In the vicinity of the ruby mines, great masses of lapis-lazuli are found on the verge of the Oxus. The mode of detaching it from the cliffs appeared to be ingenious, though I think I have heard of similar means being used to quarry stone in other quarters. A fire is lit over the block of lapis-lazuli, and when the stone becomes sufficiently heated, cold water is dashed upon it, and the rock is thus fractured.* The lapis-lazuli of the Oxus was sent in former years to China; but the demand has lately decreased. I have seen many specimens of this stone, with veins, which were said to be gold; but I imagine they were mica. Lapis-lazuli and the rubies are only collected in winter.”—*Burnes*, vol. ii. p. 150.

Enough has been said of the possibility of opening commercial communications between British India and Central Asia. Let us now cast a glance at the line of policy necessary to be adopted for facilitating and protecting this commercial intercourse. Our present expensive connection with Persia is worse than useless. Sir Harford Jones, in a recent publication, claims the gratitude of his country for having persuaded Futteh Ali to receive our subsidies, and for preventing Sir John Malcolm and Lord Minto from occupying the island of Carrack. We approve neither of the expedition, nor the subsidy; the former would have given us only a worthless and expensive island; the latter exposes us to the disgraceful imputation of having purchased the protection of a power “ which to describe simply as feeble, is sadly to overrate its strength.” And this treaty has tended more to degrade the English name among Oriental nations than any other circum-

* Our readers need scarcely be reminded of Hannibal's mode of cutting through the Alpine rock.

stance in the history of our connection with the East. Whatever Persia may have been in 1809, she is now as completely subject to Russia, as any of the Indian tributary princes are to Great Britain. As soldiers, the Persians are perfectly contemptible; their irregular troops indeed, gave some annoyance to the Russians, but in regular battle they were found worthless. Many European officers have attempted to discipline and organize the *Kuzilbashes*, but their efforts have failed; and what hope can be entertained of a country unable to protect its own frontier against the marauding tribes of the *Turkmans*? The connection with Persia has hitherto been of no advantage to us; the sooner, therefore, we abandon it, the better. The Russians are masters of the field, and we are not disposed to envy them the acquisition. Afghanistan and Lahore are, however, daily rising in political importance. Lieutenant Conolly, indeed, speculates on the probability of Russia pushing the Persians onwards against the *Afghans*, giving to Shah Kaimraun the territories of his ancestors, to hold as a vassal of Persia, and thus establishing what Meyendorff calls "the salutary influence of Russia" from the Caspian to the Indus. Now, in opposition to these speculations, it must be remarked that the *Afghans* are *Soonnees*, and, though perhaps more tolerant than the *Turks* or the *Turkmans*, they never would submit to *Shiah* supremacy; more especially as the *Persians* are notorious for their bitter hatred to the three first *Khaliphs*, and for incessant insults to their memory. In fact, it was this intolerance, as we are informed by Lieutenant Burnes, which so irritated the *Soonnees* of Bokhara and Khiva, that they began to seize the *Persians* as slaves. It is not, to be sure, the first time that bigotry has been made a pretext for cruelty; but still the *Turkmans* were justified in feeling some animosity against those who insulted their religion. The fatal consequences should be a warning to others as well as the *Persians*.

"The practice of enslaving the *Persians* is said to have been unknown before the invasion of the *Uzbeks*; and some even say that it has not continued for an hundred years. A few Bokhara priests visited Persia, and heard the three first caliphs publicly reviled in that country; on their return, the synod gave their "futwa," or command for licensing the sale of all such infidels. Sir John Chardin even tells us that when a *Persian* shoots an arrow, he frequently exclaims, "May this go to Omar's heart." I myself have heard many similar expressions; and, since the report of the Bokhara priests is true, the *Persians* have brought their present calamities upon themselves. It is said that one of the *Persian* princes, in a late communication with the Khan of Orgunje, sent him the four books which Mahommedans hold sacred, the Old and New Testament, the Psalms of David, and the Koran, begging him to point out in which of these holy books the laws of slavery, as practised

against the Persians, were to be found. The Khan solved the difficulty by replying, that it was a custom from which he had no intention of departing; and, as the Persians do not possess power to suppress it, it is likely to continue to the detriment and disgrace of their country."—*Burnes*, vol. i. 343.

The Suddozye dynasty in Afghanistan well deserved its fate; it is not, and has never been popular in the country. Is it then credible that the Afghans, strict Soonnees and gallant soldiers, would easily yield to the Kuzzilbashes, whose creed they detest, and whose cowardice they despise; or receive at their hands such a sovereign as he who now rules in Herat? The character which Lieutenant Conolly himself gives of Shah Kamraun is sufficient to prove his unfitness for the crown, and the great improbability of an Afghan being found who would wish to see it placed upon his head:—

"Of Shah Kamraun's character there is not much to be said in praise. Even his enemies give him credit for courage and natural talent, but he is avaricious, cruel, and debauched. When I say that he has been guilty of breaking his solemnly pledged oath, I need not add a word more against his private character:—as a king he has behaved unwisely and ill, for he has ruined trade by heavy imposts, and no man living within the influence of his authority dares avow himself possessed of wealth.

"The following anecdote which was related to me by several different inhabitants of Herat, will enable the reader to appreciate the character of the heir to the Affghaun monarchy. A merchant of the Bukhteeawree tribe gave a Hindoo banker the sum of one thousand eight hundred golden ducats for a bill of exchange upon Caubul. This he covered with cloth, to make it look like a charm, and hung it about his neck, hoping thus to convey it safely to Caubul. Somehow or other Kamraun learned what he had done, and sent two or three men to take the pretended charm from him. They accosted their victim by asking him for a pinch of snuff, and when he replied that he had none, they abused him for being without so necessary an article; then swore that they believed he had snuff, but would not give away a pinch; engaged him in a quarrel, scuffled with him, and tore the (pretended) charm from his neck. They next went to the Hindoo banker, and returning him his draught, forced him to refund the cash, which there is no doubt they duly paid to their royal employer. The Bukhteeawree petitioned the Shah, who, affecting to take pity upon him, ordered that he should be paid a real a day from the royal treasury. This pension was discontinued after a week, and the man was ordered to receive in lieu of it a daily portion of bread from the royal oven. Even this dole was denied the man after a short time, and he long remained as a beggar at the palace-gate, hoping that part even of his money might be restored, but he received not a black farthing, and returned to his own country."

"Kamraun was always of a gloomy disposition, a circumstance not to

wondered at, considering that at an early age, he was initiated into scenes of stratagem and bloodshed, and taught to sacrifice the best feelings of humanity to the interests of ambition. Morality of any sort was not likely to be studied to much purpose in such a school, and Kamraun is now a slave to wine and the harem. We learned that his majesty would at times deliberately set about making himself drunk; not for love of drinking, for he could get no liquor except vile arrack, or thin sour wine made by the Jews, but solely to raise his spirits, which would sometimes be excited to perfect phrenzy. No one, it was said, but the altar bāshee dared attend on the king while he was in "the horrors;" and during the days of illness which succeeded such debauches, unlucky did that person deem himself, whose affairs brought him under the royal cognizance. At all times the people of Heraut seemed to labour under considerable fear of his majesty, and the only man who appeared always merry and at ease was Shemshooddeen Khan, whose sister, report said, influenced the disposition of her royal consort as she would, by the fascination of her beauty."—*Conolly*, vol. ii. p. 47.

Notwithstanding all this, Lieutenant Conolly asserts that the Afghans would gladly see Kamraun restored to the throne; Dr. Gerard and Lieutenant Burnes, on the contrary, declare, that they are well satisfied with the aristocracy of the Khans, and certainly they have good reason to be so, for better sovereigns do not exist in Asia than the rulers of Cabúl and Peshawár. Dost Mohammed Khán, the ruler at Cabúl, is a good and a great man; though we cannot quite agree with Dr. Gerard that he has adopted republican principles,* we are convinced, from the account given of his conversation with Lieutenant Burnes and his companion, that he has the interest of his subjects at heart, and is able to protect Afghanistan from the feeble Persians, though he may be exposed to some danger from Runjeet Sing and his gallant Sikhs. Our readers will probably agree with us when they read the following interesting narrative of his conversation.

"He rose on our entrance (Lieutenant Burnes was accompanied by the celebrated missionary Mr. Wolff), saluted us in the Persian fashion, and then desired us to be seated on a velvet carpet near himself. He assured us that we were welcome to his country; and, though he had seen few of us, he respected our nation and character. To this I replied as civilly as I could, praising the equity of his government, and the protection which he extended to the traveller and the merchant. When we sat down, we found our party consist of six or eight native gentlemen and three sons of the chief. We occupied a small but neat apartment, which had no other furniture than the carpet. The conversation of the evening was varied, and embraced such a number of topics, that I find it difficult to detail them; such was the knowledge,

* See F. Q. R. No. XXV, p. 124. We are happy to correct the mistake under which we were then labouring as to the death of Dr. Gerard, originating from a false report.

intelligence, and curiosity that the chief displayed. He was anxious to know the state of Europe, the number of kings, the terms on which they lived with one another; and, since it appeared that their territories were adjacent, how they existed without destroying each other. I named the different nations, sketched out their relative power, and informed him, that our advancement in civilization did no more exempt us from war and quarrels than his own country; that we viewed each other's acts with jealousy, and endeavoured to maintain a balance of power, to prevent one king from overturning another. Of this, however, there were, I added, various instances in European history; and the chief himself had heard of Napoleon. He next requested me to inform him of the revenues of England; how they were collected; how the laws were enacted; and what were the productions of the soil. He perfectly comprehended our constitution from a brief explanation; and said there was nothing wonderful in our universal success, since the only revenue which we drew from the people was to defray the debts and expenses of the state. 'Your wealth, then,' added he, "must come from India." I assured him that the revenues of that country were spent in it; that the sole benefits derived from its possession consisted in its being an outlet to our commerce; and that the only wealth sent to the mother country consisted of a few hundred thousand pounds, and the fortunes taken away by the servants of the government. I never met an Asiatic who credited this fact before. Dost Mahommed Khan observed, that 'this satisfactorily accounts for the subjection of India. You have left much of its wealth to the native princes; you have not had to encounter their despair, and you are just in your courts.' He enquired into the state of the Mahomedan principalities in India, and as to the exact power of Runjeet Sing, for sparing whose country he gave us no credit.

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"Dost Mahommed Khan then turned to Mr. Wolff for an explanation of his history; and, as he was aware of that gentleman's vocation, he had assembled among the party several Mahomedan doctors, who were prepared to dispute on points of religion. Since I stood as Mr. Wolff's interpreter, I might proceed to make mention of the various arguments which were adduced on either side; but I do not anticipate what the reverend gentleman will, no doubt, give to the world. As is usual on such subjects, the one party failed to convince the other; and, but for the admirable tact of the chief himself, the consequences might have been disagreeable.

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"We left him at midnight, quite charmed with our reception, and the accomplished address and manners of Dost Mahommed Khan."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 139.

Nor had our traveller less reason to be pleased with this intelligent ruler at a second interview.

"As the chief desired, I passed another evening with him; and the doctor, being convalescent, accompanied me; Mr. Wolff had proceeded

on his journey to India. Dost Mahommed Khan pleased us as much as ever; he kept us till long past midnight, and gave us a full insight into the political affairs of his country, and the unfortunate differences that exist between him and his brothers. He expressed hopes of being able to restore the monarchy, evinced a cordial hatred towards Runjeet Sing, and seemed anxious to know if the British Government would accept his services as an auxiliary to root him out; but I replied, that he was our friend. He then promised me the command of his army, if I would remain with him; an offer which he afterwards repeated. 'Twelve thousand horse and twenty guns shall be at your disposal.' When he found that I could not accept the honour, he requested me to send some friend to be his generalissimo."—*Burnes*, vol. i. 164.

The historian, the antiquarian, and the lover of classical learning, have in Burnes's delightful work the best account that has yet been given of Alexander's route through the provinces of the Indus, and the impress which his mighty mind has stamped upon remote Asia: in the same pages alone can they find accurate information respecting the Bactrian kingdom, where Greek civilization flourished like an exotic, brilliant during a brief existence, and then lost for ever. From these volumes the statesman will best learn the policy of those countries that border on our dominions in India, and see whether they can be established as bulwarks against aggressive ambition, or whether they are to be dreaded as future agents in our expulsion from Hindústan. The merchant will consult the work to learn by what means the new commercial routes here developed may be turned to advantage; the general reader will delight in the novelty of countries previously unexplored, and races hitherto unknown; while the philosopher will rejoice in witnessing the devotion of great energies to a great purpose. It is impossible, we think, for any reader to rise from the perusal of Mr. Burnes' interesting volumes without the strongest impression of his accuracy of observation, patient inquiry, close adherence to truth, and abstinence from mere speculation.

Should trade be established on the Indus, it will be necessary to conciliate the favour of the Afghans; and it is gratifying to learn that they are less prejudiced against Christians than most Mohammedan nations.

"The people seemed too busy in the exercise of religious and worldly matters to mind us, and as yet we had not experienced the slightest incivility from any person in the country, though we strolled about everywhere. They do not appear to have the smallest prejudice against a Christian, and I had never heard from their lips the name of dog or infidel, which figures so prominently in the works of many travellers. 'Every country has its customs,' is a proverb among them; and the Afghan Mohammedans seem to pay a respect to Christians which they

deny to their Hindoo fellow-citizens. Us they call 'people of the book,' while they consider them benighted and without a prophet."—*Burnes*, vol. i. p. 123.

The following account of the general character of the Afghan character is on the whole favourable.

"The language of the Afghans is Persian, but it is not the smooth and elegant tongue of Iran. Pooshtoo is the dialect of the common people, but some of the higher classes cannot even speak it. The Afghans are a nation of children: in their quarrels they fight, and become friends without any ceremony. They cannot conceal their feelings from one another, and a person with any discrimination may at all times pierce their designs. If they themselves are to be believed, their ruling vice is envy, which besets even the nearest and dearest relations. No people are more incapable of managing an intrigue. I was particularly struck with their idleness; they seem to sit listlessly for the whole day, staring at each other. How they live it would be difficult to discover, yet they dress well, and are healthy and happy. I imbibed a very favourable impression of their national character."—*Burnes*, vol. i.

We shall not accompany Lieutenant Burnes in his visit to the court of Lahore, as in our recent review of Jacquemont's Letters from India we entered at large into the subject of the constitution of the Sikhs, and the character of their able sovereign, Runjeet Sing. A translation of Jacquemont's interesting correspondence, enriched with some additional letters addressed to influential British noblemen and gentlemen, which were unknown to the French editor, has just appeared, and we really know not a more interesting and curious illustration of national character than the "alike but different" accounts which the Briton and the Frenchman give of the court of Lahore. Jacquemont's dash of lively enthusiasm, his characteristic mixture of the frivolous and the serious, his rapid arrival at conclusions without taking any particular notice of the premises, contrast strangely and strongly with the cautious investigation, cool reasoning, and plain common sense of Burnes. In both are exhibited a daring spirit of enterprise, a zeal for knowledge not to be conquered by danger or difficulty; and it is singular that two such richly endowed travellers should at the same time have been engaged in exploring Asia.

But on this subject we cannot venture to expatiate; it would lead us too far from our proper purpose, of showing the great importance of endeavouring to open a trade with Bokhara, and turning the vast mass of information collected by Lieutenant Burnes to some practical account. This we deem may be done, nay, more, we believe, must be done.

In expressing an earnest anxiety for the opening of a trade between Central Asia and the northern provinces of British India, we by no means regard the benefits that will result to British com-

merce as the only, or even the most important, consideration that merits our regard. We deem that the extension of such a commerce would greatly raise the social and political condition of the natives of Hindústan, and our duties as well as our interests imperatively demand that we should neglect nothing which may tend to produce such a desirable change. There is no getting over the proof of our indifference exhibited by the glaring fact, that our government has not even yet constructed one good road through its extensive territories. The rule of Baber and his descendants has left the marks of its brilliant existence in noble causeways, caravanserais, and public edifices; but were we driven from India to-morrow, what similar structures would preserve the memory of our sway? The past is dark, but the future is bright with hope, and we trust that soon it will be impossible to say, that the only benefit the English have conferred on India is to have enabled Sultan Mahmoud's owl to make up his complement of ruined villages:

——— “pudet hæc opprobria nobis
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refelli.”

- ART. IV.—1. *Sammlung Architectonischer Entwürfe, &c.* Von Leo von Klenze. (Collection of Architectural Designs, &c. By Leo von Klenze.) Gr. folio. München. 1832, &c.
2. *Versuch einer Darstellung des jetzigen Zustandes der Baukunst.* Von C. A. Menzel. (Essay on the Present State of Architecture. By C. A. Menzel.) Berlin. 1832. 8vo.

LITTLE more than half a century ago, German literature was hardly known in this country, even by name. Since that period matters are very much altered; for although the bulk of the English public are still but little acquainted with that literature, and least of all with the most valuable part of it, even the readers of our penny periodicals are aware of its existence. There are, however, even yet, not a few who are altogether ignorant of what has been achieved by Germany in the province of art. Without taking any great credit to ourselves for the prophecy, we may venture to predict, that for its productions in architecture alone, that country will, at no great distance of time, claim the attention of travelling students quite as much as Italy itself. It cannot, indeed, like Italy, boast of the remains of Roman art and magnificence; but it possesses monuments in the Gothic style, which, of themselves, would amply repay the labour of accurate investigation; and in addition to these, it now offers some of the most

finished and classical structures of modern times—structures certainly no less worthy the architect's study than the most vaunted works of the *cinquecento* school beyond the Alps. Honestly speaking, they are even more so, being not only more pure in taste, but likewise better adapted to the actual wants of society. The superiority which Italy so long maintained in all matters of taste, had in it more of the relative than the positive. Her influence was in proportion to the deficiency of her neighbours; and men would as soon have dared to call in question the supreme authority of the pope himself some few centuries earlier, as to throw a doubt upon the talents of a Michael Angelo, a Palladio, or a Bernini, at the time their fame awed the world. Athens and Agrigentum, Poestum and Pompeii, have since shaken our faith, and we have now discovered, not only that the Grecian orders are quite different things from those of Vignola, but that the genius of Grecian architecture altogether has very few points of resemblance indeed with the *classical* Italian style we have alluded to. Since the fresh impulse and new direction which have been given to the art by the discovery of forgotten or long-buried authorities, architecture has done comparatively very little in Italy, and in what it has done, it has evidently manifested quite as much hankering after its former tastes, as feeling for the genuine beauties and true relish of antiquity. Considering how very strongly opposed the refined yet severe charms of the latter are to the prettinesses, the puerilities and the caprices of the former style, this is, perhaps, not very surprising, although it is equally obvious that it has prevented Italy from maintaining her former rank. She has stood nearly still while others have advanced—advanced, perhaps, with the greater freedom and eagerness from being unencumbered with the trammels of former dignity, and consequently the more at liberty to push directly forward to the goal.

A long-established, or we might say, an *inveterate* reputation, is not overthrown all at once. Those who pin their faith upon traditionary report, and who implicitly adopt the opinions so generally current some hundred years ago, and pervading the criticism of that period, may, from not having considered this change of circumstances, be somewhat staggered at our presumption in saying anything that can tend to bring Italian architecture into discredit; or, as is more likely, instead of suffering their previous opinions to be disturbed, they will boldly appeal from us to their own favourite authorities. We have the comfort, however, of not standing alone, for although many deem it becoming to speak of the Palladian school with respect, if not with reverence, there are others, and not a few, both in this country and elsewhere, who, far from participating in the blind worship and admiration of

Palladio and his works, or making allowance for his faults on the score of the time when he lived and his want of better guides, go the length of condemning his system *in toto*. Foremost among these is Mr. Hosking, the author of a treatise in the new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which has since been published separately, and which, being an elementary work, is likely to make almost as many proselytes as it may have readers.

There are, besides, certain indications of a more liberal spirit of criticism in matters of architectural taste growing up among us; and some contend that we ought not to be influenced by any authority; nay, one writer has lately asserted that our admiration of antiquity savours of bigotry, and that it would have been better that the temples of Greece had long ago perished, if the study of them is to supersede all invention on our part, and to hem in art with impassable boundaries.* It must be admitted, indeed, that our affection for them has been too much like the passion of the Moor, who loved "not wisely, but too well," and that while professing to reverence the example of the ancients, we have in fact rarely, if ever, practically adopted their principles. We have looked at them after the same fashion that a mere grammarian reads the Greek poets: the spirit of their works is with him a very secondary consideration; what he chiefly perceives in them is articles and aorists, peculiarities of construction and dialects, longs and shorts. In like manner architects attach too much importance to diameters, modules and minutes. It is most probable that the proportions of many of the most admired examples may have been en-

* Liberal as their opinions in the abstract may be, it must be confessed that some of the parties to whom we here allude have not practised much liberality towards Mr. Wilkins. Almost in the very same breath that they deprecate a slavish imitation of Greek models, they carp at him because he has introduced both arched gateways and domes in his model for the National Gallery. At the same time too that they are thus rigorous in the case of a living artist, they show themselves far more indulgent than is necessary towards a dead one, refusing to see any thing but unqualified beauty in St. Martin's church; or, at least, if they perceive any defects, they most carefully avoid mentioning them. This is, to say the least, very unfair, since it shows they are rather influenced by enmity towards an individual, than solicitous either for the purity of architecture or for truth. Or, allowing them to be sincere, of what value is their praise if they prove that they are blind to some of the most glaring instances of bad taste? Is there any man, we ask, who if he could see the portico and the body of that church apart from each other, would ever imagine they were intended to be united? Is there even the very slightest similarity of style or taste between the windows and the order? Those of St. Martin's workhouse have just as much pretensions to the Corinthian character as those of the church. Well! but the portico! True, the portico itself is very fair, yet no absolute prodigy after all; and, as regards harmonizing with the rest of the structure, it might almost as well have been tacked to the workhouse itself. Although no very great acumen has been displayed in the controversy against Mr. Wilkins, we are not sorry to find that any architectural question is capable of exciting so much interest in the public mind; and we hope that the stir made upon this occasion will induce many to give more attention to the subject, were it merely to prepare themselves better for any similar encounter.

tirely accidental as far as regards the authors of them, who conformed to a certain type, modifying it as best accorded with their fancy, or suited their particular purpose. When the work was completed, the measurements of every part might be taken, and their relative proportions estimated; but it is monstrous to suppose, because some one member may be found either to exceed or to fall short of the average standard, that this was done, not for the sake of the effect, but to occasion the arithmetical distinction. Those who can believe such really to have been the case will have no difficulty in persuading themselves that Homer scanned every line of the Iliad upon his fingers, that Virgil composed his works with the help of a Gradus, and that Correggio described the graceful outline of his figures upon the principle of mathematical curves.

In what we have here said we have no wish to throw any ridicule upon those elementary and technical studies so indispensable to the architect; at the same time we cannot help saying that too much stress is laid upon them. There is little cause for apprehension, now that they are so greatly facilitated, lest they should be disregarded; the real danger to the art lies in quite the opposite direction—in attaching too much importance to what is of no *æsthetic* value whatever. Hence criticism has been rendered no less mechanical than the things on which it has been exercised: people have been taught by rule and by rote what it was lawful to admire, and what it was incumbent on them to condemn. Traditional opinion, again, has for the most part been as obstinately adhered to as if either nothing had since been learned, or all our subsequent study had proved quite fruitless. Yet, supposing the attention bestowed by us upon Greek architecture to have been to any purpose at all, we must surely have been convinced, ere this, that the doctrine so long maintained in regard to proportions ought to be discarded as untenable, or, at least, requires to be amended and remodelled. So greatly do the varieties of the same order differ from each other, that assuming, as some have done, proportion to be the chief distinction between one order and another, and that each admits of only certain specific proportions, we must subdivide each class into several subordinate ones. Neither is the difference observable in the Grecian orders confined to that of proportion alone, for hardly any one can help being struck by the dissimilarity in other respects between examples belonging to one and the same order. What great variety of character, for instance, do we meet with in the Ionic! It exhibits to us a regular *gammut*, ascending from the severest simplicity up to the most elaborate elegance. There is another circumstance too, in Grecian architecture, which, although it constitutes its prevailing

charm independently of all minor beauties, has been overlooked, at any rate not sufficiently dwelt upon by those who legislate for the art: we allude to that harmonious expression which pervades the whole of a structure, so that all the parts tend as it were to unite into one aggregate idea. Many modern edifices, on the contrary, and those by no means the least celebrated, seem, in comparison, to be built up of fragments, beautiful, perhaps, in themselves, but quite otherwise when regarded as parts of one whole. Consistency, so indispensable to every production of art, hardly enters at all into the system of architecture originally founded by the modern Italians upon the ancient—that is to say, the Roman—orders, and which has prevailed, with little change for the better, throughout Europe. Such change, however, has at length commenced, and should its future progress be commensurate with its promise, the next generation will behold edifices, not only exhibiting Grecian forms, but endued with Grecian spirit, that spirit too pervading every part, and animating the extremities and minutest members, no less than the trunk itself.

Already has it been hinted that criticism is beginning to adopt a more liberal tone and more enlightened views, and among those whose writings are likely to have a beneficial influence, we may here mention Carl Menzel. Claiming for architecture as high a rank in its quality of one of the fine arts as in that of science, he calls upon us to bear in mind, that

“no work of art can ever be produced by skill and understanding alone, but that the *inspiration of the artist ever has been, and ever must be, the source of that which confers æsthetic value on his productions.* A piece of architecture in which there are any manifestations of genius is worked out in the same manner as a poem: invention, or the ground idea of the subject, must come first, and it is to this conception of the fancy that technical skill is afterwards to be applied, so as to work it up and to render practicable in construction what is originally the mere apprehension of beauty. *This is the only true process:* by adopting the opposite course we may, indeed, be able to obtain a structure in every respect well suited to its destination, but it can never possess that mysterious charm which genius alone can bestow; nor will it ever warm the beholder to admiration, although he may not be able to deny that the builder has performed all that utility requires, or that mere reason ought to demand.”

We regret that the author of the intelligent little essay from which we have just quoted did not treat his subject more fully, and particularly that he has not elucidated his remarks by examples taken from some of the most remarkable works of modern architecture in Germany. These are also to be found among the most recent of all, for it is only within the last twenty years that the present school of the art in that country has established itself.

Berlin and Munich may be considered as its head-quarters, and Schinkel and Klenze as its two most distinguished leaders. We have already spoken of both these artists in a former article in this journal (vol. vii. p. 458); yet certainly not so fully as to render a further account of their works superfluous; besides which, any notice of German architecture in which their names were not included, would too much resemble the performance of Hamlet, with 'the part of Hamlet omitted by particular desire.' Each of them is probably indebted in no small degree to favourable circumstances, not merely because they have had frequent opportunities of displaying their abilities, but because these circumstances were of a nature to stimulate them to the fullest exertion of their talents; and it cannot be denied that both have acquitted themselves worthily of the tasks confided to them. Were all their other works of little moment, there are two at least which it may be worth while to consider a little in detail, we mean the two *National Galleries* of Prussia and Bavaria; and, therefore, as the building now erecting in this metropolis for a similar purpose has excited so unusual a degree of interest—at any rate provoked so much remark, for the most part too of a very acrimonious nature—our readers will hardly be displeased with our giving a comparative description of the foreign edifices.

Before we do so, however, we must be allowed to say something of the artists themselves, and of one or two of their contemporaries. Frederick Weinbrenner, their immediate predecessor, may also be considered as their forerunner in art—as having cleared the way for those who were to come after him. Although his works evince far more of methodical study than of original talent, and a very imperfect appreciation of either the genius or the powers of Grecian architecture, his design is comparatively pure, whatever may be thought of his composition. So far he forms an epoch, marking the transition, as it were, from the bombastic or the merely dry prosaic manner which prevailed till nearly the close of the last century, and the more artist-like style which has superseded it. If, moreover, he be not entitled to any very high rank for the excellence of his own productions, he acquires some distinction from his praiseworthy endeavours to put architecture upon a more liberal footing, and from his having been the parent, as we may term him, of a large proportion of the living architects of Germany. The names alone of these, his pupils, would form an extensive list; we shall therefore select that of George Moller, as one of the most eminent of them all, and as being familiarized to the admirers of Gothic architecture in this country, by his very interesting publication on that subject. To say the truth, that and his other works relative to

buildings of the middle ages, have obtained for him a reputation that will hardly be increased by any of the structures he has himself erected. Besides the Theatre, Casino, Catholic Church and other buildings at Darmstadt, his principal works are, the restoration of the east end of the Cathedral of Mainz, and the Theatre in that city; and the last-mentioned edifice (opened September 21, 1833,) is remarkable as being almost the first attempt at adopting the form of the ancient theatre for the exterior. The Catholic Church of the former place is a rotunda, whose internal diameter measures 164 Darmstadt feet,* and is avowedly formed upon the plan of the Pantheon at Rome, being lighted like that by a single aperture in the centre of the dome, and the height to the summit of the latter being equal to the diameter within the peristyle, viz. 132 feet. The dome itself, however, bears a much greater proportion to its tambour (or cylindrical part of the edifice,) the height to the top of the cornice being barely 60 feet. In this respect the architect has shown his judgment, for as the dome springs immediately from the entablature, had the order itself been loftier, the size of the columns would have made the whole area appear smaller; and even now they are proportionally so very much larger than in the Pantheon, that the space below looks comparatively contracted. It appears from his own account that it was the architect's aim to preserve all the essential beauties which characterize the interior of the Roman structure, and to avoid that multiplicity and minuteness of parts, together with other defects, which impair its grandeur, and detract from the harmony of the whole; nor can it be denied that he has greatly simplified his building by substituting for the unequal spaces, the numerous recesses, and the double tier of ordinances in the original, a continuous peristyle of twenty-eight insulated columns, upon whose entablature the vault rests. The effect of this circular colonnade, which is, perhaps, unique of its kind, is greatly enhanced by the narrowness of the inter-columns, for these do not exceed a diameter and a half, consequently they give the character of sufficient richness as well as of strength. So far as regards the expanse of the rotunda and dome, and the uninterrupted circle of columns, the aspect of the interior is noble and chaste; it possesses moreover a certain degree of originality, not that the idea itself exhibits much invention, but rather because its extreme obviousness has caused it, it should seem, to have been hitherto undervalued and unadopted. The dome and peristyle, however, constitute the whole design, the outer wall which encircles the columns being a plain surface, without even so

* That is, 135 feet English. The inner diameter of the Pantheon is $137\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

much as a single moulding. The result of this excessive economy is coldness and nakedness, instead of simplicity, the whole having in consequence a very unsatisfactory and unfinished appearance; and requiring to be considered as rather in a temporary state than as actually completed.* A certain effect may always be produced by columns alone; the great difficulty is how to throw in a corresponding degree of it elsewhere, so that all the rest shall acquire equal beauty and importance, and perfectly harmonize with those features; otherwise, beautiful as they may be in themselves, they will be too obtrusive, exciting expectation highly at the first glance, merely to disappoint it afterwards. In the building we are now speaking of, it must, indeed, be allowed that the architect has "kept down"—or we may say, *toned down*—the order itself as much as possible, for notwithstanding that the capitals of the columns are foliated, all besides is so very plain, that there is nothing else entitling it to the appellation of Corinthian. This severity of character is further increased by the proportions, the column being hardly nine diameters in height; which in this instance is, perhaps, more of a merit than the contrary. We have dwelt somewhat at length upon this building, both on account of the points in which it resembles, and in those in which it differs from the celebrated Rotunda at Rome.

The rigid system of economy, with whose demands Moller was here obliged to comply, has not prevailed at either Berlin or Munich. On the contrary, in the former of these capitals, and the neighbouring town of Potsdam, architectural display has in some instances been carried somewhat to excess. Among those who have there exercised their talents, we may here record the name of Carl Gotthard Langhans, whose "Brandenburgh Gate" may be considered as one of the earliest attempts in Germany at the pure antique style. This architect was born in the year 1732 at Landshut in Silesia, and died at Berlin, October 2, 1808; consequently, he is sufficiently connected with the present period, of which he lived to witness the commencement, and still more connected with it by his own praiseworthy efforts to introduce that better taste which has since had so auspicious a career. Previously to establishing himself at Berlin, Langhans erected the theatre, and several other buildings of importance, at Breslaw, besides some churches and elegant private residences in its environs. When he afterwards repaired to Berlin, he found the Great Frederick as indefatigable and energetic in his architectural as he was in his military schemes. That prince had a

* It is in fact in a *provisional* state, as it is intended to add a portico to the entrance, and an attic to screen the roof below the dome, whenever there shall be sufficient funds provided for the purpose.

passion for art; not only did he patronize it, and call it into action, but he handled the rule and compasses himself; neither was his encouragement limited to finding it employment, since he gave a more unequivocal mark of the esteem he entertained for it, by writing an *éloge* on Knobelsdorff, at that artist's decease.* The elder and younger Boumann, Goutard, Ungar, Naumann, and a great many others, were all actively engaged, nor was it long before Langhans had an opportunity of displaying his skill. He was employed to remodel the interior of the Opera house, which, beautiful as it was externally, was in many respects defective within; he also built the Casino, and the Theatre, which was destroyed by fire in 1817. But the work which most contributed to his reputation is the Brandenburg Gate, a free imitation of the Propylæa at Athens. This edifice (begun in 1789, and therefore contemporary with the French Revolution,) announced a revolution in taste—an adieu to that *ancien régime*, from whose caprices and false principles, architecture had more or less suffered for so long a period. A critical eye may undoubtedly detect some incorrectness in the details, but the whole is impressive, simple and grandiose; and it must be allowed to form a worthy entrance to the city which has since been graced with so many monuments that compete with Athenian taste.† It is an appropriate overture to the other scenes of the architectural spectacle.

If not so remarkable as forming a determinate epoch in the progress of the art, Genze's building for the New Mint has more of the genuine character of the elder Doric order, and exhibits many peculiarities which manifest a more exact study of, and a better insight into, the constitutional and æsthetic principles of Grecian architecture. Independently of its architectural merits, this building deserves attention for the rich and appropriate application of sculpture in relief, of which it affords an example. This frieze, which is continued for an extent of a hundred and sixteen feet, and is nearly six feet deep, represents all the various processes of coining, including the preparatory ones, and the operations belonging to mining. Had the study of Grecian antiquities been attended with no other advantage, it would have

* This event took place September 15, 1753, when the baron had attained the age of fifty-six. Besides the celebrated Opera House, which was begun in 1740, and was his first work of importance, Knobelsdorff made extensive improvements in the royal palace at Potsdam, and in that of Sans Souci, where he erected a very beautiful colonnade, which was taken down in 1797, in order that the columns might be employed for the new Marble Palace.

† Langhans also designed the elegant rotunda in the anatomical theatre of the Veterinary School; the theatre at the country Palace of Charlottenburgh; and the decorations of the interior of the Marble Palace.

performed an essential service by directing us to a more effective disposition of the ornamental parts, especially as regards sculpture, whether it consist of statues or of any mode of relief. Few things contribute more to littleness of style in composition, than mere patches applied indiscriminately, or so as to destroy all repose. If small panels or tablets be applied at all, it should rather be so as to break the monotony of the vertical or horizontal lines of the windows, than so as to continue and repeat them, chequering the whole front of a building into larger and smaller squares. We are, moreover, of opinion, whether positive authorities will actually bear us out in it or not, that the particular mode of sculpture adopted should be in accordance with the character of the order: thus the Doric seems to require flat sculpture, while the Ionic may be allowed that which is stronger, yet not so bold as what should be reserved for the Corinthian. Some may consider this classification not only fantastic but incongruous, inasmuch as we here assign the *boldest* style of relief to the most delicate of the orders, and the most delicate of that species of sculpture to the boldest of them. The inconsistency, however, is only an apparent and verbal one, because, although we may term very low relief—that in which the figures are nearly flat, and hardly at all raised from their ground—“delicate,” it is also the most severe, the most simple, and the least finished of any; consequently it is best adapted to that style of building which requires greater sobriety than any other, in whatever is merely decoration, and where a strictly architectural expression should predominate. So, on the contrary, although we term *mezzo rilievo* “bolder” than the other, it may also be said to have more “vivacity” and greater “richness.” If, therefore, any principle of the kind is to be admitted at all, the one we have ventured to recommend must be allowed to be correct, seeing that it appropriates the “richest” mode of sculpture to the richest of the orders; nor can it be denied, that the more elaborately worked, and in fact more *boldly* sculptured capitals of the Corinthian order, the leaves of which are in *alto rilievo*, require a corresponding style of execution in the decorative sculpture.

We know not whether we ought to apologize for this digression: some may think that it has very little to do with what seems to be our subject; others again may look upon it as a *relief* in itself to the dryness of a mere muster-roll of the names of architects and buildings. Whichever be the case, we now return *à nos moutons*.—Catel endeavoured to produce a more tasteful and classical style in interior decoration, towards which he devoted his attention; yet as he died somewhat prematurely, and before he had much opportunity for the display of his talents, we cannot

judge whether he would have made any great and influential progress in his career,*

Uninterruptedly as Schinkel has been employed for the last twenty years, many considerable public structures have been erected in the Prussian capital by others; among whom is a young architect named Ottmer,† who has distinguished himself by a theatre he has built in the Königstadt quarter of the city, and by the new "Singing Academy." Externally, the former of these two buildings makes very little display; but the internal arrangements show no little skill and judgment; and if it must be acknowledged, that for what he has accomplished, he is in some degree indebted to the model afforded him in Schinkel's large theatre, he has also taken care to avoid some of its inconveniences. His other building, which forms a simple oblong of 140 feet by 60, resembling an apterous Greek temple, that is, one without either lateral colonnades or portico, would satisfy us better, could we forget the exceedingly beautiful design for the same building, published long before by Schinkel himself. Ottmer has divided his façade into three intercolumns, formed by four Corinthian pilasters; and in these he has placed as many large doors. Schinkel's design, on the contrary, has neither columns nor pilasters, and only a single door-way, without either window or niche, or any thing of the kind. And yet, notwithstanding it is so exceedingly simple as to seem to exclude not

* Ludwig Friedrich Catel, who died November 19th, 1819, at the age of 43, was an artist of decided talent, and of a very cultivated mind. As is evident enough from the writings he published, he had extended his studies beyond the usual track, and his little work, *Ueber die Bauart Protestantischer Kirchen*, contains much that would repay the perusal. Of his classical taste and beautiful ideas, the vases which he sent forth from his manufactory afford incontestable proof.

† We shall here add some further particulars relative to this artist. Karl Theodor Ottmer, who has now the appointment of court-architect at Brunswick, was born in that city Jan. 19, 1800. Having acquired a practical knowledge of his profession, he visited Berlin in 1822, where he delivered lectures on æsthetics, archæology, mathematics, &c., until the erection of a new theatre afforded him an opportunity of showing his practical skill in architecture. This building was completed in the summer of 1824. Soon afterwards he was commissioned to undertake the "Singing Academy," which was completed in the spring of 1827. About the same time he was engaged to superintend the alteration of the interior of the theatre at Leipzig; and also invited to prepare designs for a similar building to be erected at Hamburg. In the spring of the year 1828, he visited Naples and Posstum, and on his return to Rome, employed himself in making a series of designs for palaces, one of which was upon an amazing scale of grandeur, and intended to eclipse every fabric of the kind hitherto produced. From Italy he was recalled the following year, by the proposal that he should undertake the construction of a new theatre at Dresden. The matter, however, proceeded no farther; yet while he was at Dresden, he was engaged by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen to prepare the plans for an edifice consisting of a theatre and casino; and these gave such satisfaction that the works were commenced almost forthwith. More recently still, he has been entrusted with the execution of a work affording greater scope to his talents than any on which he had previously been employed, namely, the new Palace at Brunswick, which was commenced in the autumn of 1831.

only invention but character of any kind, it is so full of originality, expression, and taste,—so strongly marked by Greek feeling and exquisite refinement, as to be almost magical; nor can we express our admiration more highly than when we say it is one of the happiest ideas that even he himself has ever conceived.

Having thus begun to speak of the “great master,” with whose fame all Germany resounds, we may as well proceed at once to discuss his peculiar merits. Karl Friedrich Schinkel was born at New Ruppín, March 13th, 1781, and after pursuing his studies at the Gymnasium of Berlin, where he already displayed a decided predilection for the fine arts, he commenced his architectural education under the elder Gilly, and continued it under the son; and it is to the latter, rather than the former of these instructors, that he is indebted, as far as he is indebted to any one, for that liberal and refined system which he adopted. Unlike those who consider mere practical science the most important requisite for the architect, and that taste and imagination, however desirable, are of comparatively little moment, Schinkel seems very justly to have thought, that he, who would excel in architecture, as one of the arts of design, ought to cultivate the others, if not in equal, at least in a secondary degree, so as thereby to acquire a lively apprehension of, and an intense relish for, beauty of form, let it exhibit itself as it may. Without at all undervaluing either abstract or practical science, we may say, that they are no more than the logic of the art; and in like manner as the logical faculties alone are utterly insufficient to render a man a poet, so neither can the ablest geometrical skill render him an accomplished architect.

To ourselves all this appears so much of a truism, that we should have abstained from any remark upon it, were we not aware, not only that the notions generally entertained on the subject are widely different, but that opposite sentiments are for the most part enforced by those who profess to regard architecture as one of the fine arts, although their real doctrines have an opposite tendency. Even those who might otherwise dispute the conclusiveness of our argument, will, perhaps, if at all acquainted with Schinkel's productions, admit that his successful practice and example favour our view of the question; it being undeniable that his chief works are not less remarkable for artistical conception, expression and feeling, and for those more subtle graces which lie wholly beyond the reach of any didactic precepts, than for their direct merit as buildings. Whatever study he may bestow upon his designs, they do not appear to be “hammered out,” if we may be allowed the expression, but to be cast in the mould of his own imagination. The only study they betray is that

formed by an habitual and intimate acquaintance with whatever is beautiful in the plastic arts. For some time after his return from Italy about the year 1805, he occupied himself chiefly with painting, and with making designs for a variety of ornamental pieces of furniture executed either in statuary or bronze; and comparatively insignificant as such subjects may be deemed, there can be little doubt that by so exercising his taste and invention, he was then acquiring that fund which has since so abundantly supplied him. Among his other performances belonging to this period was an admirable panorama of Palermo, and several masterly compositions for scenes at the Berlin theatre. Were it not that Schinkel's reputation stands far above the reach of ridicule, it might not have been altogether discreet in us to take any notice of what will be considered by many as rather derogatory to his profession, and certainly far less serviceable than measuring columns and entablatures.

From 1810, in which year he was appointed one of the then newly established building committee (*Bau-deputation*), and became a member of the academy, besides being made *Geheimer Ober-Baurath*, may be dated the commencement of his strictly architectural career. Still all human affairs, even those which bear no visible relation to each other, are so closely linked together, that had it not been for Moscow and Waterloo, Schinkel might have gone out of the world with his fame unfinished, and instead of rearing monuments that will command the admiration of posterity, been able to do no more than fill his portfolio with *projects*. It was the termination of the European warfare that enabled the excellent and patriotic Prussian monarch to turn his attention to the embellishment of his capital; and a great number of both public and private structures, either erected by Schinkel himself or executed by others from his designs, have since entitled Berlin to rank very high indeed amongst those cities most distinguished for architectural splendour and taste. Numerous as are his designs, the fertility of his invention seems fully equal to all the demands that have been, or may be made upon it. Of this there is ample proof in his various designs for a monument, or rather an extensive monumental structure, in honour of Frederick the Great; for although there are no fewer than six projects, they are all decidedly different, some of them of extraordinary grandeur and magnificence, and all of them no less classical than original. Even had we room for any description, the most accurately drawn up description would convey a very defective notion of the very simplest of them. Some are so full of "gorgeous fancies" that, could we entertain a wish whose fulfilment would interfere with the artist's more important labours, we should desire exceedingly

to see him give his ideas for such a congregated mass of architectural sumptuousness as tradition reports Babylon of old to have been.* It is no small merit in this architect that even his most classical structures and designs, so far from owing their chief merit to being more or less copies from the antique, bear a strong impress of originality, and are marked by unborrowed beauties. Neither is this originality confined to the composition; on the contrary, so far from adhering to authority, even for many important members of detail, Schinkel has indulged oftener than once in what many—those at least who have not beheld them—will consider unpardonable licenses; while we only regret that there are so few who can commit what, if failures, would have deserved such an invidious term, but, when successfully accomplished, are recognized as the proudest triumphs of an architect's invention. To go no further than the *Wachtgebäude* and Museum, what can be more classical in feeling, more picturesque in design, more tasteful in invention, than the small "victories" supporting the cornice in the entablature of the former structure; or than the enriched Doric capitals in the sculpture rooms of the latter? These last-mentioned exhibit several varieties, any one of which would have been hailed as the most refined specimen and most valuable relic of Grecian art, had it but been dug up on the consecrated ground of Hellas.

Besides various excellencies, both in the subordinate parts and the general design, there are many beauties in Schinkel's buildings belonging rather to plan than to the elevation, or which at least do not show themselves in geometrical drawing so conspicuous as they are in the structures themselves. Among these we may reckon his frequent application of columns behind columns, and partial openings in the wall beyond them, through which the eye catches a glimpse of architectural objects in the remoter distance. Neither are his merits by any means confined to his productions in the Grecian or classical style; for he has evinced no ordinary power in some of the most difficult and trying of all subjects,

* Some of our own critics have affirmed that if there be any one capable of doing justice to such a subject, it is Martin the painter; yet, without at all disparaging his real merits, or denying that his pencil could convey a sufficiently poetic idea of Babylon or other such huge city in the gross, we do not rate his architectural conceptions, as such, very highly. Few, perhaps, understand better than he does how to make masses of building interest the imagination in a picture; but as for any thing beyond that, they might nearly as well be rocks or clouds. Their grandeur arises solely from extent and elevation of site; nay, the very indefiniteness and vagueness which invest them with their poetic sublimity, are utterly distinct from strictly architectural qualities. Besides which, no particular stretch of the imagination is required for carrying on a mere range of columns or arches till they vanish in extreme distance; this, extraordinary as it may appear to the million, is certainly one of the simplest and easiest feats of perspective.

those, namely, where the architect, following no particular style of any kind, is left entirely to the impulse of his own imagination and taste, quite unfettered it is true, yet at the same time without any guidance from positive models. Of this kind is the new *Bauschule*, or building for the School of Architecture at Berlin, a very singular brick edifice, with a profusion of ornament in terracotta.* Taking it as a whole, we must confess that it is somewhat too monotonous and heavy, it is nevertheless well worthy of attentive inspection, for it will be found to contain many perfectly novel and ingenious ideas, and to offer a singular combination of simplicity and richness.

Of what he has done in the Gothic style we cannot speak with such unqualified admiration as we have of some of his other works; yet notwithstanding that he is here less happy, he certainly cannot be accused of any want of originality; on the contrary he is more liable to be charged with having adopted a peculiar system, tolerably consistent in itself, still far from answering to our English ideas, at least, of that species of architecture. It partakes far more of the Lombard and *Tedesco* styles of Italy, than of those to the north of the Alps; indeed, some of his designs of this class are altogether of a mixed character, and exhibit the principles and elements of horizontal composition far more decidedly than those of the perpendicular, while the semicircular arch takes place of the pointed one. Of this we find a very striking and peculiar instance in his fifth design of a project for a church to be erected in the Oranienburg suburb, which is perfectly *sui generis*; or if it may be likened to any one style in particular, it seems a *rifacimento* of the Byzantine. Nevertheless, strange, not to say shocking, as it must be deemed by those who pique themselves on being purists, stylists and "periodists," we must confess that we find in it something not a little piquant and expressive, and willingly admit that it bears evidence of emanating from a master mind. The church in the Werdersche Markte, which was begun in 1825, although for the most part in conformity with the pointed style, exhibits also considerable deviations from it, as in the doors of the portal and the deep acanthus cornice beneath the parapet, besides many others in the lesser details. It is some time, therefore, before we become reconciled to such seeming anomalies; yet after we have familiarized our eye with them a little, we begin to approve, even though still reluctant to confess it. In fact, let him do what he may, Schinkel is rarely or never insipid, consequently,

* This edifice, which was begun in 1832, is situated on a branch of the Spree, very near the Werdersche Markte and Mint, and is an insulated structure about 140 feet square, with four uniform fronts.

his least satisfactory productions have always something in them that demands attention.

Scanty as our criticism upon him has been, considering how very numerous are his works, and what scope they afford for remark, we dare not allow ourselves to enter into further particulars, for we must recollect that another has also considerable claim upon us; we mean his co-partner in fame, if not exactly his rival in genius—Leo von Klenze.* What the one of these distinguished contemporaries is to Berlin, the other is to Munich, namely, its architect *par excellence*—the recognized *Musagetes* of the art, the highly and deservedly favoured among artists. Born under a similarly propitious star, he, too, has fallen on golden times of opportunity, since, thanks to the patronage and to the enthusiastic attachment of the *kunstliebend* Louis of Bavaria to the fine arts, he has been called to execute some of the noblest structures of modern times. Less daring, less inventive, less original than Schinkel, he possesses equal versatility, and has shown that he is capable of eliciting new beauties from every one of the various styles he has alternately employed, stamping each with his own individuality. Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and several varieties of the Italian styles, have been successively adopted by him in the Wallhalla and the Glyptotheca, in the *Alterheiligsten Capelle*, the Pinacotheca, Odeon, New Palace, Bazaar, and many other edifices. To say the truth, he seems to have been desirous of giving us specimens of almost every other style except that of pointed architecture, preferring those which, however transformed, are derived from the Greek, to one which is founded upon altogether different principles. And that this neglect of Gothic on his part has not arisen from mere accident or indifference, is evident from his express “confession of faith” in the introduction to his work. Little as this is calculated to secure him admirers among us, we cannot refrain from quoting in a note from what he there says.†

* Klenze was born in 1784, and after studying at the architectural academy at Berlin, proceeded to Paris, where he continued his studies under Durand at the Polytechnic School. He then visited Italy, and on his return was appointed architect to the king of Westphalia. In 1815 he became the royal architect at Munich; and 1823 and 1825 accompanied the present king, then Crown Prince of Bavaria, to Italy and Sicily. Klenze has applied himself very earnestly to the archæology of his art, relative to which he has written several treatises.

† “Never has there been, and never will there be, more than one art of building (*eine Baukunst*), namely, that which was brought to perfection at the epoch of the prosperity and civilization of Greece. Before this perfection was attained, it was necessarily preceded by many attempts; so too, after the art itself was overthrown and trampled upon, both by time and by barbarians, some reverberations of it were yet sensible. Thus there were many modes of architecture (*Bauarten*) after as well as prior to its existence as an art. Grecian architecture alone is marked by universal propriety, character and beauty, although any mode of architecture is capable of

The opinions there expressed show clearly enough that Klenze comprehends under the term "Grecian architecture" both that style which is the original one, and that which, although formed upon it, is as much characterized by the use of the arch as of the column. It should seem, likewise, that he considers these two modes sufficiently reconcilable with each other to admit of combination; and herein we agree with him, since it would be absurd to reject so valuable an invention as that of the arch, because it was unknown to the Greeks; for we might upon the same grounds carry our submission to their authority so far as to abandon the use of many other things—window sashes and chimneys, for instance—as incompatible with propriety in any structure affecting to be of that style. There are some who doubt whether the dome is admissible, when the style is in other respects strictly Grecian; yet it is not only an exceedingly beautiful form in itself, but has that particular kind of beauty and also that simplicity of outline, which cause it to harmonize sufficiently with the rest; provided the plan be such as to require it, and the general design of the structure in conformity with a feature of this kind. In like manner too, arches

affecting us, and has a certain value of its own, when it is a really national style, and has grown up out of the religious and civil habits of a people. This Grecian architecture, taking it in the most extensive sense of the term, comprehends two leading epochs of its formation; namely, that in which all the apertures and intervals are covered by horizontal lines, and that when the arch was discovered and applied to similar purposes.

"If we examine into and attend to this two-fold developement of Grecian architecture in its elementary principles; and in forming a style for ourselves, keep in view those precious remains of art which are yet preserved to us both in Greece and in Italy, Grecian architecture can and must be the architecture of the world, and that of all periods; *nor can any climate, any material, any difference of manners prove an obstacle to its universal adoption*!"

"The history of art," he afterwards continues, "like that of the world, proceeds step by step: just emerging, therefore, from out of the *magnificent wretchedness* (*das grandiose Elende*) of the middle ages, partly surrounded only by the remains of the most debased period of Roman art, partly attracted only by what was most homogeneous in it, viz. its bad taste, the artists of that period (the fifteenth and sixteenth century) could not possibly restore architecture to its native dignity, however meritorious their endeavours to do so may have been.

"The gross architectural solecisms of a Buonarrotti, the still more flagrant absurdities of a Giulio Romano, Maderno and Borromini, which naturally resulted from them; the tasteless puerilities which reached their climax under Louis XV.; and lastly, all the unmeaning and spiritless imitations of detached Grecian forms of a still later period, were any thing but calculated to arrest the defects observable in the works of the fifteenth century; so that an important task was still reserved for architecture in these our own times, when Grecian antiquity has been opened to us by so many literary and artistical works.

"For some time past intelligent men of all countries have been labouring for the accomplishment of this object; and we also have added our endeavours to theirs; nor have we feared to set our face manfully against the mechanical workman system, derived from Vitruvius and Vignola, or against the empty groundless theories of praters about art, and the low miserable notions of those who see in architecture no other purpose or value than that of protecting ourselves as economically as possible against rain, heat and cold."

may, if not actually combined with Greek columns, at least be allowed to appear in those parts of a façade where columns are not applied. Their mouldings ought also to conform with the character of the order; and besides great reserve and discretion in introducing them at all, arches should be made to seem to blend naturally with the rest of the composition.

Without stopping to animadvert upon the sentiments which Klenze must be supposed to entertain in regard to Gothic architecture, we must now revert to our immediate object, and give some account of his two most celebrated edifices, the *Glyptotheca* and *Pinacotheca*, at Munich. To describe either of these buildings, with the collections they contain and their numerous embellishments both in fresco-painting and sculpture, which constitute no small share of their attraction, would require a volume. All, therefore, that we can pretend to do is to give some general idea of their architecture and arrangement, which, now that we are about to have a "National Gallery" of our own, will not be thought undeserving attention.

The *Glyptotheca*, or to give it its German title, the *Glyptothek*, is an insulated building, about 220 feet square, with a court in its centre, and without any windows externally, except two large ones in the back front, the different apartments being lighted either by domes or by spacious windows towards the court, formed in the arches of the vaulted ceilings. By this means the architect has got rid of many difficulties in point of design, while there being only a single floor, and the windows raised nearly to the top of the building, sufficient light is obtained, because the court is so spacious in proportion to the height of the edifice, that the opposite side cannot be seen from within. The style adopted for the exterior is Ionic, in a certain degree modified according to the architect's own ideas, yet still decidedly Grecian in character. The principal façade has an octa-style portico, advancing one intercolumn before the general line of the front, and recessed about as much within it: and these two divisions of it are separated by an inner range of four columns, forming five open intercolumns, those at the extremities being enclosed between antæ. The effect of this portico, which is raised on three exceedingly deep steps, is very imposing and classical, owing to the narrowness of the intercolumns, as well as to the multiplicity of the columns themselves, and the great depth of shade thus produced. Rich however as it is, both in these and other respects, the columns, it should be observed, are not fluted, although their neckings are sculptured, which certainly gives them a very unusual yet not displeasing expression. Contrary, too, as this may appear to sound principles of taste, no less than to Grecian practice, we

think it very probable that the architect considered it better to leave their shafts plain, both in order to give them such a breadth of effect as should cause them to harmonize with other parts of the façade, and also in order to avoid the confusion that might have been produced by so many perpendicular lines, the columns themselves being very closely set, and there being another range behind the first. Whether such were really his motive or not for what he has done, we do not object to it as we here find it, although we consider flutings to columns to be almost indispensable for their full beauty.

The lateral divisions of this elevation are not so lofty as the portico itself, the podium by which they are surmounted rising no higher than the moulding beneath the necking of the Ionic columns. These parts therefore assume the appearance of low wings, attached to a centre, whose roof is seen to extend, in continuation of the pediment, the whole depth of the building as far as the inner court. Each of these wings has two antæ in front surmounted by capitals of the Corinthian species; and between these are three large tabernacle niches (intended to be filled with colossal figures), with pilasters and pediments. The entablature to these parts of the design (the wings) is very deep and rich, and above the cornice is a series of Greek antefixæ coming against the lower part of the upper podium.

As may be guessed from what has already been said, the interior distribution of the rooms is exceedingly simple, forming only a single range around the four sides of the inner court. The first apartment on entering from the left hand side of the vestibule is that appropriated to Egyptian antiquities. The next, which is at one of the angles of the building, is a rotunda lighted by a dome, and contains the very earliest specimens of Grecian art. To these succeed the Hall of the *Ægina Marbles*, the Hall of Apollo, and the *Bacchischer Saal*. We now arrive at the rooms in the other front, the first of which is that called the *Niobiden Saal*; after which we enter the two apartments appropriated to festive meetings and entertainments, one of which is placed on either side of the smaller vestibule forming the entrance from the tetrastyle portico for carriages, on this side of the building. These two halls are decorated in a very magnificent style with frescoes by Cornelius and some of his pupils, representing various subjects from Grecian history and mythology. Passing from these into the apartment corresponding with the *Niobiden Saal*, we descend from thence by a few steps into the *Römer Saal*, so called from its containing all the works of Roman sculpture. This is by far the most spacious of any part of the interior, forming a long gallery equal to one entire side of the inner

court. Another flight of steps at the further extremity conducts up into a second rotunda, filled with sculpture in bronze and coloured marbles; and the following and last room, which brings us again into the front vestibule, contains some choice works of modern art. Independently of the inestimable treasures of art with which they are stored, these halls and galleries are remarkable for their architectural luxury, which gradually increases in splendour; since although a sufficient uniformity of style is observed throughout, in the particular mode of embellishment and the ornaments, regard has been had, as far as possible, to the particular character of the subjects to which each is respectively appropriated. Thus, the Hall of Egyptian antiquities, and those immediately succeeding it, are somewhat plainer in their decorations, while the *Römer Saal* exhibits extraordinary architectural pomp. All the rooms have inlaid marble pavements, and independently of the variety and richness of their vaulted roofs, and their cornices, acquire no small splendour from different coloured stuccos and marbles with which their walls are coated; but this gallery surpasses them all, having three low domes in its ceiling very abundantly ornamented, besides coffers with gold ornaments and mouldings on a deep red ground; each of the large arches or lunettes corresponding with those forming the windows on the opposite side, being also filled with rich arabesques in gold.

Compared with this lavish prodigality, even the new galleries of the British Museum are most quaker-like affairs; nor must we expect that the building now erecting in Trafalgar Square will be able to compete with the Munich *Pinacothek* for internal splendour; or rather, we must look for no other ornament within than that produced by the pictures themselves. Many will be of opinion that even if there be no objection to it on the score of economy, so much decoration is not only superfluous, but injurious, when introduced into a gallery for sculpture. Klenze, however, is of a decidedly different opinion, for he expressly says, that it is a very erroneous idea to imagine that plain architecture and plain walls, merely tinted of a light hue, set off statues and other works of sculpture most advantageously; on the contrary, brilliancy and depth of colour, and a certain piquant richness in other respects, not only give a pleasing relief and prominence to the sculpture itself, but are also favourable, inasmuch as they excite both the visual organ and the mind of the spectator. It must be acknowledged, that if something may also be said on the other side, there is some truth in this observation; nor can it be disputed that that excess of soberness in which we indulge, is attended with a too chilling coldness and insipidity; while if any where at all, warmth and richness of

colouring, vivacity and gaiety of expression are more requisite in a cold than in a warmer climate. Our architects, to say the truth, are rather negligent upon this point, for they seem rather to regard effect of colour as a disparagement to their art, and we have heard some maintain that it is for architecture to please by intrinsic beauty of form. This may be very true, yet we do not see why it should not avail itself, on suitable occasions, of other legitimate means at its disposal. Few, we believe, imagine that pictures would look the better for being hung up without frames.

All the ornamental sculpture of the façade of the *Glyptothek* (which front, we should have observed, is constructed entirely of a species of marble) is not yet completed; when that shall be the case, taken altogether, it will, though far exceeded by many others in extent, be one of the proudest and completest works of modern times. This and the *Walhalla** are the two chief, if not perhaps the only works of Klenze in the *Antique Grecian* style. The *Pinacothek*, the *Bazaar*, the new *Residenz* or palace, and other structures by him, are, on the contrary, in what may be distinguished as the *New Greek* style, still retaining much of the Italian, yet considerably purified. Of the *Pinacothek*, the first stone of which was laid April 7, 1826 (that being the birthday of the illustrious Raphael), we shall now give a brief architectural notice. Like the *Glyptothek*, from which it is situated at no very great distance, this second and worthily adorned temple of art is quite insulated from any other buildings. Its plan is long and narrow, being about five-hundred feet by ninety; but the extremities form wings placed crosswise to the body of a structure like two [—] joined together, by which means the whole acquires a more solid appearance, and an extent of 170 feet is given to each of the end fronts. The elevations are all very similar and exhibit a basement

* The *Walhalla*, which is erected on the hill *Donaustauff* near *Regensburg*, is a magnificent temple-formed structure, in the most classical *Doric* style, with a noble portico, consisting of eight columns in front, and an inner range of six others; and on each of its sides are seventeen columns, the whole formed of marble, and raised on a substructure, in which is formed an ascent between massive walls of *Cyclopean* architecture. As its name imports, this edifice is intended to become a kind of universal German Pantheon, in which will be deposited monumental busts of the most illustrious citizens and heroes of *Teutonia*. (See vol. ix. p. 493.) In the interior is a magnificent frieze executed by *Wagner*, the sculptor; and the pediment of the portico will also be enriched by a suitable subject in relief. In addition, too, to the very extensive architectural works and improvements now carrying on at *Munich* by *Klenze* himself, there are many others in actual progress, among the rest the new *Ludwigskirche*, and the extensive pile of the *Library* and *Archive* buildings. Both these are by *Fred. Gärtner* (born at *Coblentz* 1792), and both in a very peculiar style. The church, which has a strong mixture of the *Byzantine* character, is intended to be decorated with a series of frescoes by the celebrated *Cornelius*; one of which will be upon a most extraordinary scale, as it is to be still larger than *Michael Angelo's* "Last Judgment," in the *Capella Sistina*.

of lofty proportions, with a bold rustic course beneath the windows; and very massive rustic quoins of the same kind at the angles. The windows and doors are arched, but all inclosed within square framings, the spandrils being filled up with carving. Above this basement rises an attached Ionic order continued quite round the building, with a rich console frieze. The inter-columns are occupied by very large arcade windows, on whose keystones the architrave rests; so as to occasion a very great superficies of aperture, such as would give this upper structure an air of too great lightness, were it not counteracted by the solidity of the projecting part of the wings. The effect of the whole is so masterly, so rich and chaste, and so imposing from its extent, that although we are by no means admirers of the Italian style generally, we must admit that an edifice like this is almost sufficient to overcome our prejudices against it; nor can we deny that Klenze has here given us a design of much beauty. Considering the distance at which they are placed apart, he could not well do otherwise than attach his columns, consequently he is not to be censured on that score; neither do we at all object to the height of the basement, which rather exceeds that of the order above it; because it has a peculiar grandeur of its own; and as the design does not profess to be in the antique style, it ought not to be criticised too strictly for not adhering to what it does not affect. We could wish, indeed, that the capitals of the columns had partaken a little more of the Greek manner; they are notwithstanding far better than the ordinary Italian Ionic; and the architect has given antæ-caps to his pilasters, instead of placing, as all the Italian school have done, voluted capitals upon a square shaft, in order to accomplish which, the volutes must necessarily be of insignificant proportions. Besides this judicious innovation on the Italian system, he has greatly purified and corrected most of his details, and adopted some Grecian peculiarities,—among others, Grecian ante-fixæ.

From the size and number of the windows (twenty-five on a floor in the main part of each of the longer fronts,) one would be led to imagine that the picture galleries are lighted from the sides, and that there can be no space for pictures on that side of the rooms where the windows fall. Such, however, is not the case, for the chief rooms appropriated to the various schools of painting extend through the centre of the body of the building, and are all lighted directly from above; and on one side of this internal gallery, is a series of twenty-three cabinets for small pictures, the middle one being longer than the rest; while on the other is a single long and narrow gallery or loggia, having twenty-five windows, and as many small blank domes in its vaulted cieling.

This gallery will be highly decorated with arabesques, and other subjects in fresco, by artists of the Munich school. And if such an appendage appears to English notions a very superfluous and costly piece of ostentation, the picture rooms themselves will also be thought to have had far more expended upon them than was by any means called for. In these apartments, which are all forty feet in breadth by fifty in height, but which vary from about fifty to eighty in length, the floors are of Venetian *terazzo*, and the door cases, and the dado at the lower part of the walls, of a beautiful greyish marble; besides which, the walls themselves are to be hung with crimson or green watered damask, and the ceilings profusely enriched with stucco work. It must be confessed, too, that among other symptoms of a total disregard of economy, here is a most terrible loss of space, the marble dado being a kind of *noli-me-tangere* that prevents pictures being hung lower than within three or four feet above the floor, while the deep vaulting of the roof, although admirably contrived for admitting the light downwards at a proper angle, reduces the actual height of the walls themselves by more than twenty feet; so that no pictures can be hung up fairly out of sight, as is the case in all our exhibition rooms; neither is it intended that the frames shall be dovetailed together *à la* Somerset House and Suffolk Street, but be made to keep at a respectful distance from each other; otherwise whitewash would have answered the purpose of watered damask. If, in the new exhibition rooms for the Royal Academy, Mr. Wilkins cannot indulge in all the magnificence of the Munich gallery, we hope he will at least take a hint from it to prevent in future that terrible "flooring" system, of which both exhibitors and visitors have so much reason to complain; as for the squeezing and dovetailing system, that, we suppose, will still continue to be adhered to, as it is not likely that John Bull will listen to any proposal for having silk hangings, thinking that pictures require no other hanging than that given them by hanging committees.

Irony apart, we do think that England might condescend to take a lesson from the little state of Bavaria; for if with its comparatively very limited resources, it has been able within the ten last years to carry into execution so many noble undertakings connected with the fine arts, and having their advancement in view, it is rather mortifying to reflect how grudgingly we apply any of the public money to such purposes. It is true that we have made a beginning, and that things are put upon a more liberal footing than formerly; still we proceed but creepingly. The British Museum, for instance, crawls on foot by foot so slowly, that unless its speed be accelerated the present generation will have passed away before it be completed; and so far we may

be said to build for posterity, rather than for ourselves. We have now done with our splenetic remarks, having no room to indulge in them any further; nor even room to speak as we could wish to do of the vast hoards of art in pictures, with which many other collections besides that of the Pinacothek are stocked. Our promise to give some description of the Museum at Berlin remains to be fulfilled, and we have purposely deferred our mention of that edifice till now, in order that our readers may more easily compare it with the two we have just been noticing.

Instead of being exclusively either a picture or sculpture gallery, Schinkel's building is both, and consequently differs considerably from the two at Munich. It has, however, one circumstance in common with them, namely, that of standing quite insulated, with its principal front facing the palace, and with the *Zenghaus* on one side, and the cathedral on the other, besides many other rich architectural objects within its immediate vicinity. The building itself is divided into a low basement and two upper floors, whose windows appear on three of its sides; and it forms a regular, unbroken oblong of 276 feet* by 170. The principal façade, which is on one of the longer sides, namely, that towards the south, consists entirely of a grand colonnade of nineteen inter-columns formed by eighteen fluted Ionic pillars, forty feet high, and two very broad antæ at the angles. These columns rest upon a solid stylobate of the same height as the basement story in the other fronts, and unbroken save by the flight of steps in the centre, which occupies the width of seven inter-columns and their pillars. Within the portico, this central portion has five open inter-columns (i. e. four columns in antis) beyond which is a low screen with open-work bronze doors, enclosing the staircase, whose upper part, thus thrown into perspective, contributes in no small degree to the picturesque magnificence of this architectural scene. Neither are the other parts of the back-ground to the colonnade less remarkable for the taste and richness they display; for the wall on either side of this receding division, is embellished through its whole extent, by enriched fascias and other ornamental mouldings, and numerous compartments inlaid with variegated marbles, besides a series of reliefs, while the whole upper part of each wall is intended to be filled with a large painting in fresco.

Here let us pause, and ask if there be any other modern work of architecture to be paralleled with this, when all its decorations shall have been completed? What simplicity of outline, yet

* As the difference between the Berlin and English measure amounts to no more than two feet three inches and a fraction in 276 feet, it is not worth attending to, and we therefore retain the original values.

what variety and originality in the design! What classical feeling, combined with novel invention! What exuberant pomp, yet what refined chastity of style! Here the great German master has conceived an edifice worthy to be a palace of the arts. Liberal, but not profuse, he has arrayed it both in loveliness and splendour, and has shed around it the halo of a poetic imagination. Some of his critics, however, are of opinion that he has done rather too little than too much, and that he ought to have made all the rest of the exterior partake of the brilliancy of this façade. While we admit that our satisfaction would have been all the greater had this been the case, we must observe that it is rather imprudent to apply such a standard to modern structures, for how many façades are there which seem only to be stuck up against the rest of the building, in examining which, the eye catches a view not only of something less finished, but mean even to shabbiness. Besides, although not to be compared for splendour to the principal front, all the other sides of the Museum are, if rather more sober than they might have been, distinguished by a noble simplicity, and withal entirely of a piece. There is no offensive transition from a gorgeous to a vulgar and trivial style—nothing of that sudden breaking off or breaking down which offends us in so many of *our* buildings, even those of the greatest pretension. On the contrary, the continuation of the entire entablature quite round the building, and the bold antæ at each angle, preserve sufficient consistency; while the beautiful proportions and finished elegance of all the other features entitle it to more than simple approbation. These fronts, in fact, possess so much merit, that of themselves alone they would be reckoned singularly tasteful specimens of architecture.

There is yet another grand feature of the exterior, which we have not pointed out, that adds both to the importance and variety of the whole pile; and that is the low superstructure arising from the centre of the roof, formed by four ornamental screen walls, introduced for the purpose of concealing the upper part of the dome above the grand rotunda. Strange as it may seem that our architect should have recourse to any means in order to conceal such a feature, the dome would *here* have been rather a blemish than a beauty, as only a slight portion would have emerged above the roof, so that it would have had a most abortive appearance. Neither could an outer dome, supposing it would have been more in character with the rest of the design, have very well been applied, since, in order to produce any effect, it must have been raised upon a tambour very nearly as high as the present screen, and must have been so much elevated above the inner one, as nearly to exclude light.

The rotunda itself, which divides the inner area into two distinct courts, is sixty-seven feet in diameter by seventy in height, and the lower part is surrounded by a peristyle of twenty fluted columns, with foliated capitals of Grecian design. Above this peristyle runs a gallery communicating with the apartments on the upper floor. The rooms on the lower floor contain the collection of sculpture and other antiques; and the principal ones are, a large gallery upwards of 200 feet in length, and two lesser ones 123 feet each. The first of these is thirty feet wide, the others twenty-nine; and they are all divided into three equal portions or aisles by two rows of Doric columns,—the same we have already noticed for the singular beauty of their decorated capitals. Above these are picture galleries of the same extent, on the upper floor; but these are partitioned off by cross screens extending from the piers between the windows, so as to form a series of cabinets, viz. eleven in the longer and seven in each of the shorter galleries. Besides the very great increase of surface thus obtained for hanging up pictures, the light is thrown more directly on the paintings themselves than it otherwise would be from side windows; and if the general *coup d'œil* be not so imposing, there is a counterbalancing advantage, inasmuch as the eye is not so bewildered, and after taking a general survey the visitor can give his attention to the contents of one or more divisions at a time. Neither is the effect of extent entirely lost, for there is a clear space of ten feet between the screens and the back wall, whereby an uninterrupted vista is preserved from one end of the gallery to the other. In themselves, too, the screens are sufficiently ornamental; and the architect has guarded against the pictures being hung either too high or too low, having carried up these partitions only to the level of the top of the windows, or eighteen feet from the floor, so that there is still considerable open space above, between them and the cieling.

Greatly as we feel inclined to speak of some of Schinkel's other works—among them of the no less singular than beautiful façade of the noble mansion lately built by him for M. Feilner at Berlin—the length which this article has already reached warns us to lay down the pen. We trust that such brief glimpses of his merits as we have been able to afford, will be thought in some measure to justify the encomiastic tone in which we have spoken of the Berlin architect. At the same time we are very sensible that we must seem to many of our readers to have indulged in hyperbole. Schinkel's poetry is of a kind which does not admit of extracts or quotations being made from it, that would carry with them self-evidence of their beauty; while, to say nothing of its being apt to prove tedious, the most exact description can convey only general ideas as to plan or composition.

Unless we are greatly mistaken, his designs and those of Klenze require only to be known in this country in order to obtain admirers, and to find, we will not say imitators, but emulators; for works of this stamp are well calculated, if any thing be so, to direct an architect's ideas into a fresh and vigorous current, and thereby lead to originality of style. We do not speak this unadvisedly, but rather from positive experience, judging of the effect they are likely to have on others from that which they have produced on ourselves; for we must acknowledge that we have derived more instruction from Schinkel as to the copiousness and variety of which architecture is susceptible, and as to the real spirit of antique art when applied to modern purposes, than we had previously derived from all the other modern examples we are acquainted with.

The appearance of Mrs. Jameson's "*Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad*," just as this sheet is going to press, makes it imperative on us to notice, that such ample descriptions of the two Galleries and other buildings at Munich will be found in that work, that had her volumes made their appearance earlier, we should, while speaking of the Glyptothek, &c., have had occasion to do little more than refer our readers to them. We may now do so for those particulars which did not immediately belong to our subject, and also for her very interesting account of the new Palace, and one or two other edifices, which our limits oblige us to content ourselves with merely naming. We may add too, that the reader will hardly fail to be interested in the details which Mrs. Jameson gives of Von Klenze himself, derived from personal acquaintance. Among other things, she informs us that he actually made the astonishing number of more than *seven hundred* drawings with his own hands for the Palace alone! Her whole account of Munich and its treasures of art is delightfully written, and will, we have no doubt, tend to accelerate the fulfilment of our prediction at the commencement of this article. While the pen is in our hand, we may also observe, that in his recently published "*Suggestions for the Architectural Improvement of the Western Part of the Metropolis*," Mr. Sydney Smirke pays an exceedingly handsome compliment to the two Galleries at Munich. Indeed, so far from being exaggerated, our own commendations are quite temperate, compared with the panegyrical admiration we have lately heard expressed by those who have visited the Bavarian capital on their way home from Italy, while their imagination was yet filled with all the "*glories*" of the Eternal City.

**ART. V.—*Impressions de Voyage.* Par Alexander Dumas.
2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1834.**

THESE very amusing sketches of travel were originally contributions to some of the Paris periodicals, and in consequence of the great interest they excited, have been collected into two volumes, of which we have as yet only seen the first. The charm of the work is the reckless negligence of the author. Alexander Dumas, a romanticist of the wildest school, neither cares what he says, nor how he says it: Don Juan is perfect consistency, and Tristram Shandy logical sequence, compared to his Travels. While your eyes become watery over deep tragedy, you have scarcely time to clear the sight when they are again dimmed by laughter over the broadest farce. Nothing comes amiss to him; a theory of the earth jostles against a description of ladies' petticoats; a lament over Napoleon mingles with the account of a hunting match; learned dissertations from the old chronicles unite with the discussion of the latest fashions; and Parisian belles dancing the galopade lead us into the charnel-house of St. Bernard. Much of this is naturally revolting to the sober English taste, but a hearty laugh has been of late so rare an indulgence, that we feel disposed to pardon our author's eccentricities, or at least to view them with that mixture of complacency and wonder that Bruin shows to Jacko when first the bear and monkey are introduced to each other's acquaintance.

Many of the anomalies that we staid and unenthusiastic islanders find in Dumas must of course be attributed to the national character of our excitable neighbours, but many more are the necessary result of the circumstances that moulded his early life. Of these he has recently published a sketch, which ranks among the most interesting specimens of literary autobiography. Some extracts from it will form a very appropriate introduction to his Travels.

"I was about twenty years old, when my mother came into my room one morning: she embraced me with tears, and said, 'My dear boy, I am going to sell all we have to pay our debts.' 'Well, mother?' 'Well, child, when our debts are paid we shall have only two hundred and fifty-three francs left.' 'Of income?' My mother smiled bitterly. 'In all?' I resumed. 'In all!' 'Well, mother, I shall this evening take fifty-three francs, and start for Paris.' 'And what will you do there, my poor boy?' 'I will see my father's * friends—the Duke of Belluno,

* His father was a mulatto, born in St. Domingo in 1762, (the natural son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie by a negress,) and educated in France. In 1786 he entered the army as a private in the Queen's regiment of Dragoons, distinguished himself very early in the Revolution, and rose by the main force of his extraordinary bravery and intrepidity to the rank of general of division in September, 1793. He afterwards com-

minister of war—Sebastiani, as powerful by his opposition as others by their favour. My father, an older general than any of them, and who commanded three armies, has seen them all under his orders. We have there a letter from Belluno, acknowledging that he was indebted to my father for the favour of Napoleon; a letter from Sebastiani, thanking him for having procured for him a share in the Egyptian expedition; letters from Jourdan, Kellermann, and even Bernadotte himself. I will go to Sweden if it be necessary, find out the king, and appeal to his reminiscences as a soldier.' 'And what will become of me in the mean time?' 'You are right; be quiet, I shall not need to travel beyond Paris, and so I shall set off this evening.' 'Do what you please,' said my mother, embracing me a second time; 'it is, perhaps, a divine impulse.' She went out; I sprung to the foot of my bed, proud rather than sad at the news I had just heard. I was now in my turn to be good for something; to repay to my mother, not the kindness she had lavished on me, that was impossible, but to spare her the daily torments that anxiety brings with it—to comfort her old age by my toils. A thousand projects, a thousand hopes floated through my mind: I was sure of obtaining all I asked when I should declare what depended on my prospects. 'What I ask is for my mother, the widow of your old comrade—for my mother, my excellent mother!'

"Born at Villers-Coterets, a little town with about two thousand inhabitants, it may easily be guessed that the resources for my education were not very great. A worthy *abbé*, loved and respected by every body, had for five or six years given me lessons in Latin, and made me complete some French *bouts-rimés*. With regard to arithmetic, three school-masters in succession had given up the task of driving the first four rules into my head; to make amends, I had a good rural education, that is to say, I rode every horse in the neighbourhood, walked frequently twelve leagues to dance at a ball, fenced well, was a good marksman with the pistol, played rackets admirably, and seldom missed a hare or partridge at thirty paces. My preparations being made, a work that did not require much time, I went to announce to all my acquaintances my departure for Paris.

"In the coffee-room belonging to the coach-office, there happened to be an old friend of my father; he had besides this friendship felt some gratitude to our family, for having been once wounded in the chace, he was brought to our house, and the attentions he received from my mother and sister were never effaced from his memory. Deriving great influence

mauded in chief in the Pyrenees, the Alps, and La Vendée; and distinguished himself in the subsequent campaigns in Italy and Germany. After the peace of Campo Formio he followed Bonaparte into Egypt, where he added to his laurels. On his return to Europe, the vessel in which he was a passenger was driven by a storm into Tarentum: the Neapolitan government, being then at war with France, seized him, and confined him for two years as a prisoner in a damp dungeon, along with the celebrated mineralogist, Dolomieu. The effect of this confinement was such upon his constitution as to condemn him to inactivity for the remainder of his days, which, after several years' languor and suffering, were terminated in 1807, at the early age of forty-five. He possessed extraordinary strength, and notwithstanding his copper tint, was looked upon as one of the finest men in the French army.

from his fortune and his probity, he had carried by storm the election of General Foy, his old companion at college. He offered me a letter to the honourable deputy; I took it, embraced him, and went to bid farewell to my worthy *abbè*; he approved my resolution, took leave of me with tears in his eyes, and when I asked him for advice, which he had not offered, he opened the Bible and pointed to these words: *Do unto others as you would they should do unto you.*

“That very evening I set off, and on my arrival in Paris stopped at a very modest hotel in the *Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, convinced that society was calumniated, that the world was a garden of golden flowers, and that like Ali Baba, I had only to pronounce *SESAME* to cleave the rocks. That very evening I wrote to the minister of war to ask an audience, detailing to him my paternal claims to such a favour, delicately suppressing the kindness he had received from my father, of which a letter that I had brought with me afforded undeniable proofs. I went to sleep and dreamed of the Arabian nights. Next morning I bought the Directory of twenty-five thousand addresses, and proceeded to action.

“My first visit was to Marshal Jourdan. He had a very vague recollection that there had been a General called Alexander Dumas, but he never remembered to have heard that he had a son. In spite of all I could say, I left him at the end of ten minutes very dubious of my existence. I went next to General Sebastiani. He was in his cabinet; four or five secretaries were writing at his dictation, each of whom had on his desk, besides his pens, ink and paper, a rich gold snuff-box, which he presented open to the General, whenever he stopped before him. The General delicately introduced his fore-finger and thumb, voluptuously sniffed the Spanish snuff; and resumed his walk through the room. My visit was short: notwithstanding my high respect for the General, I felt that I had no vocation for the office of snuff-bearer in ordinary.

“I returned to my hotel: my golden dreams were vanished. I took up my Directory and turning over the leaves, met a name, which I had so often heard my mother mention with warm praise, that I bounded for joy; it was that of General Verdier, who had served under my father in Egypt. I at once took a guide to the *Rue du Faubourg-Montmartre*, where he resided. ‘General Verdier?’ I asked of the porter.—‘Fourth floor, the small door on the left.’—I made him repeat the direction, but found I was not mistaken. ‘By Jove,’ said I as I went up the stair-case, ‘here is one that does not resemble the liveried lacqueys of Marshal Jourdan, nor General Sebastiani’s Swiss.—General Verdier, fourth floor, the little door to the left—this man assuredly will remember my father.’ I got up; a modest green cord hung by the door, I rang the bell, waiting this third trial to form my opinions respecting mankind. The door opened, a man about sixty appeared; he wore a cap bordered with fur, a loose coat and pantaloons reaching to his ankles; in one hand he held a pallet covered with paints of different colours, and a painting-brush in the other. I thought I had made a mistake, and began looking at the other doors. ‘What do you want, sir?’ said he.—‘To present my respects to General Verdier, but I probably have made some mistake.’—‘Not at all, there is no mistake, this

is the place.' I entered his *atelier*, 'Permit me, sir,' said the gentleman in the cap, placing himself before a battle-piece whose painting I had interrupted.—'Willingly,' I replied, 'if you will only tell me where I shall find the General.' He turned round.—'Why, I am the person.'—'You!' I fixed my eyes on him with such a stare of surprise that he burst out laughing. 'General,' I said, 'in me you behold the son of your old comrade in Egypt, Alexander Dumas.' He regarded me with fixed attention, and after a minute's pause said, 'Yes; true—you are his living image.' Tears sprung to his eyes, and throwing away his brush, he extended me a hand which I felt desirous to kiss rather than grasp. 'Well, what brings you to Paris, my poor boy,' he continued, 'for, if I remember right, you lived in some village or other with your mother.'—'True, General; but my mother grows old, and we are poor.'—'Two songs whose tune I know well,' he muttered to himself.—'So I have come to Paris in the hope of obtaining some small place which would enable me to support her as she supported me.'—'That is well done; but places are not easy to be had in these days; they are sought after by a crowd of nobles, whose claims are deemed paramount.'—'But, General, I reckoned on your protection.'—'Humph!'—I repeated my assertion.—'On my protection!' he smiled bitterly. 'My poor child, if you wish to take lessons in painting, my protection will go so far as to give them to you, and yet you will not be worth much unless you surpass your master. My protection! Well, you are probably the only person that would have asked for it.'—'What do you mean?'—'Have not these fellows sent me adrift under the pretence of I know not what conspiracy? So that, as you see, I have turned painter. Now, if you wish to do so.'—'Thanks, General! but I have no taste, and the apprenticeship would be very long.'—'Well, my friend, this is all that I can offer; oh, yes, there is the half of my purse, I did not think of it, for it is scarcely worth the trouble.'—He opened the drawer of his desk, which contained, I think, two pieces of gold, and about forty francs in silver.—'Thanks, General,' I replied in tears, 'I am nearly as rich as you; but give me some advice on the steps I should take.'—'Oh, as much of that as you please; let us see what you propose.'—He took up his brush and resumed his painting.—'I have written to Marshal the Duke of Belluno.'—The General, at the same time shading the figure of a Cossack, made a grimace, which might be translated by, 'My poor boy, if that is your only dependence.'—'I have besides,' said I, answering his thought, 'a letter of introduction to General Foy, deputy for our department.'—'Ah! that is quite another affair; wait not for the minister's answer, my child; take your letter to General Foy, be assured he will receive you well. In the mean time will you dine with me? We will chat about your father.'—'Most willingly, General!'—'Well, come at six o'clock.' I took my leave of General Verdier.

The next day I went to see the honourable General and upright Deputy (Foy). When the door of his sanctuary opened, he turned round and fixing his eyes upon me with his usual vivacity, said, 'M. Alexander Dumas?'—'Yes, General.'—'Are you the son of the Com-

mander of the army of the Alps?'—'Yes, General.'—'He was a gallant soldier. Can I be useful to you in any way? It would give me great pleasure.'—'I feel much obliged for the interest you take in my fortunes, I have brought you a letter from Monsieur Danzé.'—'Let us see what my good friend says.' He read the letter. 'Ah, he recommends you to me very earnestly; he must love you very sincerely.'—'As his son.'—'Well, let us see what we can do with you.'—'Whatever you please, General.'—'We must first find out what you are good for.'—'Oh, not for much.'—'We shall see—you know a little mathematics?'—'No, General.'—'At least you have some notion of algebra? Geometry? Natural Philosophy?' He paused between every word; and at each word I felt the perspiration dripping from my brow. 'No, General,' I stammered out; he perceived my embarrassment.—'You know Greek and Latin.'—'A little.'—'Do you speak any of the living languages?'—'Italian, very well; German, very badly.'—'I will get you a place at Laffitte's then. Doubtless, you understand accounts.'—'Not the least in the world; O, General!' I continued, 'my education has been neglected, but I will repair my deficiencies, I give you my word of honour.'—'But in the mean time, my friend, have you the means of livelihood.'—'I have nothing!' I exclaimed, overwhelmed by my feelings of utter helplessness.—'Give me your address,' said he, 'I will think of what can be done for you.' I wrote. 'We are safe,' he exclaimed, 'you write a good hand.' I had, indeed, this *brevet* of incapacity: I hid my face in my hands. General Foy continued without perceiving my thoughts: 'Listen, I dine to-day with the Duke of Orleans (present King of the French), I will speak to him about you. Draw out a petition.' I obeyed, he folded it up, and having pencilled a few notes in the margin, put it in his pocket; then extending his hand to me as a mark of friendship, he invited me to breakfast with him the next morning.

"On my return to my hotel, I found a letter from the Duke of Belluno, who, not having time to receive me, requested me to state my wishes in writing. I replied that I asked an audience, only to place in his hands the letter of thanks he had written to my father; but that not being able to see him, I enclosed a copy. The next morning I went to the residence of General Foy, who was now my only hope. 'Well,' said he, with a smiling countenance, 'your affair is settled, you are to be a supernumerary secretary to the Duke of Orleans, with a salary of twelve hundred francs; it is no very large sum, but you will work hard to improve it.'—'It is a fortune, and when shall I be installed?'—'This very day if you please.'—'Permit me to tell my mother the good news.'—'Yes; sit down there.' I wrote to her, to sell all she had left, and come to join me; when I had finished, I turned to the General; he was regarding me with a look of inexpressible benevolence. This reminded me that I had not even thanked him. I leaped upon his neck and embraced him. He laughed heartily."

We shall not follow Dumas through his subsequent career as a politician, because we are weary of politics, nor as a dramatist,

because we shall take some better opportunity of examining his dramatic powers; but having introduced "the man" to our readers, we shall ask them to accompany him on his travels.

Dumas visited Lyons at the period when the youth of the French Manchester had risen against their seniors, and resolved to establish a Lyonnese literature, before which the Parisian should hide its diminished head. We have had in our own days so many tragic revolutions at Lyons, that we rejoice to meet with a touch of the comic, and, therefore, hasten to give our readers an incident from the war between literature and commerce.

"During the last five or six years, Lyons has maintained a gallant struggle against the commercial spirit, in order to obtain a literature. Truly, I admired the wondrous constancy of the young *artists* that have devoted their lives to this overwhelming work; they are miners tracing a thread of gold through a mass of granite; every blow they strike scarcely removes a particle of the rock they attack, and yet, thanks to their persevering toil, the new literature has acquired at Lyons the right of citizenship which it begins to enjoy. One anecdote out of a thousand will show the influence that commercial prejudice exercises over the Lyonnese merchants in matters of art.

"The drama of *Antony* was acted before a numerous audience, and as has sometimes happened to that piece, in the midst of a very violent opposition. A merchant and his daughter were in a front-box, and near him one of the enterprising authors I have mentioned. The father at first took a lively interest in the drama, but after the scene between Antony and the mistress of the inn, his enthusiasm manifestly cooled; his daughter, on the contrary, had from that moment felt an increasing emotion, which in the last act burst into a passion of tears. When the curtain fell, the father, who had exhibited visible signs of impatience during the last two acts, perceiving his daughter's tears, said, 'Bless me, what a stupid girl you must be to allow yourself to be affected by such utter nonsense.'

" 'Ah, papa, it is not my fault,' replied the poor girl, quite confused, 'forgive me, I know that it is very ridiculous.'

" 'Ridiculous! yes, ridiculous is the proper phrase; for my part, I cannot comprehend how any one could be interested by such monstrous improbabilities.'

" 'Good heavens, papa! it is just because I find it so perfectly true.'

" 'True, child! can you have paid any attention to the plot?'

" 'I have not lost a single incident.'

" 'Well—in the third act Antony buys a post-chaise—is it not so?'

" 'Yes; I remember it.'

" 'And pays ready money down on the nail.'

" 'I remember it very well.'

" 'Well; he never took a receipt for it.' "—pp. 72—75.

The Lyonnese character is illustrated by another whimsical incident. A rail-road passes through a very narrow tunnel, and to prevent accidents a placard was put up, declaring "It is forbidden to pass under this archway under pain of being crushed by the carriages." Not a soul paid the least attention to the warning. The authorities were forced to make a second proclamation with a different penalty, "It is forbidden to pass under this archway under pain of being fined." Thenceforward the tunnel was as deserted as Hyde Park in a hail-storm.

From Lyons Dumas proceeded to Geneva, the toy-shop of Europe, the metropolis of smugglers, and the plague of the French police. Custom-house officers, if they had the eyes of Argus, and the hands of Briareus, would be baffled by the "free-traders" of Geneva. The French officers are among the most vigilant in the world, but even they are so completely baffled, that smuggled goods are publicly insured at the moderate rate of five per cent.

"The most fashionable of the jewellery warehouses in Geneva is beyond doubt that of Mr. Beutté; it is difficult even to dream of a collection more rich in those thousand wonders that win the female heart; they are sufficient to turn the head of every Parisian lady, and make Cleopatra jump with envy in her tomb.

"These *bijoux* are subjected to a heavy duty on their entrance into France; but for an insurance of five per cent. Mr. Beutté undertakes to smuggle them; the bargain between the buyer and seller is made as publicly as if there were neither custom-houses nor custom-house officers in the world. It is true that Mr. Beutté possesses marvellous address in baffling these harpies: one anecdote out of a thousand will shew how justly he is entitled to this compliment.

"When the Count de St. Cricq was director-general of the customs, he heard so much of the ingenuity that baffled the vigilance of his agents, that he resolved to ascertain personally if these reports were true. He went to Geneva, presented himself at Beutté's warehouse, and bought jewellery to the amount of 30,000 francs, on condition that it should be sent duty-free to his residence in Paris. Mr. Beutté accepted the conditions like a man accustomed to such bargains; he merely presented the purchaser with a private bond, stipulating that he should pay five per cent. for insurance. The latter smiled, took the pen, and subscribed *De St. Cricq, director-general of the French customs*, and then handed the paper to Mr. Beutté. The merchant looked at the signature, and making a low bow, simply said 'Monsieur director-general of customs, the articles which you have done me the honour of purchasing, shall be in Paris as soon as yourself.' The Count felt himself thrown on his mettle; he scarce gave himself time to dine, when he ordered post-horses, and was on the road an hour after the bargain was concluded.

"As he passed the frontiers, the Count made himself known to the officers who came to search his baggage; told their chief of the recent

transaction, recommended the most active vigilance along the entire line, and promised a reward of thirty *louis d'or* to the officer who should discover the prohibited goods. Not a single officer got a wink of sleep during the next three days.

"In the mean time the Count reaches Paris, alights at his residence, embraces his wife and children, and goes up to his dressing-room to change his travelling attire.

"The first thing he sees on his mantel piece is a beautiful box, of singular workmanship; with whose appearance he was unacquainted. He goes over to examine it, and reads on a silver plate '*To M. the Count de St. Cricq, director-general of French customs*;' he opens it—and finds the jewellery he had purchased in Geneva!

"Beauté had a secret understanding with the waiters of the inn, and they, while aiding the Count's servants to pack his baggage, had slipped in the prohibited box. On their arrival in Paris, the Count's *valet de chambre*, seeing the beauty of the casket, and the particularity of its direction, had carried it direct to his master's apartment. The director-general of the customs was the chief smuggler of the kingdom."—pp. 94—98.

The tombs, in the cathedral of Lausanne are illustrated with abundance of ancient learning and modern scandal. Of the latter, the following is no bad specimen:

"Among the modern tombs are those of the Princess Catherine Orloff and Lady Stratford Canning: on account of his profound grief, Lord Stratford obtained permission that his wife should be buried in the cathedral. He wrote to Canova, ordering a splendid tomb, requesting the sculptor to complete it as soon as possible. The monument was sent at the end of five months, and arrived the morning after the disconsolate husband had found a remedy for grief in the arms of a second wife."—p. 116.

At Villanueva, Dumas witnessed an extraordinary kind of trout fishing, quite new to him, and probably new to most of our readers. The entire account is too long to be extracted, but we shall select a few characteristic passages.

"We found the fish at dinner so delicious that we asked to have some for our breakfast the next morning. Scarcely had we expressed these gastronomic desires, when the mistress of the house summoned an attendant of about eighteen or twenty years of age, who discharged in the inn the various functions of butler, scullion, waiter, and 'boots.' He came half asleep and received the order, in spite of some very expressive yawns, the only opposition that the poor devil dared offer to his mistress's commands; 'Go, you idle knave,' said she to Maurice, for so this functionary was named, '*take your lantern and bill-hook, and be quick.*'

"*A lantern and bill-hook to fish with!* From that moment it was all over with Maurice, for I was seized with an irresistible desire of seeing fishing managed like fagot-making.

"Maurice heaved a profound sigh; for he thought that he had no hope but in God, and God had seen him so often in the same predicament without extricating him, that there was little chance of a miracle in his favour.

"He took then, with the energy of despair, a bill-hook which hung in the midst of the kitchen utensils, and a lantern of such singular shape that it merits a detailed description. It was a globe of horn, like the round lamps we suspend from our ceilings, to which was fixed a tin tube about a yard long, of the thickness and shape of a broom-handle. As the globe was hermetically closed, the wick which burned in the inside received air only through the tube, and could neither be extinguished by the wind nor the rain.

"'Are you coming then?' said Maurice, having made his preparations, and seeing me getting ready to follow.

"'Assuredly,' I replied, 'this mode of fishing appears to me very original.'

"'Aye, aye,' grumbled he between his teeth, 'it is very original to see a poor devil groping in water up to his waist, when he ought to be asleep in hay up to his chin. Will you take a bill-hook and lantern, and fish likewise, it will be then still more original.'—p. 136—138.

The voice of his mistress, sounding in the distance like the muttered thunder before a storm, cut short the dialogue. Away started Maurice at full speed, pursued by Dumas, eager to learn the mode of fishing with a lantern and bill-hook. Maurice had got a considerable start; his waving light in the distance looked like an *ignis fatuus*, and was just as treacherous a guide: ere Dumas had advanced many paces, he tripped over some harness and rolled in the dust and gravel, deriving from the former a complete covering from head to foot, while the latter converted his hands into as pretty a piece of mosaic as could be desired. Maurice was with difficulty induced to halt, and his consolation to the unfortunate traveller was the moral lesson—

"'See now the consequence of going fishing at half-past nine at night.'—p. 142.

They soon reached a mountain stream, issuing from a distant bed of snow, and Maurice, to the great surprise of his companion, began gravely to strip, and invited Dumas to follow his example:

"'Are you really going into the water?' said I.

"'How can you have trout for your breakfast if I do not catch it.'

"'But I have no intention of fishing.'

"'You came to see me fish, did you not?'

"'Certainly.'

"'Well then, off with your pantaloons—but perhaps you had rather wade with pantaloons—you are free to do so—there is no disputing about taste.'

* * * * *

" 'This water is frozen !' said I.

" ' It comes from the bed of snow, about half a league off,' he replied, missing the force of my exclamation.

" ' But, Maurice—I will not hear of your going into this water.'

" ' Did you not say that you wished for trout at breakfast to-morrow morning ?'

" ' Certainly' I replied, ' but I did not know that the gratification of my whim would require that a man, that you, Maurice, should go up to your middle in this icy stream, at the risk of dying of dysentery within a week—Come away, Maurice, come away.'

" ' And what will the mistress say ?'

" ' I take all that upon myself—Come away.'

" ' That cannot be,' said Maurice, stepping into the water.

" ' How cannot be ?'

" ' Certainly. You are not the only traveller fond of trout.'"—pp. 145—149.

Maurice then proceeds to deliver a philippic against the perversity of travellers' tastes; they love trout, and hence he is driven, at the risk of life, to fish by night in snow-water; they love the chamois, and in consequence, Maurice's fellow-servant, Peter, is forced to risk his neck over frightful precipices. Dumas indulges in some very profound reflections on the condition of humanity, but his reveries are interrupted by the extraordinary fishery he witnesses :

" During this time, Maurice, who had no suspicion of the reflections his conversation suggested, had waded up to his middle in the stream, and commenced a fishery, of which I had before no notion, and which I would scarcely have believed possible had I not witnessed it. The lantern with its long tube was designed to explore the bed of the torrent, whilst the pipe rising above the surface of the water afforded sufficient air to support the flame of the wick. In this manner, the bed of the stream was revealed by a circle of weak and wavering light, diminishing in brilliancy as it receded from the luminous centre. The trout within the circle, attracted by the light, swam towards the globe like moths fluttering round a candle; then Maurice slowly lifted the lamp with his left hand, while the fish followed the light; as each trout came to the surface, Maurice struck it so adroitly with his bill-hook on the head, that it fell stunned to the bottom, whence it soon rose dead and bloody, and was immediately removed to the pouch which Maurice wore like a game-bag suspended from his shoulders."—p. 151.

Dumas attempted to imitate Maurice; he caught—one small trout, and a very bad cold.

We pass with some reluctance over the visit to the salt mines of Bex, in order to arrive at Martigny, and have our share in the bear-steak, or as our traveller rather Hibernically terms it, *le beef-steak d'ours*, furnished by a liberal host. Dumas at first was rated very low by mine host, because he was a pedestrian whose

attire bore evident marks of service; but he won favour by means which we fear would have failed to propitiate the keeper of a hotel in England. But let us give the scene, instead of describing it.

“ ‘ Will Monsieur take a guide to show him the castle, and explain to him the era of its foundation ? ’

“ ‘ Thanks ; I can find my road alone ; with respect to the age of your castle, it was founded by Peter of Savoy, surnamed the Great, if I remember right, towards the close of the twelfth century. ’

“ ‘ Monsieur knows our history as well as we do. ’

“ I thanked him for his intention, as he manifestly thought that he was paying a compliment.

“ ‘ Oh ! ’ he resumed, ‘ our country was famous formerly ; it had a Latin name, sustained great wars, and was the residence of a Roman emperor. ’

“ ‘ Yes, ’ replied I, allowing learning to flow from my lips like the professor in the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. ‘ Yes, Martigny is the Octodurum of the Celts, and its present inhabitants are descended from the Veragrians, of whom Cæsar, Pliny, Strabo, and Livy, speak, calling them Semi-Germans. About fifty years before Jesus Christ, Sergius Galba, the Lieutenant of Cæsar, was besieged there by the Sedumians. It was there the tyrant Maximian wished to make his army sacrifice to the heathen deities, which caused the martyrdom of St. Maurice, and the entire Theban legion. Finally, when Petronius, the prætorian prefect, was charged to divide Gaul into seventeen provinces, he separated the *Valais* from Italy, and made your town the capital of the Pennine Alps.—Is it not so, my good host ? ’ ”—pp. 187—189.

The host was stupified with admiration ; he gazed on the traveller as Meg Merrilies may be supposed to have done on Guy Mannering when he delivered his celebrated lecture on astrology, and had not recovered his speech until the historian had reached the street. There Dumas heard the room ordered for him which the Empress Maria-Louisa had occupied in 1829 ; no trifling reward for his literature, as those can well testify who have had the misfortune of becoming acquainted with the nameless abominations of ordinary Swiss beds.

After a long excursion, Dumas returned to the inn fatigued and hungry. He found the *table d'hôte* occupied, but the effects of his pedantic display were visible in a separate table, on which was laid that delicacy which Apicius himself might envy—a *filet d'ours*. Dumas, to whom the name of bear recalled the association which the Nevilles of Warwick placed in their coat of arms, “ the bear and ragged staff,” hesitated, before venturing on the unknown luxury. The first morsel was swallowed, the second

disappeared, and so delicious was it found, that Dumas could not forbear exclaiming :

“ ‘ How, can this be bear's flesh ?’

“ ‘ Yes, just bear's flesh.’

“ ‘ Really ?’

“ ‘ On my word of honour.’

“ ‘ Well, it is really excellent.’—p. 194.

The host was called away to the other table, and Dumas did that justice to his steak, which might be expected from one whose carnivorous prowess had led to his being described as “ the Englishman who spoke French very well.” Three-fourths of the dish had disappeared, when mine host returned and resumed the conversation :

“ ‘ That animal with which you are engaged was a famous beast.’

“ I assented by a nod.

“ ‘ He weighed three hundred and twenty.’

“ ‘ A good weight.’ I did not lose a single mouthful.

“ ‘ He was not obtained without trouble, I can assure you.’

“ ‘ I can easily believe it.’ I raised the last morsel to my mouth.

“ ‘ The fine fellow ate half of the hunter that killed him.’

“ The morsel flew from my mouth as if shot from a cannon. ‘ Devil take you !’ said I, turning round, ‘ for joking in this way with a man at dinner.’

“ ‘ It is no joke, I assure you, but a positive fact.’—p. 197.

Mine host then gives his guest so graphic a picture of the bear-hunt, that long before the conclusion of his story all feelings of squeamishness are forgotten.

We should gladly accompany our tourist in his ascent of Mont Blanc, had not the name become so hackneyed by recent travellers that we rarely hear it pronounced without a yawn. The visit to the *hospice* of St. Bernard begins in farce and ends in tragedy, an arrangement with which we feel dissatisfied, and therefore we make our bow to Alexander Dumas, saying with sincerity :

————— Long live he !

And when he next shall ride abroad,
May we be there to see !

ART. VI.—*Goethe's Nachgelassene Werke* (Goethe's Posthumous Works). Bände VI. to XV. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1833.

THE arrival, unaccountably late, of the last Delivery (*Lieferung*) of Goethe's Posthumous Works, at length enables us to continue and finish our account of them. Ten volumes, we fairly own, seem rather too much to be dispatched in an article; but it must be borne in mind that they are principally made up of detached pieces of poetry and prose—the poetry mostly lyrical, the prose mostly critical notices of books or productions in art—which it would be useless to attempt describing otherwise than *en masse* in any case. The same causes, therefore, which in our remarks on the first Delivery laid us under the necessity of confining ourselves almost exclusively to a single volume (that containing the Second Part of Faust), will compel us in the present instance to render a single volume (the one containing the new *Dichtung und Wahrheit*) the staple of our article, since it is really the only one of the set which possesses the two essential qualities of continuity and interest. This, however, will appear more clearly as we proceed.

The sixth volume contains a collection of criticisms on classical and foreign (other than German) literature, in the following order: Greek, French, English, Italian, Oriental.

The subjects discussed under the head of Greek Literature, are: Parody amongst the Ancients; the Tragic Tetralogy of the Greeks; the disputed passage in Aristotle as to the object of tragedy; Plato considered as cotemporary with a Christian revelation; the Phædon and the Bacchanals of Euripides; and “Homer once again.” “From my youth upwards,” says Goethe, “have I striven to familiarize myself as much as possible with Grecian art and the Grecian spirit, and I am assured by persons to be depended upon that I have succeeded pretty well.” This is proved by the essays now before us, but there is nothing well adapted, by comprehensiveness of view or striking originality, for a specimen.

The French department contains, first, a curious paper on *Rameau's Nephew*; a dialogue freely discussing the characters and literary pretensions of the principal French writers of the eighteenth century, originally composed in French by Diderot, and translated into German at Schiller's suggestion by Goethe from a manuscript copy prior to its publication in France, which threw for a length of time a strong shade of doubt upon the authorship.* Most of the other papers relate to French translations or adaptations of Goethe's works, which, soon after the publication of Madame de Stael's Germany, began to be studied in France with a zeal little inferior

* See the work characterised in the article on *Diderot*, in our eleventh vol. p. 312.

to that at present prevailing in England. One of Ladvocat's most praiseworthy and public spirited undertakings, was a collection of the principal dramatic works of all nations; and three octavo volumes were devoted to Goethe, who speaks with high praise of the execution. He also warmly commends the illustrations of *Faust* by Lacroix, published as an accompaniment to Mr. Stapfer's translation. A few pages are devoted to the *Livre des Cent et Un*, and there is a short notice of Taschereau's *Life of Molière*, which formed the subject of one of Sir Walter Scott's (we presume we may now say) delightful articles for this journal.*

The papers on English matters which have been deemed worthy of republication, are on the following subjects: Don Juan, Manfred, Cain, Goethe's relations with Lord Byron, Scott's Napoleon, Carlyle's *Life of Schiller*, Carlyle's *German Romance*, Moir's *Translation of Wallenstein*, the *Edinburgh, Foreign, and Foreign Quarterly Reviews*, the *Foreign Quarterly Review* for July 1827 (No. I.), and Mr. Hood's *Whims and Oddities*.

The paper on Don Juan is prefaced by a translation (not a very successful one) of the first five stanzas, and after speaking in the highest terms of the power displayed in the poem, concludes with the following odd apology for his recommendation of it: "Upon closer consideration, however, perhaps no particular injury to morality is any longer to be apprehended from reprints of such poems, since poets and writers must work wonders, to be more injurious to morals than the journals of the day." The paper on Manfred (which Goethe speaks of as originated by Faust) is principally remarkable for a strange instance of the writer's credulity. He relates, apparently with implicit faith in the anecdote, of Lord Byron, that the noble poet in early youth had gained the affections of a Florentine lady, whose husband discovered the intrigue and murdered her, but was himself found dead the very same night in the street, leaving no mark or sign by which the assassin could be traced. Lord Byron, so goes the story, fled from Florence, and was haunted all the rest of his life by the spectres of the slain. We have heard, on good authority, that nothing pleased Lord Byron better than to be thus identified with one of his favourite heroes, the Giaour. The notice of Cain consists of a translation of part of an article in the *Moniteur*, with a short analysis and a few laudatory remarks. It concludes rather singularly: "Here a fair friend, talented, and united with me in high esteem for Byron, exclaimed: every thing that can be said, religious or moral, in the world, is contained in the three last words of the piece."

The paper headed "Relations to Byron," gives a pleasing account of the relations which actually subsisted between the two poets. It seems that, from the time Byron first grew into fame, Goethe had followed his career with the deepest interest, and that Byron on his part was inspired with vivid feelings of admiration for Goethe; though, not knowing German, he must have taken the larger part of his great cotemporary's claims to immortality upon trust. It was Byron's original intention to dedicate *Sardanapalus* to Goethe; and a copy of the intended dedication was actually forwarded to Weimar, where a lithographed fac simile of it still exists. This intention, from some unknown cause, was dropped, but the promised compliment was subsequently paid by the dedication of *Werner*, which runs thus: "To the Illustrious Goethe, by one of his humblest admirers, this Tragedy is dedicated," a mark of attention which Goethe sought the earliest opportunity to reciprocate. When, therefore, in the spring of 1823, a young Englishman,* described in the book before us as of pleasing exterior and agreeable manners, arrived at Weimar on his way from Genoa, bringing with him a few lines of introduction from Lord Byron to Goethe, and a report about the same time began to circulate that the noble poet was about to set forth on an expedition into Greece, "longer delay seemed culpable, and three hastily composed stanzas, expressive of the most heartfelt sympathy, were dispatched. They did not reach Genoa till he had left, but overtook him at Leghorn on the 24th July 1823, as he was about to set sail, just time enough to admit of a cordial and very flattering reply." This was the last communication that ever took place between them.

The article headed Scott's *Life of Napoleon*, contains only a few general remarks, seemingly intended to be prefixed to a review; remarks highly commendatory of the work, which, indeed, notwithstanding the attacks in the French journals and from other quarters, has been constantly rising in character from the year of its publication to this. The testimony of a man like Goethe, a cool dispassionate observer of events,—whose long life, as he observes, had been so distributed, that, at the age of twenty he found himself in the presence of Paoli, and at sixty in the presence of Napoleon—must also stand for something, when the general accuracy of Sir Walter's views is brought into question.

Goethe's opinion of Carlyle's *Life of Schiller* is precisely that which all competent judges have formed of it: "It is worthy of admiration how the writer has attained to a satisfying insight into the character and exalted merit of this man, so clear and so just as

* Mr. Sterling, late of St. Mary Hall, Oxford.

was hardly to be expected from the distance. Here, however, an old observation is confirmed: good-will leads to perfect knowledge. For it is precisely because the Scotchman recognizes the German with cordiality, honours and loves him, that he acquires the surest knowledge of his excellent qualities, and is enabled to raise himself to a clearness, as respects his subject, which the countrymen of the great departed were in former times utterly unable to reach." The rest of the article consists of some prefatory remarks written by Goethe for the German translation of the *Life*, and a highly interesting correspondence between the author and himself.

German Romance, being a selection from Musæus, Tieck, Hofmann, Jean Paul Richter, De la Motte Fouqué and Goethe, is another of Carlyle's works, meriting and receiving the highest praise in the course of the few pages devoted to it. His high commendation of Mr. Moir's translation of *Wallenstein* was transferred to our pages (vol. iii. p. 331) at the time of its appearance in the *Kunst und Alterthum*.

In the paper headed "Edinburgh Review, and Foreign and Foreign Quarterly Reviews," he speaks most encouragingly to ourselves; giving us credit at that time for diligence, discernment, comprehensive views and enterprize, in an undertaking to which the enlightened men of all countries must wish well, since the main object of our publication is to bring such men better acquainted with one another, and universalize (if such a word may be hazarded) the discoveries and researches of each of them.* The paper in our first Number, on The Supernatural in Fictitious Composition, by Sir Walter Scott, appears to have attracted the particular attention of Goethe. In his remarks on *Whims and Oddities*, he shows a sense of English humour rarely to be met with in a foreigner.

Italian literature, the fourth division of the volume, consists merely of a few general remarks on Dante, and a short announcement of a journal commenced in 1828 at Milan.

Oriental literature, the fifth division, contains a notice of *Toutinamék*, translated by Iken, with additions by Kosegarten, and a notice of the *Lied der Liebe* (Lay of Love), translated and illustrated by Dr. Umbreit.

Popular Poetry, the sixth and last division, contains notices of Servian poetry, including Dr. Bowring's *Translations*; as also of Bohemian, modern Greek, and Chinese poetry. The volume ends with a short paper on what he terms Individual Poetry, i. e.:

* May we hope that the public appreciation of our labours during a seven years' career, has ratified the meed of approbation bestowed upon them by this great man, at its very commencement?

that description of poetry in which the situation or feelings of the individual are described, as (to give his own instances) Voss's *Luise*, or his own *Hermann and Dorothea*.

The seventh volume is entirely filled with short pieces of poetry under various titles, as "Youthful Verses," "Lays for Lovers," "Holiday Verses," "Verses on Pictures," "Dedication and Remembrance Verses," "Zahme Xenien," &c. &c., many of them of striking beauty, and almost all remarkable for graceful ease and idiomatic felicity.*

The eighth volume is, in our opinion, by a great deal the most interesting of the set, as it contains another part of the *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, the title by which it was the author's pleasure to designate his autobiography. The earlier parts are principally known in this country by a translation published in 1824 under the title of *Memoirs of Goethe*, and a critical abstract of the original in the *Edinburgh Review*. Unfortunately for Goethe, the translator did not understand a word of German, and translated from a very bad French translation, whilst the critic seems to have made it his main object to render the poet ridiculous. It is currently related, though we cannot vouch for the anecdote, that Goethe, to express in the strongest manner his contempt for the article, caused it to be reprinted in Germany, with some such heading or title as the following: "This is what the English call criticism." Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that, as regards England, his confessions (they well merit the name for the frankness and fulness with which his feelings are disclosed, though in all other respects differing widely from Rousseau's,) were made under the worst possible auspices, and it may therefore be as well to assure the general reader, upon the faith of our own literary credit and veracity, that they really form a most amusing and instructive book; abounding in curious anecdotes, strange adventures, vivid descriptions, acute criticisms, and animated narratives, and often placing in new, peculiar and very striking lights, not merely the writer himself, but most of the literary magnates of his day.† In composing it, too, Goethe

* A tasteful selection from Goethe's lyrical poems, originally printed for private circulation, has been recently published at Eton, with remarkably well executed English and Italian translations of some of the most beautiful. The public are indebted for this elegant little work to the Rev. E. C. Hawtrey, of Eton college, one of the most accomplished scholars of the day. It is intitled *Auswahl von Goethe's lyrischen Gedichten. Zweite Ausgabe*.

† Byron, according to Captain Medwin, said he once offered £100 to any one who would translate the Autobiography for his own private reading; but since Sir John Hobhouse's denial (in the *Westminster Review*) of many of the most material statements contained in Captain Medwin's *Conversations*, there is no knowing how much of

has constantly infringed the rule which on all other occasions he prescribed to himself—to give no explanations of the circumstances by which his works were originated, or of the allusions contained in them. The First Part, which breaks off abruptly, brings down his history to some time in 1775 or 1776: the Second Part, of which only one volume was published, contains merely his Tour in Italy in 1786: the volume before us is rather a supplement than a continuation to these; its object, as explained in the preface, being “to take up again all the main threads together by degrees, and bring forward as well persons as reflections and actions, in a legitimate and sound succession.” Our own object will be to extract the most remarkable passages from the mass.

The book begins with some reflections on Spinoza, expressive of the high honour with which Goethe regarded him. So unremitting, indeed, was his study of this philosopher at an early period of life, that Herder is said to have once exclaimed to him: “Why you literally never read any other Latin book but Spinoza.” These reflections serve as an introduction to some curious particulars relating to his own mental developement:

“I had come to consider my own indwelling poetical talent as nature, by so much the more as I was led to look upon external nature as its opposite. The exercise of this poetical endowment might, it is true, be excited and directed by the occasion; but it came forth most gladly and richly without any act of volition, nay, even contrary to my will—

O'er field and forest straying,
My lyre by snatches playing,
So past the hours away.

“As I lay awake at night also, it fell out in the same manner; and I was often inclined, like one of my predecessors, to have a leathern jacket made, and accustom myself to fix in the dark what broke forth unexpectedly.

“I was so accustomed to say over a song to myself, without being able to recover it a second time, that I once hurried off to the desk and did not even allow myself time to place a cross-lying sheet of paper straight, but wrote down the poem from beginning to end diagonally, without moving from the spot. In this mood I much preferred the pencil, which gave out its marks more readily; for it sometimes happened that the scraping and squirting of the pen awoke me from my night-walking poetisings, distracted me, and stifled a little production in the birth. I had a particular reverence for such poetisings, for I felt towards them much the same as the hen feels towards the chickens

them can be depended upon. Lady Blessington's, on the contrary, present the strongest internal evidence of authenticity; and Byron was just the man to talk his best, with a beautiful and accomplished woman, habituated to the tone of his own class of society, for a listener.

she sees hatched and chirping round her. My early wish to communicate such matters by readings only, was renewed; but to barter them for gold seemed absolutely shocking. And here I will allude to an incident, which, in truth, happened somewhat later. As my works came to be more and more inquired after, nay, a collection of them to be called for, whilst the feelings just mentioned restrained me myself from originating it, Himberg availed himself of my hesitation, and I unexpectedly received some copies of my collected works. Most insolently did this uninvited publisher venture to boast of such a service performed towards the public at my expense, and offered, if I required it, to send me some Berlin porcelain by way of compensation. On this occasion it occurred to me that the Jews of Berlin, when they married, were compelled to take a certain quantity of porcelain, in order that the royal manufacture might have a certain demand. The contempt which I felt for this shameless pirate, enabled me to overcome the displeasure which I could not but feel at the robbery. I gave him no answer, but whilst he was benefiting by my property, I quietly revenged myself with the following verses. [Here follow twelve lines of satirical verses upon Himberg.]

“ Since, however, the nature, which spontaneously brought forth in such greater and lesser works of the kind, often reposed in protracted pauses, and for a long space I was not in a condition to produce anything, even when I wished it, and was consequently the oftener exposed to ennui,—along with this strong opposition, the thought occurred to me whether I ought not, on the other side, to employ what was manlike, reasonable, and distinct in me for my own and others’ good, and (as I had often done already, and as I was more and more called upon to do) devote the intervening time to the business of the world, and so leave none of my powers inactive. I found this, which seemed to proceed from those general conceptions, so much in harmony with my being and with my position, that I formed the resolution to act in this manner, and thereby to fix my hitherto wavering and hesitating tendencies. Very pleasing was it to me to think that I might demand actual remuneration for actual services from mankind, and, on the other hand, continue to expend that delightful natural gift, disinterestedly, like a holy thing. By this consideration I saved myself from the bitterness which might otherwise have been produced in me, when I was compelled to observe, that this very so sought-after and admired talent is treated in Germany as without the pale and protection of the law. For not in Berlin only was piracy regarded as something allowable, nay, pleasant, but the deservedly honoured and applauded Margrave of Baden, and the Emperor Joseph, of whom the warmest expectations had been justified, favoured, the one his Macklot, the other his von Frattner; and it was avowed, that the rights and property of genius were unconditionally surrendered as a prey to mechanics and manufacturers.

“ As I was once complaining of this to a visitor from Baden, he related to me as follows:—That the Margravine, a bustling active lady, had also established a paper manufacture, but that the paper had turned

out so bad, that it could nowhere be disposed of. Thereupon the bookseller Macklot proposed to print the German poets and prose writers upon this paper, in order thereby to raise its value a little. With open arms was this proposal received. I declared this malicious calumny to be an invention, it is true, but rejoiced in it notwithstanding. The name of Macklot was at the same time denounced as a name of dishonour, and repeatedly used in connection with mean transactions. And thus did thoughtless youth, which was often driven to borrow whilst meanness was enriched by its talents, find itself sufficiently indemnified by a few happy sallies.*

This description of his own peculiarities exactly coincides with much that other men of genius have recorded of themselves. Thus, we find Pope complaining, in one of his letters, that he had been three weeks waiting for his imagination; and Coleridge was probably actuated by the same conviction as to the necessity of allowing the creative power to lie fallow occasionally, when (in the *Biographia Literaria*) he gives it as his opinion that literary pursuits may be best pursued in conjunction with some regular profession or business. The description of the haste required to prevent poetical conceptions from escaping, may also be paralleled from the Life of Pope, who was constantly calling up the servants to supply him with writing materials in the night. That so trifling a circumstance as the crackling of a pen may influence the workings of genius, is an observation which a whole host of analogies might be cited to confirm.

Goethe was subsequently compensated in some measure for his losses by piracy, by a patent of protection, extending over the whole of Germany, for his works. We have always thought that not merely the whole of Germany, but the whole of Europe, (and it would be desirable even to comprise America in the league,) should combine for the purpose of securing to authors and artists the full property in their works.

We have next an account of the spirited part he took in extinguishing a fire which had broken out in the Jewish quarter of Frankfort, and a sketch of the scene with his mother upon the ice, preserved by Mrs. Austin in her *Characteristics*. Then, prefatory to a brief account of his own manners, occurs a judicious reflection on the distracting influence of society, which we shall set down for the advantage of the rising generation of writers and artists :—

“ A clever Frenchman has said, whenever a man of talent has drawn the public attention on himself by a work of merit, people do their best

* Thinking it more important to illustrate Goethe's peculiarities than to write flowingly, we translate, in most instances, as literally as we can.

to hinder him from ever producing anything of the same order again. It is but too true : if any thing good or talented is produced in the quiet retirement of youth, encouragement is gained, but independence lost ; concentrated power is worried into dissipation, because people think they can pluck off something from its personality, and appropriate it to themselves. In this sense I received many invitations, or not properly invitations,—a friend, an acquaintance, proposed, often indeed more than pressingly, to introduce me into this house or that."

Few questions have been more anxiously discussed, particularly as regards artists, than this :—whether they should or should not mix much in society. The negative has been eloquently maintained by Mrs. Jameson, in a passage which, as it is written with peculiar reference to Germany, we shall extract :—

ALDA.

" Would you send a young artist, more particularly a young sculptor, to study the human nature of London or Paris? to seek the ideal among shop-girls and opera-dancers? Or the sublime and beautiful among the frivolous and degraded of one sex, the money-making or brutalized of the other? Is it from the man who has steeped his youthful prime in vulgar dissipation by way of " seeing life," as it is called, who has courted patronage at the convivial board, that you shall require that union of lofty enthusiasm and patient industry which are necessary first to conceive the grand and the poetical, then consume long years in shaping out his creation in the everlasting marble?

MEDON.

" But how is the sculptor himself to live during those long years? It must needs be a hard struggle. I have heard young artists say that they have been forced on a dissipated life, merely as a means of " getting on in the world," as the phrase is.

ALDA.

" So have I. It is so base a plea, that when I hear it, I generally regard it as the excuse for dissipations already perverted. The men who talk thus are doomed ; they will either creep through life in mediocrity and dependance to their grave, or, at the best, if they have parts as well as cunning and assurance, they make themselves the fashion, and make their fortune ; they may be clever portrait painters and bust makers, but when they attempt to soar into the historical and ideal department of their art, they move the laughter of gods and men ; to them the higher holier fountains of inspiration are thenceforth sealed.

MEDON.

" But think of the temptations of society?

ALDA.

" I think of those who have overcome them. ' Great men have been among us,' though they be rare. Have we not a Flaxman? But the artist must choose where he will worship. He cannot serve God and mammon. That man of genius who thinks he can tamper with his glorious gifts, and for a season indulge in social excesses, stoop from his

high calling to the dregs of earth, abandon himself to the stream of common life, and trust to his native powers to bring him up again; O believe it, he plays a desperate game, one that in nearly ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is fatal."

Again,

"I do maintain that in these latter times we have artists, who in genius, in the power of looking at nature, and in manual skill, are not beneath the great ancients, but their works are found wanting in comparison, they have fallen short of the models their early ambition set before them; and why? because, having genius they want the moral grandeur that should accompany it, and have neglected the training of their own minds from necessity, or from dissipation, or from pride, so that having imagination and skill, they have yet wanted the materials out of which to work. *Recollect that the great artists of old were not mere painters or mere sculptors, who were nothing except with the pencil or the chisel in their hand. They were philosophers, scholars, poets, musicians, noble beings, whose eyes were not ever on themselves, but who looked above, before, and after.* Our modern artists turn coxcombs, and then fancy themselves like *Rafaelle*; or they are greedy of present praise, or greedy of gain; or they will not pay the price for immortality, or they have sold their glorious birthright of fame for a mess of pottage."

This is eloquent, and true in the main, but somewhat one-sided; it seems hardly fair in the accomplished writer, to assume that all social pleasures have a corrupting tendency, and must be taken to excess. Besides, the history of art will hardly bear out the theory. The authoress of the *Diary of an Ennuyée* tells us that Guido was a gambler, and Titian a gay voluptuary; whilst we know from other sources that Vandyke was the very prince of coxcombs, whose eyes were ever on himself.*

* His portrait of himself at Wilton House would be alone sufficient to establish the fact, were it not a clear matter of history. We are tempted by the analogy of the subject to make another extract from Mrs. Jameson's exquisite Sketches:—

"This last phrase (*das ist eine Natur*) threw me back upon my remembrances. I thought of the daughter-in-law of the poet, the trusted friend, the constant companion, the devoted and careful nurse of his last years. It accounted for the unrivalled influence which apparently she possessed, I will not say over his mind, but in his mind, in his affections; for in her he found truly *eine Natur*, a piece of nature which could bear even his microscopic examination. All other beings who approached Goethe either were or had been, or might be, more or less modified by the action of that universal and master spirit. Consciously or unconsciously, in love or in fear, they bowed down before him, and gave up their individuality, or forgot it in his presence; they took the bent he chose to impress, or the colour he chose to throw upon them. Their minds, in presence of his, were as opake bodies in the sun, absorbing in different degrees, reflecting in various hues, his vital beams; but her's was in comparison like a transparent medium, through which the rays of that luminary passed, pervading and enlightening, but leaving no other trace. Conceive a woman, a young, accomplished, enthusiastic woman, who had qualities to attach, talents to amuse, and capacity to appreciate, Goethe; who, for fourteen or fifteen years, could exist in daily, hourly communication with that gigantic spirit, yet retain, from first to last, the most perfect simplicity of character, and this less from the strength than from the purity and delicacy of the original texture.

To return to Goethe.—The chapter closes with a detailed account of an oculist's expedition to Frankfort, and an unsuccessful operation performed by him.

The beginning and a large part of the next chapter (B. 17.) are occupied by reminiscences of Lilli, one of the most celebrated of his loves, interspersed with expressions of feeling with which all who were ever similarly situated will sympathize. For example:—

“A reciprocal want, a habit of seeing each other, now grew up; but how many a day, how many an evening, should I not have been obliged to renounce, had I not been able to make up my mind to see her in her own circles! From this cause arose much that was disagreeable. My relation to Lilli was from person to person; to a lovely, amiable, accomplished daughter; it resembled my earlier relations, and yet was of a higher kind. On external circumstances, however, or the mingling and remingling of a social state, I had never thought. An unconquerable longing had gained the mastery; I could not exist without her, nor she without me, but in the company and under the influence of particular members of her circle, what days and hours of disappointment occurred!”

These feelings vent themselves in two pages of verse, which are inserted. He then digresses to describe the pleasures of Offenbach, with the doings of the Frankfort theatre. We are warned, however, not lightly to suppose that all his time at this period was absorbed in gadding about, theatricals, and love-making:—

“Men and women were eagerly busied in their circle of duty. I

Those oft-abused words, *naïve*, *naïveté*, were more applicable to her in their fullest sense than to any other woman I ever met with. Her conversation was the most untiring I ever enjoyed, because the stores which fed that flowing eloquence were all native and unborrowed; you were not borne along by it as by a torrent, *bongré*, *malgré*, nor dazzled as by an artificial jet d'eau set to play for your amusement. There was the obvious wish to please, a little natural coquetterie, vivacity without effort, sentiment without affectation, exceeding mobility, which yet never looked like caprice, and the most consummate refinement of thought and feeling and expression. From that really elegant and highly-toned mind nothing flippant nor harsh could ever proceed; slander died away in her presence; what was evil she would not hear of; what was malicious she would not understand; what was ridiculous she would not see. Sometimes there was a wild, artless fervour in her impulses and feelings which might have become a feather-cinctured Indian on her savannah; then the next moment her bearing reminded you of the court-bred lady of the bed-chamber. Quick in perception, yet femininely confiding, uniting a sort of restless vivacity with an indolent gracefulness, she appeared to me the far most poetical and genuine being of my own sex I ever knew in highly cultivated life; one to whom no wrong could teach mistrust, no injury, bitterness; one to whom the common-place realities, the vulgar necessary cares of existence, were but too indifferent; who was in reality all that other women try to appear, and betrayed with a careless independence what they most wish to conceal. I draw from the life.”—(*Visits and Sketches*, &c. by Mrs. Jameson.) This work, in addition to its other merits, is perfectly unique and consequently invaluable in one respect: it contains the only account we have of German Art.

too neglected not, with reference to the present and the future, to attend to what was incumbent on me, and still found time enough to perform what talent and passion were irresistibly urging me to. The earliest hours of my morning were due to poetry; the forenoon belonged to worldly business, which was dispatched in an altogether peculiar manner. My father, a sound, nay elegant jurist, himself managed the business which as well the administration of his own property as his connection with esteemed friends imposed upon him, and although his situation as Imperial Councillor did not permit him to practise, he still acted as legal adviser to many of his intimates, the writings which he prepared being subscribed by a regular advocate. This activity of his was increased by my co-operation, and I could see that he prized my talents higher than my practice, and on that account did every thing in his power to leave me time enough for my poetical studies and works. Sound and able, but slow in conception and execution, he studied the proceedings as referendary; when we met he laid the matter before me, and the preparation was dispatched by me with such facility, as to inspire him with the highest fatherly joy, nor on one occasion did he refrain from exclaiming, that he should envy me, were I unconnected with him."

The next fifteen pages are devoted to Lilli, to whom, about this time, he was formally engaged. One of this young lady's fancies, which seems to have had peculiar attractions for him, is singular:—

"It had its origin in an extremely charming breach of good manners, of which she was once guilty, when a stranger sitting near her at table introduced some unbefitting topic. Without the slightest change in her fascinating features, she passed her right hand gracefully over the tablecloth, and quietly threw every thing upon the floor which she reached by this gentle movement—I know not precisely what—knife, fork, bread, salt-cellar, even some of the things assigned for her neighbour's use. Every body was startled, the servants ran up, nobody knew what to make of it, except the observing few, who rejoiced to see an impropriety so prettily suppressed. Thus, then, was a symbol discovered for the averting of any thing disagreeable, which is often liable to occur in good, honest, estimable, well-conducted, but not thoroughly polished, society. The motion with the right hand, as a sign of aversion, we all allowed ourselves; the actual sweeping away of objects she herself subsequently indulged only in moderation and with good taste."

One incident, forming part of this love-affair, deserves to be recorded, as an illustration of Goethe's facility in the conception and execution of a plot.

Lilli had promised to celebrate her seventeenth birthday (June 23d, 1775,) with Goethe and a party at Offenbach. On the eve of the celebration, however, her brother arrived with a message from her, intimating that she could not possibly come before the evening, and earnestly entreating Goethe to invent some mode of glossing over or excusing her absence.

"I was silent a moment, but had collected myself on the instant, and as if by heavenly inspiration, divined what was to be done. 'Quick,' said I, 'George, and tell her to make herself quite easy, but be sure to come towards evening: I promise her that this very mishap shall be turned into a source of gladness.' The lad was curious, and wished to know how? This was firmly refused him, although he readily availed himself of all those arts and influences which a brother of her we love may venture on employing. So soon as he was gone, I paced up and down, with singular self-complacency, in my room; and with the glad free feeling that here was an opportunity of showing myself her servant in the most brilliant manner, I bound together several sheets of paper with handsome silk, such as befitted an occasional poem, and hastened to write the title: '*She Comes Not*, a tragic family piece, which will be represented in the most natural manner on the 23d of June, at Offenbach on the Main. The representation will last from morning till evening.' "

The piece was completed by the morning; it went off to admiration; and the author, according to his own account, was rewarded by his mistress (who had stayed away merely on account of some rumours relating to their intimacy) as she only could reward him. It is remarkable that *Clavijo* was the result of a similar fit of gallantry. On the appearance of Beaumarchais's *Memoir*, which forms the groundwork of the piece, a young lady, with whom Goethe was flirting at the time, expressed a wish to see it dramatised: he undertook the task, and within eight days completed it. The text of *She Comes Not* has unfortunately been lost.

He quits, with evident reluctance, his relations with Lilli, to furnish some particulars regarding his own peculiar position, as influenced by the state of public affairs at this period of his life. Frederick II., he says, reposing upon his strength, seemed still to wave off the destiny of Europe and mankind, whilst Catherine, by her wars with Turkey, afforded a wide field for enterprise. Corsica and Paoli, America and Washington, were by turns attracting the attention of the world; and affairs in France were ripening towards a crisis, though the patriotic views of the young king still afforded the fairest hopes of averting it. "In all these occurrences, however, I interested myself so far only as they interested society at large: I myself and my narrow circle meddled not with newspapers or news; our business was to become acquainted with man in the abstract; men in the concrete might act as they pleased." It is remarkable that the same indifference was manifested by him through life. As many have blamed him for it, we shall copy the explanation volunteered by one of the ablest of his advocates and most attached of his friends:—

"Goethe," says Von Müller, "has often been reproached with taking little interest in the political forms of his country; with having failed to raise his voice in moments of the greatest political excitement; and with having even, on several occasions, showed himself disinclined to liberal opinions. It certainly lay not in his nature to strive after a political activity, the primary conditions of which were incompatible with the sphere of existence he had made his own, and the consequences of which were not within his ken. From his elevated point of view, history appeared to him nothing more than a record of an eternally repeated, nay, necessary conflict between the follies and passions of men and the nobler interests of civilization; he knew too well the dangers, or, at least, the very problematical results, of uncalled-for interference; he would not suffer the pure elements of his thoughts and works to be troubled by the confused and tumultuous incidents of the day; still less would he permit himself to be made the mouth-piece of a party, in spite of Gall's declaration that the organ of popular oratory was singularly developed in his head.

"It was his persuasion that much less could be done for man from without than from within, and that an honest and vigorous will could make to itself a path, and employ its activity to advantage, under every form of civil society.

"Actuated by this persuasion, he held fast to order and obedience to law, as to the main pillars of the public weal. Whatever threatened to retard or to trouble the progress of moral and intellectual improvement, and the methodical application and employment of the powers of nature, or to abandon all that is best and highest in existence to the wild freaks of unbridled passion and the domination of rude and violent men, was to him the true tyranny, the mortal foe of freedom, the utterly insufferable evil.

"This was the persuasion which dictated all his endeavours to influence the minds of others by conversation or by writing—to suggest, to instruct, to encourage, to restrain; to represent the false, the distorted, the vulgar in all their nothingness; to ally himself entirely with noble spirits, and steadfastly to maintain that higher freedom of thought and of will, guided by reason, which raises men to the true dignity of human nature."*—*Mrs. Austin's Characteristics of Goethe*, vol. ii. pp. 283.

The account of the state of public affairs, interrupted by the above confession of indifference, is continued. The aristocracy, he says, particularly the German aristocracy, still retained their hold on opinion, and were allowed the free exercise of all the social as well as political privileges which had descended to them, when he himself, first in *Werther* and again in *Götz von Berlichingen*, ventured an indirect and incidental impeachment of their pretensions. The allusions in *Werther* were passed over, as they had clearly no immediate or specific object in view; but

* A passage of similar import has been already quoted in our notice (vol. x. p. 574) of Falk's work, a translation of which is included in Mrs. Austin's volumes.

the exposure of popular suffering under the feudal nobles in *Götz*, attracted more attention and brought the author into suspicion with the higher classes. "It was singular, that amongst the numerous young people who attached themselves to me, not a single nobleman was to be found; but, on the other hand, many who had reached their thirtieth year, sought me out and visited me." This chapter closes with an enumeration of the elements of which Frankfort society was then made up.

The eighteenth book begins with some remarks on the partial disuse of rhyme in poetry, and the treatment of poetical subjects in prose—fashions set by Klopstock, who composed his *Messiah* in hexameters, and wrote the dialogue of Hermann's Fight, and the Death of Adam, in prose. According to Goethe, this introduced a good deal of confusion and uncertainty into literature, the mass of writers being wholly ignorant of the true principles of rhythm. A tendency of the same description seems at present to be rapidly gaining ground in England, for almost all our best poets have turned prose-writers, and only a few occasional attempts (amongst which Mr. Henry Taylor's fine dramatic poem of *Philip van Artevelde* and Mr. Heraud's *Judgment of the Flood*, deserve particular mention) have recently been made, to reclaim for verse its prescriptive, though hardly rightful, superiority. In Mr. Bulwer's last work there occurs a striking reflection on this subject. "Yet," continued the student, "between ourselves, I fancy that in our present age of civilization there is an unexamined mistake in the general mind as to the value of poetry. It delights still as ever, but it has ceased to teach. The prose of the heart enlightens, touches, rouses, far more than poetry. Your most philosophical poets would be common-place if turned into prose. *Childe Harold*, seemingly so profound, owes its profundity to its style; in reality, it contains nothing that is new, except the mechanism of its diction. Verse cannot contain the refining subtle thoughts which a great prose writer embodies; the rhyme eternally cripples it; it properly deals with the common problems of human nature, which are now hackneyed, and not with the nice and philosophizing corollaries which may be drawn from them. Thus, though it would seem at first a paradox, common-place is more the element of poetry than of prose; and, sensible of this, even Schiller wrote the deepest of modern tragedies, his *Fiesco*, in prose." *

To continue our abstract.—After giving an outline of a humorous extravaganza or farce which he was meditating, Goethe brings us acquainted with the Counts Stolberg, to whom his con-

* The Pilgrims of the Rhine.

tributions to the Göttingen *Musen-Almanach* had been the means of introducing him. "At that time (says he) people had conceived strange notions of love and friendship. An attraction towards each other, which looked like mutual confidence, was taken for love, for genuine inclination; I deceived myself in this respect like the rest, and have suffered from it for many years in more ways than one."

"I have still (he continues) a letter of Bürger's by me, from which it may be seen, that of regular æsthetics there was never a question amongst these associates. Each felt himself excited, and believed himself at full liberty to act and poetize accordingly. The brothers (Christian and Frederick Leopold) arrived, Count Haugwitz along with them. I received them with open arms, with befitting cordiality. They lodged at the hotel, but took most of their meals with us. The first merry meeting was in the highest measure agreeable; but very soon eccentricities broke out.

"We had dined but a few times together, when, as bottle after bottle was dispatched, the poetical hatred of tyrants began to show itself, and an eager desire for the blood of such savages was expressed. My father smiled and shook his head; my mother had hardly ever in all her life heard of tyrants, but remembered to have seen copper-plate engravings of monsters of the sort in *Gotfried's Chronicle*: King Cambyses, who triumphs at having transfixed the heart of the son in the presence of the father with an arrow, still dwelt in her memory. To turn these and similar expressions, gradually growing more and more violent, into sport, she betook herself to her cellar, where the oldest wine was kept. Nothing of an inferior quality to the years 1706, 19, 26, and 48, preserved and husbanded by herself for the most solemn occasions, was to be found there. As she set down the high-coloured wine in its polished bottle, she exclaimed, 'Here is the true tyrant blood, revel in that; but let us hear no more thoughts of murder here.' 'You may well say tyrant blood,' exclaimed I, 'there is no greater tyrant than he whose heart-blood is now placed before you. Bathe yourself in it, but with moderation, lest ye run the risk of being subdued by its flavour and spirit. The wine is the universal tyrant which should be extirpated; for this reason we should choose and honor the sacred Lycurgus, the Thracian, for our patron; he energetically commenced the holy work, but blinded and destroyed by the befooling demon Bacchus, he deserves to stand amongst the martyrs on high,' &c.

And in this manner he went on, in a strain worthy of that worthy member of British Parliament, who contended not long ago, that the original sin was neither more nor less than drunkenness, and that Eve was overcome, not by an apple, but by drink.

By the advice of his family, who wished to separate him from Lilli, and break off some of his other Frankfort intimacies, he now left home, on his way to Switzerland, with the Stolbergs. "You will not remain with them long?" said his friend Merk, (nicknamed Mephistopheles Merk, on account of the malice

blended with the genuine goodness of his character) and supported his prophecy by an observation, which Goethe says he subsequently repeated, and often found significant in after times : "Thy tendency, thy unchangeable tendency, is to give a poetical form to the real; the others seek to realise the so-called poetical, the imaginative; and that produces nothing but absurdity."

"When (continues Goethe) we conceive the immense distance between these two modes of action, when we hold them firm and apply them, we thereby go far towards the solution of thousands of other things." Unluckily, before the party left Darmstadt (the first place they stopped at on their journey), occasion was afforded for a striking confirmation of Merk's remark :

"Amongst the follies of the time, which originated in the notion that man should seek to transport himself back into a state of nature, was the bathing in pure water in the open air; and our friends could not omit this impropriety. Darmstadt, without running water, lying in a sandy plain, chanced, however, to have a pond in the neighbourhood, of which I only heard on this occasion. These zealous followers of nature sought refreshment in this pond; the sight of naked young men in open day might well be deemed singular in the neighbourhood; at all events it gave rise to scandal. Merk sharpened his conclusions, and I do not deny that I hastened our departure."

At Carlsruhe he met the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, who expressed an earnest wish to see him at Weimar. Here, also, he had some interesting interviews with Klopstock, to whom he communicated the newest scenes of "Faust." Klopstock, who is said to have been very little given to praising, did, notwithstanding, praise these very highly; not to the author merely, but to many others, and expressed an anxious desire for the conclusion of the piece.

At Carlsruhe, Goethe parted company with the Stolbergs, for the purpose of visiting his brother-in-law, Schlosser (the husband of his sister Cornelia, whom he takes occasion to describe), at Emmendingen, and then proceeded to Zurich, where Lavater was engaged in the prosecution of his physiognomical pursuits. His reception was kind, almost enthusiastically so; and well it might, for Lavater not merely enjoyed the advantage of talking over and testing his theories with the first genius of the time, but actually forced on Goethe the irksome task of revising the work :

"It was for me one of the most painful taxes ever imposed upon my activity. The reader shall judge for himself. The manuscript, with the plates to accompany the text, followed me to Frankfort. I had the privilege of erasing everything which I did not like, and of altering and inserting what I chose, of which, in truth, I availed myself very moderately. Once only he had inserted a passionate attack on an unjust

critic; this I left out and replaced it with a gay copy of verses, for which he then blamed me, but subsequently, when he had cooled, approved of what I had done."

The unity and coherence actually existing in the work, notwithstanding the variety of the materials, Goethe attributes in a great measure to the extraordinary talents of the draughtsman and engraver, Lips.

Another interesting person was then living in Switzerland, the veteran poet and critic Bodmer, who had exercised a most beneficial influence on the progress of letters in Germany, and was consequently highly esteemed and much sought after.

"Whilst I am now on the very point," says Goethe, after a short account of his interview with Bodmer, "of taking my leave of our worthy patriarch, I remark for the first time, that I have said nothing of his form and features, of his gestures and manner of bearing himself. Generally speaking, indeed, I do not think it quite proper for travellers to describe a remarkable man whom they visit, as if they were furnishing matter for a hue and cry. No one reflects, that it is but a single moment in which he, on his presentation, takes an inquisitive view, and that only in his own peculiar way; so that the person visited may be sometimes actually, sometimes seemingly, proud or humble, silent or communicative, gay or low-spirited. In this particular case, however, I might excuse myself by saying, that Bodmer's venerable person, sketched in words, would make no equally favourable impression."

There can be little doubt that the above remark was suggested by the annoyances to which he himself was subsequently exposed by the unauthorised descriptions of travellers. In company with his friend Passavant he pursues his journey through Switzerland, buoyant with youth and health, and in a state of mind which made him see every thing *couleur de rose*:

"After a short repose, (we select this one passage as a specimen,) re-invigorated and with wanton activity, we bounded down from cliff to cliff, from flat to flat, into the depths of the precipitate footpath, and arrived about ten at the place of our destination. We had become, at the same time, tired and high-spirited, feeble and excited; we eagerly quenched our burning thirst, and felt still more inspirited. Let the reader imagine the young man, who about two years before had written Werther, a young friend who had already inflamed himself with the manuscript of that extraordinary work, both, without knowing or willing it, in some measure transported into a state of nature,—with a lively remembrance of past passions, a prey to present,—forming inconsequential schemes,—in a grateful sense of power revelling through the realm of fancy;—and then he will make some advance towards a conception of that state, which I should be at a loss to sketch, were it not written in my Journal: 'Laughing and shouting lasted till midnight.'"

The truth and vividness of Goethe's descriptions of scenery

have been universally admired. The following extract affords a partial explanation of the mode in which this peculiar art was perfected in him:—

“ Before we descend from these glorious heights to the lake and the town smiling below, I have a remark to make upon my attempts to carry off something from the country by drawing and sketching. The habit, from youth upwards, of viewing a landscape as a picture, seduced me into the endeavour, when I saw the country in actual nature like a picture, to fix it, to fasten a permanent impression of such moments, in my memory. Practising at other times on objects in some measure limited, I soon felt my insufficiency in a world of this kind. Eagerness and haste together drove me to a singular resource: so soon as I had taken a complete coup-d'œil of an interesting object, and marked it down with a few strokes in the most general manner upon the paper, I immediately filled up the details, which I could not reach nor complete with the pencil, by words, and acquired by this method such an inward presence of such views, that every locality, as in after life I had occasion for it in poetry or narrative, on the instant flitted before me and stood ready at my call.”

On his return to Zurich, he found that the Stolbergs were gone, their stay having been shortened by a renewal of the attempt to realise their *beau idéal* of pastoral simplicity. The good people of Switzerland, it seems, were even more scandalized at their bathings than the Darmstadters, and one day, as they were stemming a mountain-torrent, a shower of stones descending from the heights, compelled them to beat a hasty retreat, only too happy at being permitted to escape with their baggage, i. e. their clothes. Indignant at the degradation, they hastened to quit Zurich, leaving Lavater to apologise as he could for scandalizing a quiet neighbourhood by the introduction of such wild, turbulent, unchristian, heathenish, young men—for all these, and possibly many more hard names, were bestowed upon them. On his return to Zurich, Goethe once again attached himself to Lavater, who, whatever the merits of his system, certainly contrived to inspire his visitor with the most lively impression of his own individual penetration and capacity:

“ Every talent which is founded upon a decided natural gift, appears to us to have something magical about it, because we can form no definite conception either of the talent itself or of its workings. And Lavater's insight into individual men really exceeded all conception; one was astounded at hearing him when talking confidentially about this man or that; nay, it was fearful to live in the proximity of a man to whom every boundary within which nature has thought proper to circumscribe us seemed clear.”

The following is a singular instance of Lavater's habits of minute observation:—

"On Sundays, after the sermon, it was his duty, as minister, to present the collection-purse to the congregation as they went out, and receive their donations with a blessing. One Sunday, he imposed it on himself, as a task, to look at no one, but only to pay attention to their hands, and fancy the person to himself. But not only the shape of the fingers, but even the bearing (so to speak) of the fingers in dropping the alms, did not escape his attention, and he had much to tell me about it."

Mixed up with the account of Lavater are some curious reflections on Genius:

"No one willingly allows another an advantage, so long as it can possibly be denied. Natural advantages of all sorts are least of all to be denied, and yet the common parlance of that time allowed genius to the poet alone. Now, however, another world seemed all of a sudden to rise up; genius was required of the physician, of the general, of the statesman, and soon of all men who thought of putting themselves forward theoretically or practically. Zimmerman, in particular, had brought these requisitions to be talked about. Lavater, in his *Physiognomy*, was under the necessity of referring to a more general division of intellectual endowments: the word genius was a universal solution, and from hearing it so often pronounced, people began to think that what it was meant to signify was commonly at hand. Since, however, every one felt authorised to require genius from others, all believed in the end, that they themselves must be possessed of it. The time was still distant when it could be avowed, *that genius is that power of man, which, by acting and doing, gives laws and rules*. At that time it manifested itself only by infringing existing laws, overthrowing established rules, and announcing itself as boundless. It was therefore easy to be a genius, and nothing more natural than that abuse in word and deed should excite all regulated men to oppose such a state of disorder.

"If any one hurried on foot into the world, without well knowing why and whither, it was called a genius-journey; if any one undertook any thing perverse, without aim or utility, a stroke of genius. Young and lively, not unfrequently really endowed, men lost themselves in the boundless; the older and more reasonable, but probably talentless and spiritless, then availed themselves of the opportunity to represent to the public, with malicious exultation, these manifold miscarriages as ridiculous.

"And thus I found myself almost more restrained from developing and expressing myself, by the false co-operation and influence of those who sympathised in my views, than by the opposition of those who were adverse to me. Words, by-words, phrases, in depreciation of the highest mental endowments, were diffused to such a degree amongst the soul-less sneering many, that one still hears them from the uncultivated in common life occasionally; nay, to such a degree, that they even forced their way into dictionaries; and the word *genius* underwent such a perversion, that an attempt was made to deduce from it the necessity of banishing the word altogether from the German language. And thus the

Germans, with whom in general the commonplace predominates far more than in other nations, would probably have deprived themselves of the fairest flower of the language, of a word only apparently foreign but equally belonging to all nations, had not the feeling for the highest and best, grounded anew upon a deeper philosophy, fortunately re-established itself."

Such unfortunately has been the fate of genius in all ages.—

"Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile; quod si
Pallerem casu, biberent exsangue cuminum."

If Lord Byron could have seen the sort of persons who turned down their shirt-collars, and tried to look melancholy and gentlemanlike in imitation of himself in this country, he would certainly have felt tempted to forswear the desponding tone, take to wearing stiffeners, and be gay and light-hearted for the remainder of his days.

Goethe calls genius, "that power of man, which, by acting and doing, gives laws and rules." It would be amusing to compare this with some of the many other definitions or descriptions of genius which have been hazarded. Thus, Buffon said it was nothing more than a superior aptitude to patience, alluding probably to that brooding persevering tenacity with which genius clings to its subject-matter: Hazlitt (beyond all doubt, in our opinion, one of the most original thinkers of his time) says: "Genius or originality is, for the most part, some strong quality in the mind answering to, and bringing out, some new and striking quality in nature." Johnson speaks of it, as "that power which constitutes a poet, that quality, without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates." We leave the reader to make his choice between the four, avowing that we ourselves are not satisfied with either of them. It is only clear to us that the old notion mentioned by Goethe, which gives to poets a monopoly of the quality, is ridiculous; that, indeed, almost every art or science which can occupy the mind of man gives scope for it; and that D'Alembert was uttering no wayward paradox, but a sober demonstrable truth, in saying, that geometry requires as much imagination as poetry, and that of all the great men of antiquity, Archimedes is perhaps he, who is the best entitled to be placed by the side of Homer.*

Goethe's return to Frankfort gave little satisfaction to his family, who were fearful of the renewal of his connection with Lilli; and he had now no trifling temptation to resist, for Lilli had openly declared that she would willingly give up every thing for his

* *Encyclopedie, Prel. Disc.*

sake, and fly with him to America, which was then (he tells us) much more than now, the Eldorado of those who found themselves disagreeably restricted by existing institutions or circumstances. "But the very thing which should have inspirited my hopes, crushed them. My fair paternal house, only a hundred steps from hers, was, all things considered, a much more bearable, nay, desirable an abode, than the far-away unknown land across the main; but I cannot deny that, in her neighbourhood, all my hopes, all my wishes revived, and new uncertainties began to stir in me."

There is a passage in the *Pirate*, bearing a strong analogy to this; with the difference that the feeling is dramatised, and that the unconquerable love of home is expressed by the female:—

" 'There are lands,' said Cleveland, 'in which the eye may look bright upon groves of the palm and the cocoa, and where the foot may move light as a galley under sail over fields carpeted with flowers, and savannas surrounded by aromatic thickets, and where subjection is unknown, except that of the brave to the bravest, and of all to the most beautiful.'

"Minna paused a moment ere she spoke, and then answered, 'No, Cleveland. My own rude country has charms for me, even desolate as you think it, and depressed as it surely is, which no other land on earth can offer to me. I endeavour, in vain, to represent to myself those visions of trees and of groves which my eye never saw; but my imagination can conceive no sight in nature more sublime, than these waves when agitated by a storm, or more beautiful, than when they come, as they now do, rolling in calm tranquillity to the shore. Not the fairest scene in a foreign land,—not the brightest sunbeam that ever shone upon the richest landscape, would wean my thoughts, for a moment, from that lofty rock, misty hill, and wide-rolling ocean. Hialtland is the land of my deceased ancestors and of my living father; and in Hialtland will I live and die.' "

Goethe's extended experience in love affairs (some five or six are detailed in the first part of the autobiography alone), which entitles him to a full hearing on all matters connected with them, induces us to make the quotation that comes next. Apropos of the existing state of his connection with Lilli, he remarks:—

"In truth, lovers look upon every thing which they have hitherto felt, only as preparative to their present happiness,—only as the foundation upon which they are first to raise their building of love. Past inclinations appear like ghosts, which slink away before the dawning day. But what happened? The (Frankfort) Fair came, and along with it the swarm of those ghosts in their reality; all the commercial friends of the house arrived one after the other, and it soon became plain, that none of them would nor could wholly surrender a certain interest in the lovely daughter of the house. The young, without being obtrusive, appeared on the footing of old acquaintance; the middle-aged, with a certain obliging

demeanour, as much as to say, that they could make themselves beloved, or, at all events, put forth higher pretensions, if they chose. There were handsome men amongst them, with the bearing of an ascertained and thriving position in society. But the old gentlemen were altogether unbearable—with their old-fashioned manners, placing no restraint upon their hands, and demanding, by way of accompaniment to their repulsive pawing, a kiss, from which the cheek was not averted: it was so natural to her to content them all, within the bounds of propriety."

In the mean time, however, he was steadily devoting himself to literature; encouraged by his father, who, unlike Petrarch's, had at length convinced himself of the folly of attempting to make a lawyer of his son:—

"Fortunately my tendencies harmonized with my father's wishes and opinions. He had formed so great a conception of my poetical talent, and felt so much genuine joy in the favour which my first works had acquired, that he often conversed upon new and more extended undertakings. On the other hand, I did not venture to make him aware of these social jests and versifyings of passion.

"After reflecting, in my peculiar fashion, the symbol of a remarkable epoch in *Götz von Berlichingen*, I looked carefully about for a similar point of political history. The revolt of the Netherlands attracted my attention. In *Götz* there was a gallant man, who perishes in the delusive belief, that the benevolent strong man is of some importance in times of anarchy. In *Egmont*, there were firmly based states of things, which cannot maintain themselves before stern, well-calculated despotism. I had spoken so eagerly with my father on this subject, as to what was to be done and what I thought of doing, that he was inspired with an insuperable longing to see upon paper, printed and admired, this piece already matured in my brain. If, in earlier times, whilst I still had hopes of making Lilli mine, I bent all my energies to acquire an insight into and practice in business, I had now to fill up the fearful chasm, which separated me from her, by the intellectual and soul-fraught. Accordingly, I set to in earnest to write *Egmont*, and in truth, not like the first *Götz von Berlichingen*, in order and succession, but I grappled with the principal scene according to the first arrangement, without troubling myself about the incidental connections. In this manner, I made great progress, being spurred on in my allowable way of working day and night (this is no exaggeration) by my father, who expected to see what was so easily conceived, completed as easily."

He was also paying considerable attention to the arts of design, in which, under the tuition and with the assistance of an artist named Kraus, he appears to have attained to some degree of proficiency:

"The proximity of the artist is indispensable to the dilettante, for he sees in the other the complement of his own proper being; the wishes of the amateur are fulfilled in the artist.

"By means of a certain natural ability and practice, I succeeded

pretty well in an outline, and found little difficulty in giving form to that which I saw before me in nature; but I wanted the genuine plastic power, the happy touch, to give body to my outline by properly graduated light and shade. My imitations were rather distant presentations of some shape or other, and my figures resembled the light aerial beings in Dante's *Purgatory*, which, casting no shade, shrink with terror before the shades of actual bodies.

"In consequence of Lavater's physiognomical baiting—for so may well be termed the restless eagerness with which he exerted himself to compel all men, not only to the contemplation of physiognomies, but even to the artist-like or bungling copying of faces—I had gained some practice in taking the portraits of friends on gray paper with black and white chalk. The likeness was not to be mistaken, but the hand of my artist friend was needed, to make them come forth from out of the dark ground." *

Here follows some account of the design of *Egmont*, with a curious speculation as to the demoniacal element in the characters of men. From these he turns to a narrative of the circumstances which induced and preceded his departure from Weimar; a narrative so fraught with interest, and so dramatically told, that we subjoin the greater part of it pretty nearly as it stands:—

"From the summit of a Swiss mountain, turning my back on Italy, I had returned, because I could not live without Lilli. An inclination, grounded on the hope of a mutual possession, of a lasting union through life, does not die away at once; nay, it feeds on the contemplation of reasonable wishes and honest hopes which one cherishes.

"It lies in the nature of things, that the maiden, in such cases, makes up her mind sooner than the youth. As descendants of Pandora, the sweet creatures possess the highly desirable gift of attracting, alluring, and (more from natural impulse with half-resolve, than from inclination, nay, out of mere wantonness) collecting around themselves; whereby they are often, like that student of magic, in danger of being frightened by the crowd of their worshippers. And then a selection must at length be made from amongst these; one must be finally preferred, one must bear away the bride to his home.

"And what a mere matter of accident is it, what here gives a direction to the choice, what determines the chooser! I had renounced Lilli from conviction, but love made this conviction of mine suspicious. Lilli had in the same sense taken leave of me, and I had undertaken the pleasing distracting journey; but it brought about exactly the reverse.

"So long as I was absent, I believed in our separation, not in our disunion. All hopes, recollections, and wishes had free play. I was now returned, and as the seeing each other again of unrestrained and happy lovers is a heaven, so is the seeing each other again of two persons

* It became subsequently a sort of passion with Goethe to collect chalk likenesses of his acquaintance. His collection at one time amounted to four or five hundred. He also (see the Correspondence with Zelter) prided himself on his collection of autographs.

daunted only by considerations of reasoning, an intolerable purgatory, a vestibule of hell. When I was once again in Lilli's proximity, I felt all those incongruities doubled, which had disturbed our relations to each other ; when I once again entered her presence, the reflection fell heavy upon my heart, that she was lost to me.

"I therefore frequently resolved upon flight, and for this reason nothing could have fallen out more desirably for me than that the young ducal couple of Weimar should come from Carlsruhe to Frankfort, and that I, in accordance with former and more recent invitations, should follow them to Weimar. I had always experienced at the hands of these distinguished persons a gracious confidential reception, which I on my side returned with heartfelt gratitude. My attachment for the duke from the first moment, my reverence for the princess, whom I had been so long (though only from seeing her) acquainted with ; my wish to manifest some degree of friendship towards Wieland, who had behaved so generously to me, and make up for my half-intentional, half-accidental, want of politeness towards him ; these were motives enough to excite, nay, impel, even a young man devoid of passion. But to this was added the necessity I was under of flying in some way or other from Lilli ; either toward the south, where the daily narrations of my father placed before my eyes the most glorious heaven of art and nature, or towards the north, whither so remarkable a circle of distinguished men invited me.

The princely couple had now reached Frankfort on their return. The ducal court of Meiningen was there at the same time, and by them also as well as by the Privy Councillor von Durkheim, who accompanied the young princes, was I received in the most friendly manner. But lest a curious incident, after the manner of youth, should be wanting, a misunderstanding placed me in an incredible though laughable dilemma.

The Weimar and Meiningen families lodged in the same hotel. I was invited to dinner. The court of Weimar dwelt upon my mind to such a degree, that it never occurred to me to inquire further ; for I was not even imaginative enough to believe that any notice would be taken of me by the Meiningen party. I repair, suitably attired, to the Roman Emperor (the name of the hotel), find the apartments of the Weimar party empty, and being told that they were with their Meiningen friends, betake myself to them also and am kindly received. I presume that this is a call before dinner, or that they probably dined together, and wait the result. But all at once the Weimar party set themselves in motion, and I follow them, but instead of returning to their apartments, they go straitway downstairs to their carriages, and I find myself along with them in the street.

"Instead of examining closely and wisely into the matter, and seeking some solution of it, I bent my steps immediately in my dogged manner towards home, where I found my parents at the dessert. My father shook his head, and my mother exerted herself to indemnify me as well as she could. She confided to me in the evening, that, when I was gone, my father had expressed himself surprised that I, otherwise not deficient in sense, would not see that the only intention from that quarter was to pique and shame me. But this had no power to affect me ; for I had

already met von Durkheim, who had called me to an account with pleasing jocular reproaches. I was now awakened from my dream, and had an opportunity of offering them my best thanks for the favour vouchsafed to me contrary to my hopes and expectations, and of intreating for pardon.

“ When, then, for good reasons, I had assented to such friendly proposals, the following arrangement was made : a gentleman who had stayed behind in Carlsruhe expecting a landau from Strasburg, was to pass through Frankfort on a given day ; I was to hold myself in readiness to set off with him immediately for Weimar. The glad and gracious adieu which I received from the young couple, the friendly bearing of their suite, made this journey highly desirable to me, besides which, the way appeared to be so pleasantly facilitated.

“ But even under these circumstances, so simple an affair was to be perplexed by accidents, disturbed by passions, and all but altogether annihilated ; for after I had taken leave of every one, announced the day of my departure, packed up my things in haste, not forgetting my manuscript works, I awaited the hour which was to bring the above-mentioned friend in the new carriage and bear me to a new country, to new connections. The hour was past, the day also ; and since, not to repeat the ceremony of leave-taking or be overwhelmed with visits, I had given myself out as absent after the appointed day, I was obliged to confine myself to the house, nay, to my own chamber, and thus found myself in a singular predicament.

“ The solitude and confinement, however, had their advantages ; for being obliged to employ my time, I worked on at Egmont and brought it pretty near to completion. I read it over to my father, who had taken a peculiar liking for this piece, and wished for nothing more than to see it finished and in print, because he hoped that the reputation of his son would be greatly increased by it. Some such consolation was certainly needed ; for he made the most suspicious glosses on the prolonged absence of the carriage. Frequently he deemed the whole an adventure, believed in no new landau, held the expected gentleman for a thing of air ; all which, indeed, he only intimated indirectly to myself ; but on the other hand, harassed himself and my mother the more about it, looking upon the whole as a court joke, which had been played off in consequence of my want of politeness, to annoy and shame me, when instead of the expected honour, I should be left insultingly where I was. I, myself, at first, held fast by my original belief, congratulating myself upon my hours of seclusion, disturbed neither by friends nor strangers, not even by a social interruption, and wrote away stoutly at Egmont, though not without inward agitation. And this turn of mind may possibly have improved the piece itself, which, influenced by so many passions, could not well have been written by one entirely passionless.

“ Thus passed eight days, and I know not how many more, and this complete imprisonment began to be galling to me. Accustomed for many years to live in the open air, associated with friends, with whom I stood in the honestest busiest mutual relations, in the vicinity of a beloved one, from whom, indeed, I had resolved to part, but who, so long as it

was possible for me to approach her, powerfully attracted me to her side ; all this began to trouble me to such an extent, that the attractiveness of my tragedy threatened to diminish, and my poetical productive power to be destroyed by my impatience. For some evenings already it had become impossible for me to remain at home. Wrapped up in a large cloak, I skulked about the town, before the houses of my friends and acquaintances, and neglected not to approach Lilli's window too. She lived on the ground floor in a corner house ; the green blinds were down ; I could plainly see, however, that the candles stood in the usual place. Presently I heard her singing to the harpsichord : it was the song : *Ach, wie ziehst du mich unwiderstehlich* (Ah, why dost thou attract me irresistibly), which, not quite a year ago, was written for and addressed to her. It seemed to me that she sung it more expressively than ever ; I could distinctly catch it word for word ; I had pressed my ear as close as the lattice allowed. When she had sung it to an end, I saw by the shadow which fell upon the blinds, that she had arisen ; she walked backwards and forwards, but I sought in vain to catch the outline of her lovely figure through the thick blind. Nothing less than my firm purpose to take myself away, not to trouble her by my presence, to renounce her in good earnest, and the thought what a rare surprise my re-appearance would cause, were strong enough to decide me to leave so dear a vicinity.*

“ Several days elapsed, and my father's hypothesis gained more and more plausibility, since not so much as a letter arrived from Carlsruhe to explain the delay of the landau. My poetical labours came to a stand, and my father had now full scope in the state of disquiet with which I was distracted. His proposal was : the matter could not be helped—my trunk was packed—he was willing to give me money and credit for a journey to Italy, but I must make up my mind to depart immediately. Doubting and hesitating in so critical a conjuncture, I at length agreed, that if by a stated hour neither carriage nor intelligence had arrived, I would set out ; first for Heidelberg ; from thence, however, not again through Switzerland, but rather over the Alps by the Tyrol.

“ Wonderful things must fain come to pass, if planless youth, so prone to mislead itself, is moreover impelled upon a fair track by the headstrong error of age. But it is the case with youth and life in general, that we commonly get an insight into tactics when the campaign is over. In a pure matter of business, an accident of the kind would have been easy of explanation, but we conspire far too willingly with error against the naturally true, just as we shuffle the cards before dealing them, lest chance should be deprived of its share ; and thus is founded the element on and in which the demoniacal so readily works, and only treats us the worse, the stronger is our foreboding of its proximity.”

The appointed day arrived, but no landau ; and Goethe, after

* This incident, perhaps, suggested the exquisite scene in *Wilhelm Meister*, where Wilhelm watches at the door of Mariann.

taking a secret leave of his friend Passavant, set off for Heidelberg on his way to Italy. He chose to go by Heidelberg for two reasons: he still entertained hopes of hearing some news of the landau, and he wished to see Mademoiselle Delf, with whom he could talk over his passion for Lilli. At Heidelberg he becomes acquainted with a family, of which a lovely girl, bearing a strong resemblance to one of his former loves, named Frederica, formed part:—

“ With an earlier still unextinguished passion in my heart, I excited interest without intending it, even when I was silent about it, and thus I became domesticated, nay, indispensable in this circle, and forgot that after a few evenings of gossiping I had proposed to continue my journey.”

His friend Mademoiselle Delf appears to have been one of those good-natured souls who delight in what is vulgarly called matchmaking. Seeing the necessity of breaking off the connection with Lilli, she used her best endeavours to establish a new connection in the place of it, and Goethe so far fell in with her views as to listen without dissenting to a plan for marrying him to the young lady just mentioned, and eventually settling him in Heidelberg, provided on his return from Italy her growing inclination should be matured into a positive affection for him. At this point the narrative regains its vividness:—

“ All this, it is true, I did not decline; but my planless existence could not altogether harmonize with the systematic proceedings of my friend: I enjoyed the blessing of the moment; Lilli's image was ever before me, sleeping or waking, and mixed itself up with every thing which might otherwise have had the power of pleasing or distracting me. Now, however, I called up before my soul the seriousness of my great travelling undertaking, and determined on releasing myself gently and politely, and continuing my journey within a few days.

“ Till late in the night had Mademoiselle Delf been explaining to me her plans in detail, and what people were willing to do for me; and I could not do otherwise than gratefully respect such feelings, although the views of a particular circle to strengthen themselves through me and my possible favour at court, were not altogether to be mistaken. We did not separate till near one o'clock. But I had not long fallen into a deep sleep, when I was awakened by the horn of a postilion who had stopped before the door. Soon afterwards appeared Mademoiselle Delf, with a candle and a letter in her hand. ‘ There it is!’ exclaimed she; read and tell me what it is about. No doubt it comes from the Weimar people. If it is an invitation, accept it not, and remember what we have been talking about.’ I begged her to allow me a candle and half an hour of solitude. She left me reluctantly. I sat awhile in thought without opening the letter. The post came from Frankfort; I knew the hand and seal; my friend was consequently there, and mistrust and

uncertainty had made us too precipitate. Why not wait quietly for a man confidently announced, whose journey might be delayed by so many accidents? The scales fell from my eyes. All preceding kindness, favour, confidence, presented themselves in the liveliest manner to me; I was also ashamed of my strange evasion. At length I opened the letter, and all had come to pass in the most natural way. My missing companion had waited for the new carriage, as I for him, day after day, hour after hour; then, on account of business, gone by way of Mannheim to Frankfort, and there to his horror found me not. He instantly sent off a hasty letter by a courier, in which he proposed that immediately on the clearing up of the mistake, I should return, and not expose him to the disgrace of arriving at Weimar without me. Though my reason and disposition inclined to this side, my new direction was not wanting in a weighty counterpoise. My father had laid before me a very pretty route, and given me a little library, by means of which I might prepare myself beforehand, and be my own guide in the places I should visit. During my leisure hours I had hitherto no other amusement, and indeed upon my last short journey thought of nothing else. Those glorious objects with which, from youth upwards, I had become familiar by narratives and descriptions of every kind, assembled themselves before my mind's eye, and I could conceive nothing more desirable than to be coming nearer and nearer to them whilst I was going farther and farther from Lilli.

"In the meantime I had dressed myself and was walking up and down in the room. My eager hostess entered. 'What am I to hope?' exclaimed she. 'My best of friends,' said I, 'press me no more, I am resolved on returning; I myself have weighed the grounds: to repeat them would avail nothing. The resolution must be taken at last, and who should take it but he who is to be affected by it in the end?' I was moved, she also; and a passionate scene took place, which I ended by telling my servant to order horses. In vain did I intreat my hostess to compose herself, and turn the sportive leave, which I had yesterday taken of the company, into a real one; to reflect that the only matter in question was a visit, a brief stay; that my Italian journey was not to be given up, nor my return to Mannheim cut off. She would listen to nothing, and increased my causes of disquiet. The carriage was at the door; everything was packed up; the postilion gave the customary sign of impatience. I tore myself away; still she would not let me depart, and reproduced, ingeniously enough, all the arguments of the present, so that at last I passionately and warmly exclaimed in the words of Egmont:—'Child! child! no more. As if flogged by invisible spirits, the horses of the sun hurry the light carriage of our destiny along, and nothing is left for us than, with our minds courageously made up, to hold tight the reins and turn the wheels now to this side, now to that, here away from a stone, there from a stump. Who knows whither he is going? Scarcely, indeed, does any one remember where he came from.'"

With these words the concluding chapter of the autobiography concludes.

The ninth volume consists of short detached essays on various subjects, and a collection of maxims and reflections. Lady Morgan, in her delightful "Book of the Boudoir," has said:—

"Nobody writes maxims now. Maxims do not belong to the state of intellect and literature of the present age. In times when knowledge was the exclusive property of a particular class, and when mankind leaned upon the opinions of the learned, they were more apt to refer their conduct to a well established rule, than to govern it by their own reflection. These were the times for 'wise saws and modern instances.' Men now think for themselves, and do not require recipes for thinking."

There is some truth in this, but it is not altogether true. We believe that very few men still think for themselves, and we believe, moreover, that maxims never exercised, and never can or will exercise, much influence on those who are not qualified by their own habits of observation and reflection to verify and appropriate them. Goethe's are of a very miscellaneous character, and have one great advantage at least over those of Rochefoucauld and his imitators: they are not framed upon any given system of moral or metaphysical philosophy. They occupy rather more than a hundred pages of the book; the following, therefore, are merely given as a sample:—

"How is man to become acquainted with himself? By reflection never, but possibly by action. Try to do thy duty, and thou wilt soon know what is in thee.

"But what is thy duty? The furthering of the day.

"Unlimited activity, be it of what kind it may, becomes bankrupt in the end.

"It is not always necessary for truth to embody itself; enough if it float spiritually about and induce agreement; if, like the deep friendly sound of a bell, it undulates through the air.

"A capital error: that we think ourselves greater than we are, and value ourselves at less than we are really worth.

"Music, in the best sense, is little in want of novelty; on the contrary, the older it is, and the more one is accustomed to it, by so much the greater the effect.

"The best which we have from history is the enthusiasm it excites.

"Deeply and earnestly reflecting men occupy an evil position as regards the public.

"If I am to assent to the opinion of another, it must be positively pronounced; I have enough of the problematical in myself.

"Literature is the fragment of fragments: the least part of that which happened and has been said, has been written: of what has been written the least part has survived.

"Shakspeare is dangerous reading for budding talents; he compels them to reproduce him, and they fancy they are producing themselves.

"He who is content with pure experience and acts accordingly, has truth enough. The growing child is wise in this sense.

" Theory, in and for itself, is nothing worth, but in so far as it makes us believe in the connection of phenomena.

" Certain books appear to be written, not that we may learn any thing from them, but that we may know that the author knew something.

" The dust which is on the point of being laid for some time to come, raises itself powerfully for the last time before the storm.

" He who is ignorant of foreign languages, is ignorant of his own.

" It is a requisition of nature, that men should occasionally be stupified or have their senses deadened without falling asleep; hence the gratification they derive from tobacco-smoke, dram-drinking, opiates.

" We do not possess what we do not understand.

" All opposers of an intellectual matter only strike amongst the coals: these fly about and set on fire when they would otherwise have had no effect.

" Every thing lyrical must in the whole be very reasonable, in particulars a little unreasonable.

" Foresight is simple; retrospect, multiform.

" Truth belongs to the man, error to his age. For this reason it was said of an extraordinary character: *Le malheur du tems a causé son erreur, mais la force de son ame l'en a fait sortir avec gloire.*

" Men need only to grow old to become tolerant; I see no fault committed, which I might not have committed myself.

" Some one questioned Timon as to the education of his children. Have them, said he, instructed in that which they will never comprehend.

" Superstition is the poetry of life; wherefore it is an injury to the poet not to be superstitious.

" He who feels no love, must learn to flatter, or he will not get on.

" I can promise to be upright, but not to be impartial.

" Ingratitude is a kind of weakness. I have never found able men ungrateful.

" Accomplished people are always the best Conversations-Lexicon.

" In every work of art, great or little, even down to the littlest, all depends upon the conception.

" The question: which stands highest, the Historian or the Poet? ought not to be proposed: they contend against each other as little as the runner and the boxer. His proper crown is due to each.

" My relation to Schiller was founded upon the decided direction of both towards one object; our common activity upon the difference of the means by which we sought to reach it.

" It would not be worth while to be seventy years old, if all the wisdom of the world were folly in the eyes of God.

" Several sayings of the ancients, which people are accustomed to repeat, had a totally different meaning from that which is given to them in modern times.

" Men liken themselves to those whom they praise.

" Some one compared thought and action to Rachel and Leah; the one was more pleasing, the other more fruitful.

" Courage and modesty are the most undoubted virtues; for they are

of a kind that hypocrisy cannot imitate; they have also the property in common of expressing themselves both by the same hue.

"Of all thieves fools are the worst: they rob you of both time and temper.

"Respect for self governs our morality: respect for others governs our behaviour.

"At the present moment every man of cultivated mind should take Sterne's works in hand again, that the nineteenth century might know how much we *do* owe to him, and perceive how much we *might* owe to him.

"In the spring and autumn we think little of a fire, and yet it happens that if we come upon one by accident, we find the feelings communicated by it so agreeable, that we feel inclined to indulge them. This would probably be found analogous to every temptation."

The tenth Volume consists of Essays on Moral, Metaphysical and Scientific subjects. The eleventh Volume is devoted to Mineralogy, Geology, and Meteorology: the Mineralogical and Geological part consisting mostly of brief accounts of the formation or productions of particular districts of Germany; the Meteorological, of short descriptive speculations on the principal phenomena and the instruments used in determining them. The four remaining volumes contain the Didactic and Historical Parts of the *Farbenlehre* or Doctrine of Colours; the Polemical part has been omitted in this edition by the desire of the author as expressed in a codicil to his will. The space already occupied by this article compels us to postpone the consideration of so extensive a subject, which should be treated fully and systematically or not at all. We merely think it necessary to say (and we say it upon the best authority), that if Goethe's optical theories be frequently more distinguished by their ingenuity and originality than by their truth, he has at least produced a book remarkable for the number of useful suggestions and curious observations contained in it, and forming altogether one of the most valuable additions to the history and literature of science which has appeared for the last half century in any country.

ART. VII.—1. *Holländische Volkslieder. Gesammelt und erläutert von Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann. Mit einer Musikbeilage.* (Popular Songs of Holland. Collected and Illustrated by Dr. Henry Hoffmann. With a Musical Appendix.) Breslau. 1833. 8vo.

2. *Proben Altholländischer Volkslieder. Mit einem Anhange altschwedischer, englischer, schottischer, italienischer, madeassischer, brasilianischer und altd deutscher Volkslieder. Gesammelt und übersetzt von O. L. B. Wolff.* (Specimens of Old Dutch Popular Songs. With an Appendix of Old Swedish, English, Scottish, Italian, Madecassian, Brazilian, and Old German Popular Songs. Collected and translated by O. L. B. Wolff.) Greiz. 1832. 8vo.

HAD it been our good fortune to have lived in those halcyon days when Love and all the world were young, when fairs were countenanced, Whitsun ales abounded, and witty pedlars were found in the land, traversing, with wallets crowded and motley as their brains, from feast to merry-making, without having the fear of the Vagrant Act or Stamp-office before their eyes—had we lived, we say, in those days, and had the additional happiness of encountering in our peregrinations that most knavish and facetious of the pack-bearing fraternity, good Master Autolycus, we think, when we had turned over his stores of

“Lawn, as white as driven snow;
Cyprus, black as any crow,”

we should, rejecting all such like knick-knacks, have made a choice similar to that of the gentle Mopsa, for, like her, we “love a ballad in print a-life, for then we are sure they are true.”

But since the fates have willed that our sojourn in this world should be postponed from those golden days of love and poesy, until this *cast-iron* age of utilitarianism, we will thankfully receive the gifts the gods have sent us, and by the magic powers of the imagination transform Herr Hoffmann into an Autolycus, and his pleasant volume into a goodly and well-filled fardel, in which we shall find ballads in print, and those too of the choicest. He, indeed, is a fitting editor for the work before us, for it is clear that, like the clown in the *Winter's Tale*, “he loves a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed, and sung lamentably.”

To speak seriously, the editor has set to work in good earnest, and with a heart warmed towards his subjects. He sympathises with the touches of rude but deep feeling, with which these unlettered productions abound, and the result of his labours of love is

a very delightful volume, for which we render him our thanks, the more especially since its appearance enables us to complete the sketch of the Poetical History of Holland, which our readers will find in the third volume of the Foreign Quarterly Review.

The Popular Songs of Holland are naturally separable into two great classes; the first containing those of a spiritual or religious nature; the second, such as by way of contradistinction are generally termed profane songs. We will, as Hoffmann has very properly done before us, give precedence to the former of these divisions; and we think we cannot better commence our notice of the productions which are classed under the head of Spiritual Songs, than by quoting the remarks with which their present judicious editor introduces them to his readers.

“The older spiritual poetry of Holland, at least that part of it which is extant in the form of songs, existed for a very limited period. The greater portion of the songs of this class appeared in the middle of the fifteenth century, and disappeared again before the close of the following one. Many had found favour with the people, and might therefore justly lay claim to the title of popular songs. These, like all the religious ones, were for the most part either adapted to the airs of profane ones, or imitated from them; the greater number were, however, not so widely spread, but confined rather to the circle of private devotion. Moreover, from the nature of their contents they were of necessity kept within a very limited circle, for the greatest number of them consisted of songs which treated of the nature and circumstances of the loving soul, and of the means whereby it sought to gain the affections of its Bridegroom—Jesus Christ. The other divisions of the sacred songs were severally devoted to the celebration of the birth and resurrection of Christ, and to the praises of the blessed Virgin. Thus then, the earlier sacred poetry of Holland consisted only of four descriptions of songs, viz. the Christmas Carols, the Easter Hymns, the Songs of the Virgin, and the Songs of Christian Doctrine.

“The carols, or Christmas songs, are those which are most deserving of our attention. In them we may most clearly discern the *child-like* religious spirit of the olden time, when men were not content to relate in the shape of songs the history of the birth of the Saviour simply as recorded in the Scriptures, but sought by little traits drawn from national and domestic life, to make it more alluring and instructive, and so to apply it directly to the hearts of the pious and of the faithful.”—pp. 1, 2.

This custom of familiarizing from reverential and affectionate motives the personages and events of Scripture, of which Hoffmann adduces several instances, was however one which obtained as universally among the carol writers of other nations as among those of Holland. Of this the reader will find abundant proof in Mr. Sandys’ valuable collection of English Carols,*

* Christmas Carols, Ancient and Modern; with an Introduction and Notes by W. Sandys, F.A.S., 8vo, London. 1833.

should it never have been his lot, as it has been ours, to hear in the streets of London, the one beginning, "When Joseph was an old man," in which the miracle of the Cherry-tree is recorded in a most homely style of narrative.

"Many of the descriptions in these old poems strongly resemble the Biblical designs of some of the early masters," says the present editor, and he justifies his assertion by the following quotation:—

"The mother she made for the child a bath,
How lovely then it therein sat!
The childling it plashed with its hand,
That the water out of the bason sprang."*

"But sometimes," he continues, "these religious poetical feelings lose themselves so completely in the subject, that they never perceive how closely their descriptions verge upon the laughable.

'Mary did not herself prepare
With cradle-clothes to her hand there,
Wherein she might her dear child wind.
Soon as Joseph this did find,
His hose straight from his legs he drew,
Which to this day at Aix they show,
And with them the blessed clothes did make,
In which God first man's form did take.'

"It is true that we look upon these descriptions with modern eyes, not taking into consideration that our manners and customs, that our general views, in short, are not at all times in unison with those of the fifteenth century. But even if we are always right in these and similar cases, still we cannot deny that there often lies in these old poems what we, notwithstanding we are in the possession of the most exquisite skill, cannot at all reach—an infinite *naïveté*—a touching simplicity. Especially rich in this respect are the songs which describe the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt:—

'Joseph he did leap and run
Until an ass's foal he won,
Whereon he set that maiden mild,
And with her that most blessed child.'

"The whole idyllic life which they led in that country is told to us in a few unpretending traits:—

'Joseph he led the ass,
The bridle held he;
What found they by the way
But a date-tree.

* We give the original stanza to show how great is the affinity which exists between the Dutch and English branches of the Teutonic tongue.

"Die moeder die makeden den kinde een bat,
Hoe lieflic dattet daer inne sat!
Dat kindekijn pleterden metter hant;
Dattet water uten becken sprang:"

Oh, ass's foal, thou must stand still,
 To gather dates it is our will,
 So weary are we.
 The date-tree bowed to the earth
 To Mary's knee.

' Mary would fill her lap
 From the date-tree.
 Joseph was an old man,
 And wearied was he.
 ' Mary let the date-tree bide,
 We have yet forty miles to ride,
 And late it will be.
 Let us pray this blessed child
 Grant us mercie.'

" Nay, they do not even forget to inform us how the Holy Family laboured for their subsistence in this foreign land:—

' Mary, that maiden dear,
 Well could she spin.
 Joseph, as a carpenter,
 Could his bread win.
 When Joseph was grown so old
 That no longer work he could,
 The thread he wound,
 And Jesus to rich and poor
 Carried it round.'—pp. 3—5.

The Easter Hymns, which constitute the second branch of these Spiritual Songs, are marked by the same peculiarities as those which distinguish the carols. In them the Scriptural narrative of the death and resurrection of our Saviour is similarly expanded, or else related in an allegorical style. One of the most beautiful of these allegorical descriptions of Christ's sufferings is contained in a song, in which the Nightingale (Christ) is represented perched upon a blooming may-tree (the Cross), and there singing so vehemently the seven last words, that his heart breaks: thus dies the Nightingale solely from love for a beautiful maiden, under which form the Christian Church is represented.

The Songs of the Virgin, which form the third of those divisions into which the sacred lyrics of Holland are separated in the work before us, are formed chiefly of praises offered up in all manner of strains and forms of expressions which are worthy of being addressed to her, who is considered by the writers of them to realize the most perfect idea of virtue, to be the type of all heavenly beauty and maidenhood, and as the mother of the Saviour, the appointed intercessor with the Redeemer.

We shall not, however, stop to furnish our readers with a specimen of this species of devotional poetry, nor of the more nu-

merous class which immediately follows it, namely, the Godly Songs, or Songs of Christian Doctrine. These are one and all founded, in a greater or less degree, upon the single all-pervading idea that Christ is the bridegroom, and the whole Christian Church, and every pious soul belonging to it, is his appointed bride. This thought, which had been expressed centuries before in the Scriptures, and is one of deep theological import, is here abided by, and repeated in every way calculated to arouse the slumbering, and foster the religious sentiments of the faithful believer. It were useless to describe the numerous forms under which the expression of this allegorical betrothing is veiled, or to point out the many instances in which the relations and circumstances of mere human affections are copied into the pictures of this heavenly passion.

“ The arms of my true love
Are stretched apart,
Oh might I rest in them,
’Twould ease my pained heart !

“ His sweet mouth and red
He hath bent unto me,
Oh might I but kiss it,
Heal’d my soul would be !”—p. 10.

Nay, in many instances, the poets were not contented with the introduction of thoughts and ideas borrowed from every-day life, but sought to support the sacred cause to which they had dedicated their talents by spiritual parodies of worldly songs.

We will now turn for a while to the romantic ballads of Holland. These productions of the national muse had in the fifteenth century little to distinguish them from their German brethren; one and the same song was the common property of both countries, so much so, that it is doubtful in most instances whether the German or Dutch song should be looked upon as the original. But the circumstance of the German ballads still finding a welcome and protection in their Fatherland, would seem to decide the question of primogeniture in their favour.

Unfortunately the greater portion of the Dutch ballads belonging to this period have disappeared from among the people, and we, and all lovers of these rude but pathetic outpourings of national feelings, must feel grateful to the present editor, and to all such kindred spirits, when we see them stepping forward to rescue these scattered fragments of the olden days from the hand of the destroyer. Popular poetry, in the sense in which that term is generally used, no longer exists in Holland: the Dutch sing as of

old, in despite of protocols and rumours of wars, but their songs are no longer such as

“ The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chaunt ;”

No—their songs are the production of the most accomplished poets of the day, the airs to which they sing them are from the most fashionable operas. “ There is a time for all things ;” the present seems a time for change: the schoolmaster may rejoice thereat, but verily the perusal of the rough but stirring ballads now before us, and by which, as Sir Philip Sidney hath it, “ the heart is moved more than with a trumpet,” tempts us to join issue with the pedagogue as to the advantages to be derived from a change that will banish them from their ancient influence on society.

But to resume. The ballad with which this collection opens is one essentially national, since it relates the murder of Count Floris of Holland, by Gerard van Velsen, whose wife he had violated. It is somewhat too long for our pages, but the pathetic touches with which it abounds are of the most heartrending description, and form it into a domestic tragedy, whose hero moves our pity for his sufferings, mental and bodily, and our admiration for the courage with which he endures them. He was condemned for the murder to be rolled in a cask studded with nails, and when he had undergone this torture during three whole days, he is asked—

“ Gerard van Velsen, thou right good man,
How fares it with thee now ?”

“ How fares it with me now ? you ask,
And thus I answer you,
That I am still the self-same man
Who young Count Floris slew.”

We will pass over the next in the series for the same reason which influenced our omission of the first, namely, its length, and though the one we have selected must necessarily lose much of its raciness in a translation, we hope the touches of pathos and the picture of deep-rooted affection which it exhibits, will win for our version as much favour in the sight of our readers, as the Dutch original has found with us.

DAY IN THE EAST IS DAWNING.

“ Day in the east is dawning,
Light shineth over all ;
How little knows my dearest
What fate shall me befall.

‘ Were every one a friend to me
Whom now I count my foe,
I’d bear thee far from this countree,
My trust, my own true joe.’
‘ Then whither would’st thou bear me,
Thou knight so stout and gay ?’—
‘ All under the green linden,
Darling, we’d take our way.’
‘ In my love’s arms I’m lying
With great honour per fay,
In my love’s arms I’m lying,
Thou knight so stout and gay.’
‘ In thy love’s arms thou’rt lying,
Woe’s me, that is not truth !
Seek under the green linden,
There lies he slain forsooth.’
The maiden took her mantle,
And hastened on her way,
Where under the green linden
Her murdered lover lay.
‘ Oh lyest thou here murdered,
And bathed in thy blood !
’Tis all because of thy high fame,
Thy noble mind and good.
‘ Oh lyest thou here murdered,
Who was my comfort all !
Alas how many bitter days
Must I now weep thy fall !’
The maiden turned her homewards,
With grief and dolour sore,
And when she reached her father’s,
Yclosed was every door.
‘ What—is there no one here within,
No lord, no man of birth,
Who will assist me bury
This corse in the cold earth ?’
The lords within stood mute and still,
No help to her they lent ;
The maiden turned her back again,
Loud weeping as she went.
Then with her hair so yellow,
She cleansed him from his gore,
And with her hands so snowy,
His wounds she covered o’er.
And with his own white sword,
A grave for him she made,
And with her own white arms,
His corse within it laid.

And with her hands so snowy,
 Her lover's knell she rang,
 And with her voice so gentle,
 Her lover's dirge she sang.
 ' Now to some lonely cloister,
 Straight I'll myself betake,
 And wear for aye a sable veil,
 For my own true love's sake.' "

Hoffmann, pp. 101—103.

The words "Under the green linden," in the foregoing ballad, are supposed by the editor to contain an allusion to the old German criminal law. Courts of judicature were frequently held under the linden, and the passage we have quoted, in his opinion, implies that the corpse had already been borne to the place of judgment, that the customary declaration of murder might be duly pronounced over it by the judges. The following quotation from the *Schweidnitzer Chronik* seems to confirm this view:

"Ao. 1591, den 19 Januarij, hat einer mit namen George Tzirbicz von Taunhaus zwischen 23 und 24 Uhr Jacob Ringeln von Niedergrunau zu Kletschau ohne gegebene Ursach auf den Kopf gehauen, dass er gestorben, und ist unter der Linde uber den Thater Zetter geschreien."

We have stated that many of these ballads are the common property both of Holland and of Germany: among the most remarkable instances of this may be named "Ich stont op hoghe Berghen," which is identically the same with the "Lay of the young Count," a German song, published by Herder in his "Volkslieder," (which is beyond all comparison the most beautiful collection of national minstrelsy ever formed;) and among many others equally curious in this respect, is that "Van Heer Danielkeen," which is a Dutch version of the history of "Sir Tannhauser," whose exploits and awful fate are so frequently alluded to in German literature.*

We should certainly have given a translation of that wild and mysterious ballad "The Hunter from Greece," had we not been anticipated by one in the *Batavian Anthology*. We will therefore substitute for it another which has its shortness to recommend it to those who may not esteem it so highly as we do:

"It is silly sooth,
 And dallies with the innocence of Love
 Like the old age."

And it is endeared to us strongly by the unison of its tone with

* Translations of both these ballads will be found in the first and fifth parts of Mr. Thoms's *Lays and Legends of Various Nations: Germany*, parts 1 and 2—an elegant little work now in the course of monthly publication, to which we hold ourselves indebted for a great variety of curious and recondite information, brought together with much taste and judgment, and a *con amore* spirit which is extremely prepossessing.

that which marks those snatches of by-gone songs which Shakespeare has scattered over his wondrous pages. Love forms its theme, and well does it illustrate what that mighty master of the tuneful lyre sung of Love's effects :

" Nature is fine in love ; and where 'tis fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves."

The ballad indeed seems embued with the very spirit of Love, and would have gladdened the heart of him whose matchless poesy evinces in every line his fondness for such rude minstrelsy.

THE THREE MAIDENS.

" There were three maidens wandered forth
In the spring time of the year,
The hail and the snow fell thick and fast,
And all three barefooted were.
The first of the three was weeping sore,
With joy skipped the second there,
The third of those maidens the first did ask,
' Oh how does thy true love fare ?'
' Oh why and oh wherefore askest thou,
How does my true love fare ?
Three men at arms did fall upon him,
His life they would not spare.'
' Did three men at arms fall upon him,
His life would they not spare ?
Another lover must kiss you then,
To be merry and glad prepare.'
' If another lover should kiss me then,
Oh how sad would my poor heart be !
Adieu my father and mother !
Ye never more shall see me.
' Adieu my father and mother !
And my youngest sister dear,
And I will to the green linden go,
My true love lieth there.' "—pp. 110, 111.

We must now conclude, and we will do so by once more expressing our hearty approbation of the selection which Hoffman has made, as well as of the manner in which he has illustrated his materials. Nor must we omit a good word in favour of Professor Wolff's translations, which are made from Le Jeune's Collection of Dutch Songs (a book we have never seen), and form a very appropriate addition to the same writer's varied and successful labours in this field of literature, with all of which the lovers of such lore should speedily make acquaintance.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Exposé des Motifs et Projet de Loi sur les Droits de Douanes à l'Importation et à l'Exportation, présenté par M. le Ministre du Commerce (M. Thiers) dans la séance du 3 Février. (Moniteur, 12 Février, 1834.)*
2. *Rapport de la Commission chargée d'Examiner le Projet de Loi sur les Douanes, présenté par M. Meynard, Organe de cette Commission. (Ibid, 5 Mai, 1834.)*
3. *Ordonnance du 2 Juin sur les Douanes. (Bulletin des Lois, 1834.)*
4. *First Report on the Commercial Relations between France and Great Britain, by George Villiers and John Bowring; with a Supplementary Report by John Bowring. London. 1834. folio.*

To those who feel inclined to rely upon Dr. Bowring's opinion, that "a great and gratifying change has taken place in the state of public opinion in France upon the fetters which have so long and so perniciously bound commerce," (*Supp. Rep.* p. 181,) we beg to point out the recent French elections, and particularly the choice made by the capital, where the most notorious enemies to commercial improvement have been adopted by overwhelming majorities. Such a fact, coupled with various others posterior to his Report, which our readers will observe in the course of this article, affords stronger testimony of the real state of public opinion, than the ideas of the Chambers of Commerce of a few of the sea-ports and inland entrepôts, on which Dr. Bowring relies with so much confidence. Previously to 1830 it was supposed that the monopolies were only part of the abuses of the Restoration, and many fondly imagined that the political changes of that year would give them their death-blow.

"Three years have elapsed," say the merchants of Bordeaux,* "since the Revolution was effected, and we are still waiting for its consequences upon our commercial legislation. Our economical system keeps up its exclusions, whilst our political organization has a progressive tendency to abandon them. The protective system declares by its results that it is openly opposed to our fundamental law. It sets up categories and distinctions between different employments. Some are protected, while others are left aside; some obtain the exclusive possession of the market, whilst it is taken from others; some are forced at vast expense, and grow beyond measure; others are stifled, and die for want of aid. The industrious classes of the same country either profit by the régime with which we are governed, or suffer from it, according to the nature of their occupations; and different portions of the country derive advantage from this arbitrary system, or groan under it, accord-

* Adresse des Négocians de Bordeaux aux Chambres Législatives. 4to. Bordeaux. 1834.

ing to their resources or situation. But where is the equality, where the harmony, that ought to flow from laws common to all?"

This persuasion, like many other notions touching the politics of the Elder Branch, turns out to be a complete delusion. Events have shown that the monopolists are independent of the government. They are supported by their immense influence amongst the electoral body, but still more by national prejudices, which as yet have shewn themselves invincible.

And yet in the beginning there were some symptoms of favourable change, as Dr. Bowring rightly observed. The man of prohibition—M. de St. Cricq—was driven from public affairs; some sense of the necessity of amendment was shown in the Chambers; ordinances were launched by the government against a few of the more extravagant and absurd regulations; a bounty or two was abandoned; and—M. Thiers was named Minister of Trade.

Before we examine the present state of French commercial policy, it is necessary to mention an assembly held in Paris in December last. This body was composed of the *elite* of the agriculturists, merchants and manufacturers, and was convened by the government to give their advice upon matters of trade, and more particularly on import duties and prohibitions. The uselessness of such an institution might be tolerably well guessed *à priori*. A landowner will amend no tariff that keeps up the price of rural produce, a manufacturer will ever plead "vested interests" against foreign cheapness, and the colonist and his consignee will repel "theories" that would open other markets to the consumers of colonial produce. They will in turn tear the cloak from the shoulders of one another; the farmer will call for cheap iron, and the founder for cheap corn: each will implicitly confess that the "theorists" are right, but explicit none will be, for each instinctively feels the peril of a general principle for his own abuse. The proceedings of the assembly in question were in perfect conformity with these suppositions. Instead of examining the operation of the present tariff on production, or its influence on the well-being of the public, they cast themselves into a petty debate of industry with industry, and a sorry chaffering in what are oddly called 'concessions.' The traders and manufacturers demanded a diminution of the duties on cattle and wool, but the agriculturists would only consent to a small reduction of the cattle-tax. The merchants called for lower linen duties, but were resisted by the growers of flax and the spinners of yarn. The manufacturers asked for diminished coal and iron duties, but were repelled by the woodowners and coal miners. There was much indignation at being "tributary" to foreigners, much admiration of "national industry," and much applause of French iron, French

cotton and French coal; for some men, just in proportion as they profit by abuses, blind themselves to their injustice with self-conceit. But not a voice was raised for the wearers of coats and the eaters of meat; no pity was shown for the lower classes suffering under the dearness of fuel, nor for the ruined wine growers. If we are asked what this council accomplished, we answer—nothing; and it is probable that the government never intended to make any use of it, except as a buttress to the present system of commercial policy. It is from the proceedings of this body that M. Thiers drew the materials for the Customs Bill which was laid before the Chamber of Deputies during the late session. The bill got no further than the Committee, and died with the Chamber; and M. Thiers himself no longer occupies the same post: but as the steps recently taken by the government are little better than the execution of portions of his scheme, we may look upon the latter as representing its present policy, and shall examine it accordingly. The Report of M. Meynard, as organ of the Committee, is a mere echo of M. Thiers's *Exposé*, except in a few particulars, which we shall note.

If not a profound, M. Thiers is at least an audacious writer. The theories which he contrived in defence of the revolutionary administration of 1793-4 are some of the boldest and most original within the range of our historical reading. Their soundness may doubtless be questioned, but the inventor could hardly have passed for a man of prejudice or routine; nor could anybody have imagined that the apologist for the assignats would one day adopt the antiquated economy of the prohibition-mongers. But alas for our short-sightedness! M. Thiers is not content with being the political instrument of his new party; he takes on himself the defence of their most illegitimate interests, nor fears to adopt the foulest prejudices which those interests breed. Thus he not only demands the continuation of the present prohibitions, but clamours against free intercourse throughout his *Exposé* as loudly as the monopolists themselves.

The latter is a lively piece of written tattle, fitter for a light magazine, or a country newspaper, than a grave legislature, being slip-slop in style, vague and exaggerated in its statements, and with the show of easy discussion, which often makes nonsense pass for the production of active genius. With respect to the matter, he begins by saying—

“The spirit of the present government is moderation and wise reserve in all its innovations. The spirit of 89 was rash, and that of 1814 retrograde; but the spirit of 1830 ought to be measured, practical, positive, and as ready to admit improvements clearly shown, as it is slow and reserved in trying such as may be contested. This spirit, which in

politics has given peace to Europe, internal order to France, and security and prosperity to industry, can alone give us, in matters of administration, good commercial laws."

Now this statement is entirely unfounded, as it would be easy to prove from M. Thiers's History; but as he might object that this would be an appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk,* we will not insist on his own testimony. But we defy M. Thiers to show from any other authority the smallest feature in the proceedings of the National Assembly denoting a rash spirit of commercial change, or even a single faint attempt to retain the moderate treaty of Mr. Pitt. The prohibitory tariff of 1791 was the work of that body. As to the Restoration, we unequivocally assert that one of its first steps was to put an end to the continental system, and to open the French ports. In another part of his *Exposé*, M. Thiers himself asserts, by way of an *argumentum ad invidiam*, that

"The princes of the elder branch had a natural desire to please the foreigners who brought them trade, and a taste for everything that abounded in England. *Our ports were suddenly opened*, and the invasion was so sudden that alarm was spread throughout every employment."

If the Restoration shut the ports afresh, it was out of fear of the manufacturing and commercial bodies, whose want of attachment it was not thought worth while to provoke into hostility. To cloak the new plan with anti-jacobin and anti-royalist prejudices in this manner, speaks but little for the wisdom and sincerity of the minister. The claim to reserve and discretion is made by all parties. Discretion is a very uncertain quality, and at best is but relative. If it have a fixed meaning, it is the taking of proper means for the execution of proper measures, and to claim the exclusive capacity for such purposes, is to arrogate a vain-glorious character for wisdom that ought to expose public authority to laughter. Besides, we have never heard of any party that wished to destroy the present mercantile system at a blow. The foremost of the French economists, the late J. B. Say, notoriously insisted upon its gradual improvement, comparing its sudden annihilation with the destruction of an old house before the owner had found a new dwelling. The following passage will help us to the minister's notion of discretion:—

"If the spirit of the government was to act with reserve, to do so was likewise the first of its duties towards all interests. . . . It is not by sacrificing them one to another without pity that they are to be reconciled: if they are to be instructed and pacified, it is only by slow and cautious experiments."

* M. Thiers has lately chosen to describe this work as the mere attempt of a youth of three-and-twenty!

Now we contend that it is the present system that is a pitiless sacrifice of one interest to another, or rather of the public interests to those of a few. If the peasant of the south still harrows his field with an elm-branch—if the claret-grower gluts his cellar with unsold wines—if the poor of Paris perish with December's cold—it is because they are all remorselessly sacrificed to a few iron and coal miners. But it seems that the spirit of reserve and of duty is not to be extended to the interests of the public.

“ In 1786 a celebrated treaty, which was drawn up under the influence of men fond of systems, exposed our industry to a fatal invasion. This precipitate movement was followed by a violent reaction ; measures of prohibition were returned to, which might have been spared if a slower progress had been tried.”

It is a strange proceeding in a professor of reserve to condemn in this compendious way a treaty to which all wise men have ever looked back with regret. Mr. Pitt fond of systems! Can M. Thiers tell us whether it was abandoned from any public sense of its doing harm?—whether any inquiry was made into its real results?—whether anything was attended to, except the clamours of a few French manufacturers? The treaty in question was made at a time when the commercial theory was maintained on both sides of the water in the spirit of violent orthodoxy. Adam Smith, who was just coming into notice, passed for a heretical dreamer even in the eyes of Mr. Fox, whose opposition to the treaty still makes us blush for his memory. Arthur Young made us familiar with the revolting ignorance about it in France. Besides, why does M. Thiers shut his eyes to the favourable side of the measure? Does he not know that the brandies, wines, oils, and other similar productions of France, were to be admitted into this country on the footing of those of the most favoured nations?—that this vast market for those extensive interests was pitilessly sacrificed? Examples, moreover, are not confined to France. The prosperous results of the new silk duties, adopted by Mr. Huskisson, show the advantage of adhering to wise systems, in spite of the clamours of interested parties, and form a more striking and certain phenomenon than can be found in the commercial history of France. If Mr. Huskisson had yielded to the cries of ‘ invasion,’ of the Spitalfields manufacturers, we should not have witnessed their present success, nor the improvement which they have made in their commodity, nor the remarkable increase that has since taken place in the importation of English manufactured silks into France itself. In 1826 their value was £1354, and in

* According to M. C. Moreau, the average value of the annual exports from France to England, for the three years preceding the treaty, was only £518,279, whilst for the six succeeding years it was £1,161,432.

1831, £48,365. The exports of English silks to the United States, where they are rapidly undermining the silks of France, has increased in the same period from 356,349 to 1,064,576 dollars."—*Report of Messrs. Villiers and Bowring*, pp. 141—207.

But then—

"True science demonstrates that in this matter all absolute systems are completely false."

This is one of those propositions which it is next to impossible to grapple with—those of sheer nonsense. To say of a theory that it is absolute, is only saying that it is a theory: the adjective adds no more to the meaning than if, speaking of the identity of M. Thiers, we were to say, he is absolutely M. Thiers. And to assert that a theory is false because it is absolute, is as reasonable as to say M. Thiers is himself, *ergo*, he is a chimera—*chimæra bombinans in vacuo*. What follows will enable us to guess at his meaning. He says that the government has adopted,

"not that dogmatical science which is founded on theories, but that more modest and useful science which goes no further than the observation of facts."

Passing by the total absence of meaning in "science founded on theories," let us stop to admire the modest complacency with which the minister lays claim to be the first and sole observer of "facts," as if he had an exclusive patent for keeping his eyes open. Avaunt, Messrs. Grant and Huskisson, ye are blind guides! Avaunt, J. B. Say, you, who sifted the books of all times and nations, who noted all known facts, verified all statistics, and spent your whole existence in laborious research, you are no better than a mole; I alone, I, a six months' minister of trade—I, am the only observer! M. Thiers repels theories, but what is his science but theory? He accuses theorists of not observing facts, and what is a theory but a comparison of facts? M. Thiers confines his science to facts; but why observe facts if not to draw deductions, and what are deductions but the inferential parts of theories? What, then, does M. Thiers mean by his charge of non-observation? Clearly nothing more than faulty observation, examination of a partial sort, or of the wrong sides of things; so that absolute theories are only such as absolutely exclude more or less facts from the consideration of the makers. However, the real design of his word-fighting is to call names; for the cry of "no theory" is the common resource of politicians who have an abuse to support, or an accusation to evade.

"If the system of unlimited freedom of exchange was rigorously applied, it would follow that a nation would keep itself for all eternity

to one or two employments, for a nation has rarely any positive superiority in more than two."

This is downright dreaming. Can England produce the wines, the brandies, the oils, the silks, the fruits of France, or the abundant and varied agricultural produce that could be grown in France, if her capital were directed into its proper channel? Many hundred articles of French production are marked out for prohibition in the English, German, and Spanish tariffs, which would be a fruitless precaution, if M. Thiers's averment were true. Besides, and this reduces the argument to the unspeakably absurd, if the countries of Europe be multiplied by this new allowance of commodities, the number of all the employments exercised in that quarter of the world would amount to about *thirty*—and yet this comes from an observer of facts! Moreover, the argument proceeds on the supposition of production being good in itself, independently of the profit it may bring. It is good to grow beet-root sugar in Picardy, because it is good. Whereas, in our simplicity, we have hitherto fancied that the only reason for producing any thing new is because it affords a more advantageous employment for labour and stock than existing occupations.

The most remarkable portion of the scientific part of the *Exposé* is the following passage ;

" Nations have an irresistible *PENCHANT* to make conquests of industry from one another. To succeed in doing so, they prohibit, or render dearer by tariffs, foreign commodities, in order to make it advantageous for their own citizens to produce them. It is a universal instinct amongst all nations."

Let our readers endeavour to imagine what that nation must be that wears dear calico from a *penchant*, or burns dear coal out of a "soft impeachment!" Does this observer of facts venture to maintain that any person of sense cares, or of no sense knows, whether he consumes native or foreign commodities, or that he asks for any other qualities than goodness and cheapness? Does not the recent example of Carolina show that this indifference may even be provoked into political hostility, if the right of free markets be too impudently infringed? Nations! This is one of those much abused terms with which private parties ever seek to foist themselves on the world as the public, for the purpose of getting their own selfish interests protected. The cotton-spinners, ironfounders, and the like, are all the 'Nation' in turn, although they take good care to sink into private persons the moment their 'vested interests' are threatened with scrutiny. The corollary of all this is,

" If there is an irresistible *PENCHANT* to conquer foreign industry and to employ tariffs for that purpose, it is not the *PENCHANT* itself that ought

to be attacked, but the manner in which nations sometimes yield to this natural **PENCHANT**. Have they in every case employed tariffs *à-propos*, usefully, and within due limits? That is the real field of discussion."

If this inclination be a true fact as to the past, it does not ensue that it will be so hereafter. Men are hourly getting rid of prejudices (*penchans*), and are becoming more alive to their true interests. Opinion and taste are no longer irresistible, as France, in particular, well knows, from her experience of the last fifty years, during which royalism, republicanism, Bonapartism, and a hundred other strong *penchans* have successively disappeared. Even the prohibition-economists have changed their ground, and no longer adopt the entire commercial theory of our forefathers. To build up a system on a hollow prejudice, is to condemn it to the fast approaching dissolution with which abuses are menaced by the progress of knowledge. A word more, and we shall have done with the science of M. Thiers. He draws the old distinction between the protection accorded to manufacturers, and that bestowed on agriculture, the first being to *create*, the second to *prevent destruction*.

"Under the invasion of foreign corn and cattle, prices would fall to such a point, that certain provinces would abandon cultivation and the breeding of cattle."

M. Thiers is ignorant of the *fact* that this pretended invasion is a mere dream, and that the abundance of Poland and Odessa is a fable, as has been conclusively proved by inquiries with which we are, and M. Thiers ought to be, familiar. If the Polish farmers endeavoured to produce much more than they do now, it could only be at such an increased expense as would make their corn too dear for the French markets, in which, if we may trust the authority of Mr. Jacob, the corn of Poland at this hour could not be sold below that of France.* It is only countries that have much and increasing capital, or plenty of new land, that can grow much more than they want, and it is notorious that Russia and Poland possess neither. The exaggerated assertion about certain provinces going out of cultivation is only worth remarking

* According to the monthly return for June, the average price in the principal French markets was 32s. per English quarter. The following are the prices at Dantzic during seven years, according to a parliamentary paper:—

	s.	d.			s.	d.	
1825,	24	2	per Eng. qr.		1829,	47	1 per Eng. qr.
1826,	25	1			1830,	48	2
1827,	26	11			1831,	50	2
1828,	27	1					

Average 34s. 6½d.

This enormous variation is wholly incompatible with the pretended abundance of corn for export, the first effect of which would be to maintain a steady price at home.

as proceeding from a professor of discretion. Neither shall we stop to notice what M. Thiers says further on about the ruinous effect on price, if importation were stopped by war. It is lamentable to see the rage of our neighbours for dragging this text of pike and gun into every species of deliberation.

The present commercial policy of France may be traced to the continental system of Napoleon. The Restoration proceeded too hastily in opening the ports and frontiers, and the confusion and distress produced by this imprudence raised such alarm that the new government threw itself into the opposite excess, hermetically shutting the recently opened inlets, and calling to its commercial councils the most inveterate fanatics of the prohibitive school. Not content with resuming Napoleon's plans, they set about improving them, and gave them an extension that he had never dreamt of. High duties were put on foreign coals, and the most ingenious measures adopted to prevent their illicit importation. The few French colonies that were restored were received with open arms, and duty upon duty granted for their protection. The foreign iron-tax, which had not been changed for nearly thirty years, was increased *twelve-fold*. The same system was pursued for nearly every species of industry. We will say a few words on those that have obtained most notice from M. Thiers, and upon the measures which he proposes.

Agricultural Produce.—The French corn laws are servilely copied from our own; but not being considered as coming under the head of tariff regulations, they are only theoretically noticed by M. Thiers, as we have already observed, for the purpose of illustrating his notions concerning cattle and wool. Before the Restoration, there was a considerable trade between Switzerland, the Rhenish countries, and France in *cattle*, with which the former countries paid for their silks and wines. A protecting duty was set upon foreign cattle, which, although it did not stop the sale, provoked the Swiss and Germans so far, that they put reprisal duties on French silks, whereupon new silk manufactures were established in Prussia and Switzerland, which, owing to the cheapness of labour, have had the rare good fortune to compete successfully with the manufactures of Lyons, and have caused a considerable diminution in the market for the latter. This was the indirect effect of the tax; its direct operation is much more striking. We will leave M. Thiers himself to describe it.

“Foreign cattle had never been taxed. In 1816, a duty was imposed of three francs per head; and in 1822, at the time when the prohibitive spirit was in full force, a fresh duty of 50 francs. The tax has produced very few of the effects which were expected, and at the same time has struck certain provinces with extreme severity. The price of cattle

has not augmented. Foreign importation has gone on in much about the same proportion, and for a very simple reason. The departments of the north, which got their cattle from Belgium, and those of the east, which got them from Baden and Switzerland, have continued to procure them from those countries, because they could not fetch them from Normandy and Saintonge, and have submitted to pay the duty, high as it is, so that the duty has been an infliction on some of our provinces, without being of any advantage to the rest."

A single hasty glance at the want of pasture or turnip land in France, absolutely indispensable for cattle on long journeys, would have convinced persons of common observation that they could not be driven into the interior in droves sufficiently numerous to cover the charges of importation. We have examined the interior of that country, and excepting in the grazing districts, we never met in it with a herd that exceeded thirty head. Of 50,000 head of cattle imported, says M. Meynard, only 3000 reach so far as Paris. Let our readers think of the injustice of taxing the meat of all the northern and eastern districts a penny or three-halfpence a pound for such miserable purposes as these! And what change does M. Thiers propose in this nefarious impost? Abolition? No, the reduction of a *third*, '*pour n'aller trop vite en aucune chose*'! But the Committee would not even consent to this reduction. It advised that the tax should be fixed on weight instead of number, in order to deprive the consumers of the means of mitigating its effects by importing large cattle. What would Louis Philippe's ancestor, '*ce Henri, ce seul roi dont le peuple garde la mémoire*,' what would he have said to this diligence in preventing the people from eating its *poule au pot*?

The *wool tax* has produced consequences equally strange. The introduction of Merino sheep during the Peninsular war had produced a supply of native wool sufficient for the demand. In 1822 prices fell, and a duty of 33 per cent. was laid on foreign wool, with the view of raising them again. But domestic production was too strong for the prohibitionists; French wool continued to fall, and the confusion of the landowners was complete. The manufacturers' turn came next. Being reduced to manufacture exclusively with native wool, they found great difficulties in competing in the foreign markets with the English and Low Country clothiers, who continued to resort to the fine produce of Saxony and Spain; and at last the struggle became impossible, from a circumstance that ought to have been foreseen. The growth of foreign wool in the exporting countries being of old date, it could not be suddenly diminished;* the market was

* In fact it has greatly increased. See F. Q. R. vol. vi. p. 181.

overstocked, prices declined, the English manufacturers took advantage of the fall, and set up new and cheaper manufactures, so that French cloth became too dear for sale, in spite of bounties lavished for its export. The consumption of wool in France declined one-fifth. The results of the duty may be thus summed up; no gain to the landowners, loss to the manufacturers, and the imposition of inferior cloth on the consumers. Nevertheless, *pour ne pas aller trop vite*, MM. Thiers and Meynard only consent to a reduction of one-third in the duty!

Coal.—So long as the Low Countries formed part of the French territory, the French coal market was open to their mines in common with those of France proper, and during that time there was no duty on Belgic coal. The first Restoration was followed by the surrender of all the Low Country mines to Holland and Prussia, except those of Dons in the north, and the Sarre mines in the east. A duty of ten cents per hundred kilogrammes was laid upon the Low Country coal. At the second Restoration, the Dons and Sarre mines were in their turns given up to Holland and Prussia, and France remained with her own mines alone. The Belgic mines had hitherto furnished one-third of the supply for the French market, and it was reasonable to suppose that means would be taken to prevent the French public from being deprived of such an important supply. Not so. The duty on Belgic coal was raised to 33 cents, or more than tripled, whilst a tax of 1*fr.* 65*c.* was put on all foreign sea borne coal; and to prevent the furtive introduction of the latter across the frontier, the 33 cent duty was doubled on all coal imported within the sea and Baisieux. The object of these imposts was to protect the French mines, and their operation is highly curious and instructive. The French collieries are situated at Anzin, near Valenciennes in the north, and at St. Etienne, Décize, and in Languedoc, in the centre and south. Our readers must keep the positions of these districts in their recollection, because the French coal question is essentially one of transport. Everybody knows that no commodity is so much affected in price by carriage as coal; as an example, it may be stated, that the *voie* of coal, which fetches only sixteen francs and a half at Anzin, requires twenty-eight francs to be transported to Paris. If the site of the Anzin mines, and the water carriage within their reach, be examined on a map, it will be discovered that the direction of their produce will be towards the north-western districts, and this supposition is so conformable with fact, that the 3,600,000 quintals yielded in 1830 were all consumed in that part of the country. The central and southern mines, for the same reasons, send their produce to the east, centre and south, and, as far as means will

permit, to the western and sea-coast departments. Thus in 1830, the central and southern mines only sent 670,000 quintals to the north-western districts, whilst the whole of the native mineral used on the sea coast came from the same collieries. Now the Belgian mines are near Mons, and are placed in the same coal basin, and possess the same means of carriage as the mines of Anzin. The protection against the Low Country coal is, therefore, exclusively enjoyed by the Anzin collieries. Are then the Anzin collieries in a state to supply their own district, which comprises Paris, Rouen, and Flanders, and at the present hour consumes annually eight millions of quintals? No. They cannot supply even the *half* of that quantity; the rest, in spite of the duty, being imported from Mons! So much for their sufficiency. The effect of the tax is equally strange. It appears that the Anzin coals are delivered rather cheaper than those from Mons; but if it be supposed that the prices, for example, at Paris, are equal, it ensues that the public not only pays the surtax on the Belgic coals, but pays a sum equal to it on the coals from Anzin, by forcing them up to the same price as their rivals. In a word, as prohibitive the tax is ineffectual, as protective unnecessary, and the sole result of its imposition is to defraud the public of its money, to put it into the pockets of the Anzin company. The central and southern collieries have to compete with the Prussian collieries on the Sarre. The same principles operate in respect of it as of the Belgic coal duty, but as the quantity furnished is very small, we will proceed to the supply of the sea-coast district. The native coal used in this part of France is derived from the central and southern collieries, but of the total quantity consumed, amounting to about 140,000 tons, these collieries, owing to the defective state of conveyance, can only supply 60,000; the rest comes seawise from England and Belgium, and pays the enormous duty of 1*fr.* 65*c.* the 100 kilogrammes. So that for the sake of enabling a portion of the French mines to furnish three-sevenths of the supply, the inhabitants of these departments are forced to pay an increase of twenty francs on every *voie* of coal they consume. But the situation of this district, with respect to quantity, renders their case much more deplorable than that of the north-western departments, where the supply is not outrageously inferior to the demand; on the sea-coast, the price of coal almost annihilates consumption. M. Thiers himself admits that the coal which at Lille costs only two francs, costs five at Bordeaux; we understand the disproportion is even greater. The sea coast district comprises Havre, Brest, Nantes, Bordeaux, Bayonne, with various inland districts of extensive industry, and if properly supplied, would give rise to a vast consumption.

The single city of Rouen consumes 50,000 tons, from the sole reason of being placed within reach of the northern collieries.

Nothing can be feebler than the observations of M. Thiers on this topic. The partial pressure of the duty is a *fact* that escapes his *observation*, although the leading feature of the subject. He expatiates upon the abundance of the French collieries collectively, the skill of the miners, and the cheapness of coal at the pit's mouth (as if the only question to solve was not the cheapness of supply to the consumer), and thence concludes that the duty is not the cause of the present high price. If he had added of *French coal*, his argument would be correct, for the duty is undoubtedly the cause of the high price of *foreign coal*. He justly ascribes the price of native coal to the want of means of carriage, but adds that "to sacrifice the miners, because the nation has not rendered the country passable, seems to us a very unjust measure." This inference is singular enough. Manufacturers are only to be protected, according to M. Thiers, until they themselves find means to succeed; but it seems that the coal trade is to be protected until the means are found by the public; or in other words, the public is to be taxed in its coal, until it consents to lay out a round sum upon roads and canals. He therefore refuses to admit the smallest *reduction in the duty*. Upon the importance of coal, it would be almost a waste of words to make a single observation. We will venture, however, to take a passage from the *Adresse* of the Bordeaux merchants, already referred to, which shows the operation of the duty on the important business of steam-boats.

"Our coals from the north cease to arrive when the freight from Dunkirk exceeds ten francs, which is the largest freight they can bear; and as to the coals of the Aveyron, during ten months of the year they cannot reach us, from the want of water necessary for navigation; and when there is sufficient water, the expence of transport exceeds two francs the hectolitre, as is the case with the Gaillac (Languedoc) coals. It will only be when we can procure coal at the lowest price, that we can resume the plan of regular communication with our principal ports by means of steam-boats. The attempt to do so that has just failed, furnishes us with the melancholy proof, that a steam-boat of 150 horse power would expend 69,120 francs, if she could get a stock of coal in England, whilst under the present system, she is put to an outlay of 138,240 francs. This difference, amounting almost to 70,000 francs per annum, is equal to above 18 per cent. on the profits of the capital employed."—p. 34.

We believe that there is not a single boat regularly employed between any of the French Atlantic ports, and no wonder. But not only could English coal be delivered at *one-half* of the price of French coal, it could also be delivered in any quantities likely to

be demanded by the most extensive industry that the future could call up. The present consumption in England is 160 millions of hectolitres, whilst that of France is only sixteen; it is obvious that the smallest efforts would suffice to supply such a demand. The owners of forest property are zealous supporters of the privileges of the collieries, arguing, and with much greater justice than M. Thiers and the mining companies, that so long as importation is restrained, the coal produced in the market will never be cheap or plentiful enough to compete seriously with wood fuel. It is but just to state that the Committee, with better judgment than the minister, suggest the striking off *one-third* of the duty.

Iron.—In a former number* we detailed the nature of the prohibition of foreign iron, and the mischiefs which it inflicts on the consumers of iron and also of fuel. We are glad to find ourselves more than borne out by the more recent inquiries of Messrs. Villiers and Bowring.

“ In the article of iron,” say those gentlemen, “ the annual sacrifice made by the agriculturists to the protected iron masters has been frequently allowed to be not less than £1,500,000 or £2,000,000 sterling per annum. The lands cultivated in France are supposed to amount to 22,818,000 hectares, equal to 57,045,000 acres English; and it is calculated that a team of oxen would cultivate fifteen hectares: hence the quantity of ploughs employed in France are estimated at about 1,500,000. M. de la Rochefoucault represents the annual use and waste of iron at forty kil. per team, but it has been more frequently estimated at fifty kil., making, for the whole consumption, 75,000,000, which, at 90 francs per 100 kil., consumes 67,500,000 francs, equal to £2,700,000 sterling. . . . The loss to agriculture alone must be taken at above £1,000,000 sterling per annum. The annual consumption of France cannot be estimated at less than 160,000 tons. The average difference of price between France and England has been for the last twenty years more than £10 per ton. The smallest annual loss is therefore £1,600,000. . . . The relative prices of French and English iron are now far more remote than when the protective system was called into its present active operation. Ruinous losses have attended many of the iron-making adventures. The largest of the iron companies have become bankrupt; and so far from the protecting experiment having produced the consequences anticipated by its advocates, its failure has been as signal as its cost has been enormous.”—*Report*, pp. 28, 29.

The French iron masters have been forty years in the exclusive enjoyment of the home market, and during that time, they have made no progress worth notice in producing iron in large quantities, or at a cheap price. At the present hour, it seems by the

* See F. Q. R. vol. vi. pp. 397, 402.

admission of an ardent prohibitionist,* that the expense of manufacturing the cast necessary to produce a ton of iron comes in France to *six pounds*, whilst in England it is only two; whilst the present consumption of France does not exceed that of 1826. We unhesitatingly believe that the state of the iron trade is the chief cause of the lamentable inferiority of that fine country in nearly all the important arts of industry, and in most of the comforts and conveniences of life. Without abundance of iron, tools, implements, and machinery, are neither cheap, plentiful, nor good. In France, a steam engine for cotton-spinning costs £2,250, whilst in England it may be purchased for £1,400. Not one-twentieth part of Paris is lighted with gas, and its supply of water, as compared with that of London, is as one to five hundred, the price of iron pipes rendering a better system impossible. With respect to the goodness or plentifulness of implements, the best proof would be the sketch of a Limousin plough, half-a-dozen of which have only two shares between them. The following fact is worth a thousand others; "*The government*," say the Bordeaux merchants, "*provides itself with machines abroad*."—(p. 39.) Of the present state of the French iron trade, we cannot afford the information that is desirable, from a want of authentic evidence; the English Commissioners having moreover postponed their details for a second Report. M. Thiers, relying upon the loose and passion-formed assertions put forth in the meeting of December, furnishes some statements in which we cannot place the same confidence as himself. For example, he asserts, that since 1828, the manufacturers have found means to reduce the price of inferior iron at the foundries from 42 and 44, to 31 and 32 francs the quintal. We entertain a very strong suspicion that this reduction is exaggerated, the more so, as it is not confirmed by the sale prices of Franche Comté iron, at the late fair of Châlons-sur-Saône. The following fact, which we extract from his *Exposé*, may dispense us with sifting his disputable statements. "*WELSH IRON can be sold in a French port, duty free, at SEVENTEEN FRANCS the quintal, whilst FRENCH IRON of the same quality, cannot be sold in the same market for less than THIRTY-SEVEN*"! If we compute this average rate of difference for the whole consumption, and add it to the increase the iron trade produces in the price of fuel, as we explained in our former number, we shall find that the surcharge is *three millions and a half* for a consumption *five times* smaller than that of England, or *eight times*, if the difference of population be taken into the account. Such an enormity would appear more irre-

* Du Tarif à l'entrée en France des Fontes et des Fers, par M. Cabrol. 1834.

sistible than any of the *penchans* of which M. Thiers treats, but it is too weak for the *reserve* of the government. The present tax is 27 francs 50 cents, and the government proposed a reduction of *one franc* per annum, to begin the 1st of July, 1835, until it has reached *five francs*, when it is to stop. So that in the year of grace, 1840, the French would be allowed to buy English iron at *thirty-seven francs* the quintal, or at four-sevenths more than its intrinsic value! An alteration of this microscopic sort has more the appearance of derision than of serious attention to the public interests. The direct protection of the iron trade is propped up by several lateral buttresses, amongst which the most flagitious is the tin duty.

"*Sheet tin*," says the *Bordeaux Adresse*, "is an article that we are in vain trying to naturalize, to the injury of our trade with England. How many circumstances there are that are contrary to its production in France! On one side, a total want of tin, which we take from England; on the other, our sheet iron costs us three times the price of that of our neighbours. To protect a miserable industry which is quite strange to us, an exorbitant duty of 77 francs per 100 kil.; or cent. per cent. on their value, was put upon the import of foreign tin; and it is with the help of this protection, which compels the nation to pay for all its tin utensils the double of their value, that France manages to manufacture a commodity of very inferior quality."—p. 36.

Cotton Manufacture.—"Our cotton manufacture did not exceed twenty-five millions of francs before the Revolution; it is now valued at five or six hundred millions in cloth, prints and yarn. Surely here is a protection that bears its fruits." Such are the strange assertions of M. Thiers—such are the proofs he affords of *observation*. The increase of consumption is to be imputed to the decrease in price,* which, in turn, is the effect of the fall in raw cotton and of the improvement in the art of manufacture, for neither of which is France indebted to protection. The first is due to the extended growth of American and Egyptian cotton; and as to the last, we do not know a single invention or improvement to which the French cotton manufacturers can legitimately lay claim; their skill has never gone beyond a prudent adoption of English inventions and the aid of English workmen. That protection has put the market into the exclusive hands of a few Frenchmen is true. But on what terms? Like all prohibitionists, M. Thiers carefully keeps this point out of sight; whilst, in truth, it is the sole test to try the expediency of such schemes. The most that he advances is, that some improvement has been made in the quality of tulles and muslins, which, by the way,

* The same quality of cotton twist which now sells here for *three shillings* per lb., sold in Sir R. Arkwright's time (1780-90) for *one pound eighteen shillings* per lb.!

is to be chiefly attributed to the smuggling of fine yarn from England. M. Thiers furnishes no details upon the present price of cotton goods, nor on the expense of production; and we have met with no evidence about it posterior to the last revolution. At that period, as we showed in the former number already referred to, the prohibition of foreign cottons taxed France to the amount of two millions sterling per annum.

M. Thiers is silent upon the present situation of the manufacturers, but if we may believe the doleful cries with which at the meeting of December they resisted all the suggestions made for lowering the protection, we must conclude that they are in a state of extreme distress. It is probable that this is not far from the truth; for permanent distress, is one of the inevitable consequences of monopolies of this sort, the nature of which is to give an unnatural activity to domestic competition. No diminution is to take place in the existing restriction, with the exception of that upon the importation of fine twist for the muslin and tulle manufactures, which is to be admitted at a duty.

Colonial Produce: Sugar.—The difference of price between the sugar of the French colonies and the average of other sugar is estimated at 30 francs the 100 kil. The importation for home consumption in 1832 was 82,247,661 kil.; so that the exclusion of foreign sugar charges France with an annual burthen of a million sterling for the benefit of the sugar colonists. The beet-root manufacture has now reached 12,000,000 of kil., which, although untaxed, sells at the same price as the colonial commodity, and consequently loads the nation with the difference between its price and that of the same quantity of foreign sugar; and to these burthens must be added military and naval expenses, taxes to supply the revenue which French sugar is unable to yield, and numerous other charges. According to the estimate of the English Commissioners, the yearly cost of the French sugar trade is nearly two millions and a quarter sterling. The whole population of the French colonies has never been estimated at above half a million, of which the whites scarcely form a fifth; and for such paltry settlements as these, which France would probably lose during a war, she sacrifices the vast increase of domestic consumption and the immense commerce which a free trade in colonial produce with other nations would call into existence.

In spite of this state of things, no diminution of the foreign duties is proposed. The only change admitted, either by the Government or the Committee, is a proposal to facilitate the introduction of foreign clayed sugars in favour of the export trade of the French refiners, for whose convenience the system of bounties was altered last year into one of drawbacks.

Linen.—In 1822 the duties on foreign thread and linen were raised by the French government so as to be almost prohibitory, and the annual importations from Belgium and Germany, which were worth a million and a half sterling, fell almost to naught; whilst the price of the home-made linen, particularly of the finer sorts, rose 25 and 30 per cent. The linen trade, however, derived but small advantage from the protection, for the consumers had recourse to the cotton manufactures as a substitute; and in the mean time the French dying trade for the foreign market fell entirely away, as did the *entrepôt* trade in foreign linens, both of which had been sources of great business. Would it be believed that, in spite of these circumstances, the minister proposed to augment the prohibition, and render it more effective? But so it is. The duty on the raw flax seems to have been hitherto higher than the duty on the thread, the first being at 30 francs the 100 kil., whilst the second was only 24 francs—a distinction which, unintelligible as it is, was favourable to the public. M. Thiers coolly proposed to lower the flax duty to 15 francs, at which rate it will be quite as effectual in excluding foreign flax as the previous duty, and to raise the thread duty to 50 and 70 francs! “Avec cet encouragement,” he says, “la filature des lins fera de rapides progrès.” And yet M. Thiers would say that this is not an *absolute system*! The Commissioners, as if ashamed of such *outré-cuidance*, proposed 30 and 55 francs.

So much for the devices of MM. Thiers and Meynard! Our readers are doubtless aware that the Chamber of Deputies thrust this plan aside, having resolved to throw the fabrication of a new system upon the future legislature. But as it was necessary, after such mighty note of preparation, to do something, the Chambers authorized the government to change some of the prohibitions into duties by ordinance, according to the recommendation of M. Thiers and the Committee.—(*Loi du Budget des Recettes pour 1835*, Art. 24.) And at the same time an understanding took place, that the government should put into force an old law of 1814, which empowered it (Art. 2.) to lower the duties on the entry of certain raw materials used in manufactures, until the subsequent session. M. Duchâtel, the new trade-minister—who, by the way, was one of the French colleagues of Messrs. Villiers and Bowring—has accordingly put forth an ordinance, allowing English fine twist, Cashmire shawls, unprinted silk handkerchiefs, watches, and a few other unimportant articles, to enter freely, but at high duties: the demand for all which, he it said, was already supplied in full by the smuggler. The second ordinance, which is the really important one, remains to be issued. It has been avowedly suspended until the nature of the elections

could be ascertained, and it is now currently stated in France, that their anti-free-trade complexion will frighten M. Duchâtel from extending its provisions even so far as the puny suggestions of MM. Thiers and Meynard; at all events it will not surpass them. The French prohibitive system may therefore be regarded as unchanged in all its material features. And now let us ask what have been its fruits? Has quality been improved, quantity sufficiently extended, or price diminished? Are the protected pursuits prosperous? We unhesitatingly answer—No. The cheapness of transport, machinery, and in many cases of raw materials; the low rate of profit, with other equally powerful causes, render this country so eminently superior in most of the productions on which France is wasting her energies, that successful competition is hopeless. At the present moment, a great noise is making in France about improving the means of transport by rail-roads, and the giddy public allow themselves to be bamboozled with Laputan projects for tracing some score of them in directions seemingly suited to the manufacturers. *Hardly one of these will be executed*—such is our confident prediction; because the only purpose of the projectors is to lure on the nation to a patient support of the prohibition system. A decrease in the price of machinery, or a change in the other causes that operate against France, is equally out of the question. Sealed her ports are, and sealed they will remain, so long as the hope of success in this respect is entertained.

The indirect effect of this precious system is as mischievous as its direct operation. Smuggling is carried on in France in all the prohibited articles to an extent that would be incredible were it not for the unimpeachable authority of the English Commissioners. “An investigation on the Belgian frontier leads us to estimate the amount of British goods (*manufactures*) smuggled into France, from that side alone, at more than *two millions sterling a year*”!—(*Report*, p. 52.) A prodigious mass of colonial produce is also introduced clandestinely across the same frontier. The same frauds are likewise committed along the whole Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts, and across the Spanish and Eastern borders, where, strange as it may appear, English merchandize finds its way for the purpose; and to this must be added the produce of other countries, smuggled in the same manner in very large quantities. These enormous frauds are committed, and go on increasing, in spite of the most vigilant, ingenious, and unsparing Preventive Service that exists in Europe. Messrs. Villiers and Bowring have collected some highly curious information relating to the risk and cost of French smuggling. “According to an estimate grounded on the most extensive investiga-

tions, the protecting power of the French custom-house is on the whole limited to thirty per cent. on manufactures; so that the average rate of smuggling is probably about twenty-five per cent. on real value."—(*Report*, p. 48.) Fixed insurance lists exist at each frontier and line of coast, and the contraband business is carried on by large and wealthy 'smuggling companies,' with all the order and almost all the security of regular business. The following story has been already repeated on both sides of the water, but it affords such a felicitous proof of the unconquerable ingenuity of fraud, that we shall insert it in our own pages.

"The director of the (French) custom-house says, that since the suppression of smuggling by horses, in 1825, dogs have been employed. In 1823 it was estimated that 100,000 kil. of goods were thus introduced into France; in 1825, 187,315; in 1826, 2,100,000 kil.—all these estimates being reported as rather under the mark: the calculation has been made at $2\frac{1}{2}$ kil. as a *pro rata* per dog. The dogs sometimes carry 10 kil. and sometimes even 12. The above estimate supposes that one dog in ten in certain districts, and in others one in twenty, was killed; but these calculations must necessarily be vague. In the opinion of many of the custom-house officers, not more than one in seventy-five is destroyed, even when notice has been given, and the dogs are expected. Tobacco and colonial produce are generally the objects of this illicit trade; sometimes cotton twist and manufactures. In the neighbourhood of Dunkirk dogs have been taken with a burthen of the value of six, eight, or even twelve hundred francs. The dogs which are trained to these 'dishonest habits' are conducted in packs to the foreign frontier; they are kept without food for many hours; they are then beaten and laden, and at the beginning of the night started on their travels. They reach the abodes of their masters, which are generally selected at two or three leagues from the frontiers, as speedily as they can, where they are sure to be well-treated, and provided with a quantity of food. It is said they do much mischief by the destruction of agricultural property, inasmuch as they usually take the most direct course across the country. They are dogs of a large size for the most part. Among the measures proposed for the suppression of this mode of smuggling, a premium of three francs a head has been allowed for every fraudulent dog (*Chien fraudeur*) destroyed; but this, as appears by the tables, has been wholly insufficient, though the cost has not been inconsiderable, namely, 11,000 francs per annum before 1827, and 15,000 francs per annum since that period, when the premium was allowed in the Thionville district, where the trade is still carried on by the aid of dogs, more extensively than elsewhere. It appears by the return that 40,278 dogs have been destroyed between 1820 and 1830, and premiums to the amount of 120,834 francs paid for their destruction."—*Report*, p. 47.

M. Thiers lately took occasion to denounce the advocates of free-trade as '*rhéteurs*.' What reply has he to give to *rhetoric* like this? And yet this only the feeblest of the indirect evils of

the prohibition policy. By excluding the sugars of Spain, the fuel and manufactures of England, the cattle of Switzerland, and the wool and linen of Germany, France has driven the merchants of all these countries from her markets. Her exports are at a point that excites the derision of her enemies and the concern of her best friends. Her new government, already loaded with an arrear of twelve or thirteen millions sterling, is driven to the greatest straits to supply funds for the extraordinary expenses attendant upon the present state of the country, of which there seems no prospect of diminution. It might reap a large revenue from the duties that could be reasonably levied on the cheap goods imported from abroad, while it cannot impose them on the dear ones produced at home. These resources are entirely lost. If commerce be a good thing, it must be best when we buy cheap and sell dear, which is eminently the case with regard to the staples of France, and the commodities she could import. She is plentifully supplied with numerous productions, which, under a better system, would meet not only with a ready, extensive and profitable market, but one in which she would find no rival; for the produce of Champagne, Burgundy, Gascony, Languedoc and Provence is *sui generis*, comparable with no other, and, for the most part, is to be found in spots whence it is of easy exportation. According to the memorable petition presented to the Chambers in 1828, from Bordeaux, the yearly produce of France in wine is forty millions of hectolitres, the cultivation of which occupies almost one-fifth of the entire population. In some districts the portion is one half. In the single department of the Gironde, more than 200,000 persons are concerned in the production of a single species of wine. Any check given to a pursuit of such paramount importance must obviously give rise to extensive distress, and any increase of sale would be as extensively beneficial. Before the Revolution the value of the wines, brandies, &c. exported from France exceeded two millions sterling. Bordeaux alone sold 100,000 tuns. What the export would be now, with the immense increase of wealth and population that has taken place since that epoch in all the importing countries, if the trade were in its natural state, it is not difficult to guess. What it is under the present system it is lamentable to see. The export does not exceed 60,000 tuns, and such an accumulation of the stock of wines has taken place, that a sale is nearly impracticable. The following sketch of the history and present state of the Bordeaux wine trade with England is of such interest that our readers will doubtless be thankful for it, in spite of its length. It is extracted from the *Adresse* of the merchants, already referred to.

“ There was a time when France sent 20,000 tuns of wine to Eng-

land, the population of which did not exceed five millions. This was in 1669. Things then followed their natural course; Colbert had not yet thrown himself headlong into manufactures, without taking heed of the fate of agriculture and trade. The taxes in England were very moderate, and were the same for all growths; so that in fact this mass of French wine did not represent more than four-ninths of the total consumption of that country. But in 1697 a great change took place. The duty on French wine was fixed at 4*s.* per gallon, whilst that on Portugal wine was only 1*s.* 8*d.* This difference of duty, combined with the means of interchange between England and Portugal, which possessed no manufactures, whilst France and England added the war of manufactures to that of arms—this difference produced a much more important alteration in the relative consumption of French and Portugal wines, which was as 2 to 774!! From 1707 to 1744 the duties remained at about the same relative rates, that is to say, 4*s.* 4*d.* on French and 2*s.* on Portuguese wine; but as peace was somewhat favourable to our own production, it was consumed in the proportion of 878 tuns to 11,388. From 1745 to 1762 the duty on our wines was increased to 5*s.* 2*d.*, and this increase of 20 per cent. produced a diminution of 55 per cent. in the consumption, which was of 398 tuns of French to 11,316 of Portuguese.

“Up to the present time, the increase or diminution of import duties have been considered the principal causes of an increase or lessening of consumption, which is true, as we have just proved. But the duty is not the only thing that has this influence; the facility or difficulty of interchange has a great part in it. We ceased to sell our wines in England the moment we determined to extract from, or manufacture at home, the matters that she had been used to bring us, and for which she took our wines in return. And as Portugal has given a marked preference to those English goods which we refuse to take, England, on her side, has refused our wines, and favoured those of Portugal in the same proportion as Portugal favoured her manufactures. What we say is supported by a very remarkable circumstance. Whilst England abandoned our wines because we refused her manufactures, the wants of our colonies, particularly St. Domingo, forced us to get about 50,000 barrels of foreign salt provisions. Those of Ireland being the best, we continued to take them from that country, and the result was as follows:—Whilst England took 11,500 tuns of wine from Portugal, and only took 400 tuns from us, we can prove by the account-books of some of the firms at Bordeaux, that we sent to Ireland, the population of which was not more than three millions, at least 5,000 tuns; and yet the duties were justly proportioned as between England and Ireland! According to the Methuen treaty, the wines of Portugal paid in England only two-thirds of the duty put upon those of France. In Ireland the duty on French wines was less than in England, but the discriminating duty between the French and Portuguese wines was kept up. Our wines paid higher duties than those of Portugal, but Ireland had few concerns with Oporto, whilst it had many with Bordeaux, and habit and good understanding made up for the surplus of duty. England traded with Portugal, and

received her wines; Ireland with France, and preferred ours. With St. Domingo, we lost the trade in salt provisions, and with it the extensive vent of our wines in Ireland.

“ On approaching our own times, we have to mention the results of some of the variations that have taken place in the duties. The treaty of 1786 diminished them, and the consumption of our wines increased 70 per cent.; but it was 70 per cent. only on 400 tuns. In 1792 the duties were fixed at 3*s.* 9*d.* on French wines, and 2*s.* 5*d.* on those of Portugal; and the general consumption of the country rose from 12,000 to 33,700 tuns. In 1802 the tariff laid 8*s.* 10*d.* on French wines, and 5*s.* 10*d.* on those of Portugal; and the consumption fell to 25,000 tuns. In 1812 there was an augmentation of 11*s.* 5*d.* on French wines, and of 7*s.* 7*d.* upon those of Portugal; and the consumption was only, 20,000 tuns. In 1822 the duties were the same, and the consumption remained the same, except about 400 tuns. But as soon as the duties were diminished, the consumption advanced; and in 1830, when the duty was fixed uniformly on all wines at 5*s.* 6*d.*, the consumption exceeded 30,000 tuns, that is to say, it returned almost to what it was in 1792.

“ But how things are changed for us, if 1669 be compared with our own times! England, with five millions of inhabitants, took 20,000 tuns of our wine; and in 1825, Great Britain and Ireland, with a population of twenty-three millions, only took 1800 tuns; if compared with the population, we export 75 tuns now, whilst our ancestors exported 4000. The rate of duty and the habits of trade contribute largely towards the relative differences of consumption in the different countries in the north of Europe. Thus, in 1825, England, whose produce we nearly entirely refused, took 1800 tuns of wine for twenty-three millions of people, whilst the Low Countries, which furnished us with more commodities than we could return, purchased 11,600 tuns for six millions of Dutch and Belgians. In the same year, the United States, whose habits of life are English, imported 2200 tuns from Bordeaux alone, that is to say, 400 tuns more than England, for a population less by half. But the Hanseatic towns alone took off 10,000 tuns, and Denmark, which has not more than one-twelfth of the population of the United Kingdom, took more than 1200 tuns, or two-thirds of the consumption of twenty-three millions of English. In these different countries, the duties are lower than in England, and they take wine of a cheaper sort, which would doubtless suit the mass of the English population, since the climates are alike. But as this wine has to bear in England the same duty as those of a higher price, and is made two or three hundred per cent. dearer, it has been observed, that the consumption of England is not directed towards wines, when they pay a duty of more than fifty per cent. above the sale price.

“ From this rapid sketch, it may be easily understood how disadvantageous for France, and particularly for the department of the Gironde, our present concerns with England are. But they are not only embarrassed by the tariff of our neighbours, they are even still more so by our own; for our importations into Great Britain exceed those from England into France by two-thirds. It is, therefore, essential for us to abandon a

state of things so overwhelming for us, and to try and recover our ancient advantages.

“ The best means of attaining this end, is to reduce as much as possible the duties at present imposed upon metals, machinery, coal, and salt provisions ; for in spite of the exigency of the landed interest and the brewers, England, if we adopt this measure, will be inevitably led to reduce the duty on our wines, particularly on those of the second and third class : otherwise, she would deprive us of our best means of making our payments, and, in turn, take on herself the burthen of a smuggling trade. The experiment we are making before her eyes, and still more, those wise principles of economy which she was the first to proclaim, will preserve her from such a fault.”—pp. 44—46.

It would be easy to enumerate a crowd of productions which find no external vent, from the same obstacles as those opposed to the export of wine ; the most prominent are brandy, vinegar, oil, fruit, soap, perfumery, and more particularly the important one of silk ; but the state of the wine-trade will suffice. Other consequences are also taking place. Fatigued by her persistence in her present policy, the foreign states are beginning to adopt counter-measures. Germany has shut its doors to her. Switzerland still lingers, with the hope of a favourable change, but any tariff like that of Mr. Thiers will drive that country into the new Prussian system. Belgium, which had opened its arms to enjoy that intercourse of which its connexion with Holland deprived it, is likewise turning an ear to Prussia, and talks of protecting itself against France. The cry of REPRISALS has been raised in our own legislature ; but let us hope that, with us at least, the day is gone by for such malignant foolery. It is already sufficiently mortifying to witness the miserable condition of the trading relations between the two countries, which Providence seems to have made to minister in abundance to each other's wants, and which stupid prejudice and blindness have kept in sullen insulation. The exports from Great Britain to the United States amount to eleven millions and the imports to eight, whilst the legal exports to France, which is at our very doors, are only £700,000 and the imports 2,500,000. Even the Russian trade is nearly twice as extensive, whilst that with Germany is five-times larger !

That we have had, and still have, much to blame ourselves for, it is useless to deny ; nor is it quite true, as Mr. P. Thompson says, in his Instructions to the English Commissioners, that “ in consequence of the numerous changes that have already been made in the English system, comparatively little remains to be done on our part.”—(*Report*, p. 4.) But we have at least had the merit of effecting several changes of importance, and the greater one of abandoning mischievous principles ; whilst France chooses to

shut herself up in her worn out doctrines, and refuses all change; for neither the recent lowering of the tonnage duties, nor M. Duchâtel's plan for admitting English twist can be regarded as important improvements. The first was but the fair, but long delayed execution of the treaty of 1826; and the smuggler, and not the free-intercourse principle, induced the government to adopt the last. Not that we advocate *Reciprocity* as a principle. For, if another state aids our exports by opening its ports, so much the better; but its refusal to do so is not a reason for our persisting in injuring ourselves by excluding its produce on our side. Since, however, states still persist in this dealing in "concessions," we may be permitted to refer France to our own example. Like many others, we anticipated better results from the mission of Messrs. Villiers and Bowring than we are likely to witness. Their Reports contain a laboured mass of invaluable statistics, relating to France, and, as we believe, wholly unknown hitherto to the inhabitants of that country. May they, one day, profit by them! The French commissioners who were deputed to join them in their researches have published no report. It would have been curious to compare the two documents.

There are some honourable exceptions to the singular apathy of the French public on this important subject. Bordeaux affords the best example, but unhappily the opposition of that city has taken so violent a character, that the organs of the government, alarmed by the example of Charleston, accuse the inhabitants of hostile designs. The proceeding in question was a Petition from the wine-growers of those countries, the concluding passage of which is worth preserving as a testimonial against the present system.

"If, contrary to our expectation, our wishes are not listened to, nor our wants understood; if, from fatal blindness, the north and its manufactures should not be deprived of that spoliating protection, which bountifully endows some persons with what it tears from others; if it were demonstrated that the present laws are unable to reconcile the opposite interests of the north and the south—in that case, we ought to declare aloud, the only salvation remaining for these provinces would be to create a line of internal custom-houses, which, without withdrawing them from a unity of government, would leave to both those parts of France their own conditions of agricultural and manufacturing existence. Then, as was formerly the case, the north would be guaranteed against foreign commodities; and the principle of our ruin would not be attached to its prosperity. Prudence points out this measure to the wisdom of government; and it is for the government to foresee and prevent the catastrophe which would be produced by an incompatibility of material interests in the bosom of the same country. Has not the history of our own days shown this incompatibility, raising Belgium against Holland,

and South Carolina against the federal union of America? Such grave events contain deep lessons which alarm our patriotism, and it is our patriotism that submits them to the consideration of the men who govern us. Already had a solemn declaration,—we call it so as descending from the national tribune,—disclosed, as far back as 1823, the dangers of the system which we are still combating at this day. At that period, an honourable deputy of Bayonne (M. Basterrière) said, and we conclude by repeating with him :

“ ‘ If, as a consequence of the predilection shown to one part of the kingdom, the other finds itself so seriously injured, as actually to compromise its natural and reasonable existence, the inevitable idea which takes possession of those who suffer to that degree is, to renounce an association, the effects of which are become intolerable.’ ”—*Pétition des Propriétaires de Vignes du Département de la Gironde, adressée aux Chambres Législatives*, (4to. Bordeaux, 1834,) pp. 14, 15.

Since the preceding article was written, M. Duchâtel has accomplished his promise, by issuing *three* additional ordinances on the 11th of July. Of these, one is purely *reglementaire*; a second allows the importation of a few unimportant articles of East India produce from English ports; whilst the third lowers the duties on a small number of articles of foreign origin, of which the only important ones are *wool* and *linen*, which are to be charged with smaller duties, according to the suggestions of M. Meynard's Report. But no alteration is to take place in the *iron, cotton, sugar* or *coal* duties, although, as to the last, there was a recommendation to do so, made, as we have seen, by M. Meynard. After all this “ note of preparation,” M. Duchâtel dares not even affront the new Chamber with the plans of the old one !

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- ART. IX.—1. *Geschichte der Karthager, nach den Quellen bearbeitet.* (History of the Carthaginians, from the Original Authorities.) Von Dr. W. Bötticher. 8vo. Berlin. 1827.
2. *Religion der Karthager.* (Religion of the Carthaginians.) Von Dr. F. Münter. 4to. Copenhagen. 1821.
3. *Aristotelis de Politia Carthaginiensium*, a F. G. Kluge. 8vo. Breslau. 1824.
4. *Die Entdeckungen der Carthager und Griechen auf dem Atlantischen Ocean.* (The Discoveries of the Carthaginians and Greeks on the Atlantic Ocean.) Von Joachim Lelewel. 8vo. Berlin. 1831.

In a late article on the third volume of Niebuhr's *Roman History*, we expressed our belief that had that illustrious man lived to

prepare that volume for the press, we should have found in it, preparatory to his narrative of the first Punic war, an inquiry into the origin, political constitution, and commerce of Carthage. We reasoned from analogy in supposing that such would be the case, for the invasions of Italy by the Gauls and by Pyrrhus are preceded by highly interesting disquisitions on the Celts and the Epirotes. Every admirer of Niebuhr must feel deeply sensible of the loss we have sustained, for of him, if of any writer, it is true that *nihil tetigit quod non ornavit*, and truths which had lain unobserved for centuries in ancient authors, started into life at the touch of the Ithuriel spear of his powerful intellect. To indulge, however, now in unavailing regret would be weak; better by far is it to inquire into what other writers have effected in their efforts to throw light on this rather obscure subject.

With this view we propose to lay before our readers as clear an account as the limits to which we must necessarily confine ourselves will permit, of the Commerce, the Navigation and the Political State of the Carthaginians, and of their ancestors the Phœnicians, the great commercial people of the ancient world, and therefore the people who should possess the strongest attraction for those who, like ourselves, pursue the same path, and have arrived at power and influence by the same means. Their history must necessarily be pregnant with instruction to us, and not merely an object of political curiosity, like that of the Assyrians and Persians.

The *History of the Carthaginians*, by Dr. Bötticher of Berlin, at the head of our list, is the latest work which we have on this subject. It may be regarded as a judicious and interesting narrative of the wars of the Carthaginians, from the time when they first appear in history to the ruin of their state. The *Religion of the Carthaginians*, by the late Dr. Münter, Bishop of Zealand in Denmark, contains every thing which that distinguished scholar could collect on this little-known subject, and it would, we apprehend, be difficult to make any addition of importance to it. Kluge's *Commentary* on the scanty notices of the Carthaginian constitution which occur in the *Politics of Aristotle*, is learned and ingenious, though on some points he may fail of giving perfect satisfaction. The *Discoveries of the Carthaginians and Greeks in the Atlantic Ocean* is a translation from the Polish of J. Lelewel, and it excites our regret that the other valuable (as they must be) works of this author on the subject of ancient geography have not been made accessible by French or German translations. In matters of this kind England is out of the question, but we could hope that the publishers of France or Germany might be able to give sufficient remuneration to induce one of

those excellent men, who by their noble but unwise and hopeless efforts against tyranny have lost their country, to undertake a translation of the works of Lelewel. The celebrated Ritter, who has added a preface to the little tract before us, speaks most favourably of the author's other productions; and for our own part, what we have read has made us anxious for more of the same kind.

To the works above enumerated must be added the *Ideen*, &c. of Heeren, the most agreeable, if not the most profound, of German writers on antiquity. We mean not by this to say that Heeren is not profound, for lucidity no more excludes depth than turbidness indicates its presence, and the reader will find, that though perfectly clear and comprehensible, he is by no means deficient in ability to discern the remote causes, connections and consequences of things. His work, we are happy to find, is now in a great measure accessible to the English reader, by the labours of Mr. Talboys of Oxford, who uniting in his own person the characters of translator, printer and publisher, reminds us of the days of the Aldi, the Manutii and the Stephani.

Such are the best modern sources for our knowledge of the Phœnicians and their celebrated colony. Were it not for some valuable notices in the Hebrew prophets, the nature and extent of the Phœnician commerce would be to us an impenetrable secret; but with their important aid, combined with the scanty notices left us by the Greek writers, we are enabled to form a tolerably accurate idea of what it was. It is truly surprising to find, at a time so very remote as that of the flourishing period of Phœnician commerce, the extent of intercourse which must have prevailed among the different nations of the earth; but we are too apt to make the Greeks our standard, and, forgetting the ancient civilization of Asia, to fancy that advance had been slow and insignificant before *they* entered on the scene of action.

The Phœnicians, as they were named by the Greeks, were a portion of the Aramæic, or Syrian, race of mankind, inhabiting that part of Asia which is bounded by the Red Sea and Mediterranean, extending eastwards to the Tigris, and northwards to the mountains of Armenia. The portion which had fallen to them was the long narrow strip of coast between Mount Libanus and the sea. Along this coast, and on the small islands close to it, lay their towns, each of which governed itself, its district and its villages, independently of the others. A loose kind of federation subsisted among them, and they probably in general, though not always, combined for mutual defence. A *hegemony*, or supremacy, was apparently exercised by the city which was the most powerful among them. This dignity belonged at first to

Sidon, and afterwards fell to Tyre. The government of each city was monarchical and hereditary, but as they were a commercial people, it hardly need be mentioned that it must have been limited.

The limited extent of their territory must have early forced the Phœnicians to look to the sea as affording the means of subsistence, and Libanus offered timber in abundance for the construction of ships. To inquire whence they derived their knowledge of naval architecture is needless; the origin of the arts is a question which will ever elude our sagacity; they have probably been invented over and over again, and mankind have borrowed much less from each other than we usually suppose. Assuming with many, that the Phœnicians discovered the art of ship-building, we surely are not warranted in asserting that the knowledge must have been transmitted from them to the remote East, ere the Chinese were able to construct their junks. Perhaps our own ancestors of the North had learned to navigate their stormy seas before they ever heard of Phœnicians, Greeks or Romans. This, however, is one of those points on which opinion ever will differ; it is enough on the present occasion for us to know that the Phœnicians, from a most remote period, navigated the waters of the Mediterranean.

Like most other commercial people, says Heeren, the Phœnicians must have begun with *piracy*, that is, with land-piracy, like the ancient Northmen, landing and plundering the open towns and country. Though this rests on no strictly historical foundation, it is so natural that we do not feel disposed to reject it. We will only observe that the account of the kidnapping of Eumæus when a child, given in the *Odyssey*, does not lead to the inference of such being a general practice with the Phœnicians; though as they, like all other peoples of antiquity, dealt in slaves, they could probably no more resist the temptation of picking up one for nothing, even though he were the son of a king, than the virtue of a captain of one of our Bristol Guineamen, in the good old times of the African slave-trade, was adequate to similar self-denial. From this narrative, however, and from other parts of the Homeric poems, it is evident that as far back as our knowledge of Greece goes, the Phœnicians frequented its ports, and probably those of countries much more to the west, as traders with cargoes of toys and trinkets, manufactured metals, and cotton and woollen goods—pretty nearly the same kind of commodities as we ourselves export at the present day. What the cargoes were which they took in return, we are not informed, but of course they must have been the natural productions of the soil, most probably, as we shall presently see, wine and oil. They possibly also purchased slaves,

but this is merely conjectural, for we know nothing of the social state in Greece in early times, anterior to the Theban and Trojan wars: unless it were belligerent, there could have been no slaves to sell.

The Phœnicians were a *manufacturing* people. Their territory being extremely limited, they must consequently have very early felt the evil of excessive population: of necessity then they must have been a *colonizing* people. The island of Cyprus, which lay opposite to them, must have at once attracted their attention with this view, and we find in fact that it was soon to them what in modern times Corsica was to the Genoese. It was not long before they extended their colonies to the very extreme west along the Mediterranean; but, as appears to us, it is an extremely doubtful question if their plantations were directed northwards, if they made any settlements on the isles and coasts of the Ægean and Euxine. Here we know we shall have all the blind worshippers of antiquity against us, and we shall be told at once of Cadmus, of Europa, and of Theseus; tradition, mythology and etymology will forthwith be set in array against us. Let us, however, examine the matter a little.

A colony of Phœnicians, we are told, came and settled in the rich inland valley of Bœotia, where they built the city of Thebes about 1500 years before the Christian era, that is, more than 1000 years before the time of the earliest writer who gives us an account of it, and 600 or 700 years before the time of Homer and Hesiod, who, if they had known anything of the Phœnician origin of Thebes, could hardly have failed to notice it. To counterbalance this silence of the poets, the proofs ought to be strong and cogent, more especially when we recollect that this is the only instance of the Phœnicians establishing a colony inland, their usual and prudent practice being to settle on islands, or the coast. This last circumstance has been well observed by Heeren, who in proving that Seville could not have been the city of Tartessus, the oldest probably of the Phœnician colonies in Spain, says, "it is almost inconceivable that they should have founded it so far inland, and at such a distance from the coast." Yet Hispalis, or Seville, was on the Bœtis, and was near the mines which the Phœnicians are said to have worked; and this same Heeren makes no doubt at all of the colony in Bœotia, away from the sea, without a navigable river, and with no mines in its vicinity. What, we may ask, could have induced a prudent people like the Phœnicians to settle there? for we suppose we shall not be required to believe the tale of Cadmus's search after his sister. And what are the proofs? Why, forsooth, there is tradition, which cannot be traced beyond the fifth century before our era; so that

we have just as good reason to believe in the coming of a Trojan colony to Britain, as narrated from tradition by our Jeffrey of Monmouth: there was an Apollo Ismenius worshipped at Thebes, and Esmûn appears to have been the name of a deity of the Phœnicians, answering to the Æsculapius of the Greeks. Further, the sea-goddess Ino Leucothea is by Homer called the daughter of Cadmus, (he does not say who Cadmus himself was,) and this, it is said, indicates a mythology of a sea-faring people. Now what do these all amount to? Literally, as far as we can see, to nothing, for resemblance of names is the most fallacious of all guides. Finally, in the language, religion, social institutions and manners of the people of Bœotia, there did not appear the slightest trace of an Asiatic origin, and these are always sure to be effected by an intermixture of population.

The Phœnicians, we are further told, had possessed nearly all the isles of the Ægean, till they were driven out of them by the Corians. The authorities on which we are required to give our assent to this are the aforesaid tradition of more than 1000 years, the etymological devices of Bochart, and some fancied traces of Phœnician temples and modes of worship. These we hold to be all nought; and the proofs of their having entered the Hellespont, and founded Pronectus in the Propontis, and Bythinium in the Euxine, rest on, if possible, a feebler foundation. The proofs of their having settled on the isle of Cythera, off the coast of Laconia, and on that of Thasus, adjoining the coast of Thrace, are somewhat stronger, and deserve some consideration.

On the island of Cythera was a temple of the goddess Aphrodité, who, there is good reason to suppose, was the same with the Syrian Astarte; and as the Phœnicians, as we shall presently see, certainly did trade with Laconia, it is by no means improbable that they had a factory in the inlet of Cythera. In the island of Thasus, and on the opposite coast of Thrace, were gold-mines. Herodotus says that those of the island were first opened by the Phœnicians, and he also remarks that there was a temple there of the Tyrian Hercules. On this last circumstance we confess we are not disposed to lay much stress, for Herodotus, honest and trustworthy as he is, was so infatuated on the subject of Asiatic and Egyptian influence on Greece, and so easily caught by slight resemblances, that we should be very cautious how we put faith in such assertions as this. He who could believe that the Pelasgian oracle of Dodona had an Egyptian origin, could very easily take a Pelasgian Temple of the Sun for one of the Tyrian Melcarth. As to the mines, we very much doubt if the Phœnicians, who do not seem to have had any mines of their own, possessed the art of working those of other countries. The Spaniards who

conquered Mexico and Peru were previously well used to mining operations at home; and almost every race of men, except the American aborigines, who have mines, seem to have discovered the art of working them, without having received instruction in it from abroad. Is it not strange, by the way, if the Phœnicians were such expert miners as they are said to have been, and had a colony in the very heart of Greece, that the silver-mines of Laurium in Attica, the copper-mines of Eubœa, and the iron-mines of Laconia, should have eluded their commercial vision? On the whole, we feel strongly disposed to believe that the Phœnicians never made any settlement of importance in this part of the Mediterranean.

It has never been maintained that they settled in Italy, and if they had settlements in Greece and Sicily, it is somewhat strange that they should have neglected this fertile land, abounding in all the choicest productions of nature. For the fact of their having colonized Sicily, we have only the testimony of Thucydides; and when we recollect how long before the time of that historian the Carthaginians had been powerful in Sicily, and how constantly they and the Phœnicians were confounded, we may justly hesitate before we give our assent to the assertion of the settlement of the latter people in this island. Heeren regards Sicily and Sardinia (where they are also said to have settled) as a sort of Cape of Good Hope for them in their voyages to Spain, but as they only visited the south of that country, Sardinia, we fancy, lay somewhat out of their course, and we require some stronger proof than any we have yet seen of their having settled a colony in it.

The undoubted theatre of Phœnician colonization was the north coast of Africa; and here too it seems strange that the fertile region about Cyrene should not have attracted them. The part they did select (Carthage and its vicinity) was no doubt just as fertile, but was at a much greater distance. It is, however, by no means improbable that they had visited and opened a trade with Spain before they made any settlement on the African coast. How they first came by their knowledge of Spain is a question by no means easy to answer positively. Was it found in a voyage of discovery, such as we know they and their descendants of Carthage were in the habit of making? Or was the first Phœnician ship, like the first Grecian one, carried thither by the violence of a tempest? It must have been in one of these two ways, and it would be curious enough if the Mexico of the old world, like that of the new, was found in a voyage of discovery, and that the Phœnicians should have landed in very nearly the same place that Columbus sailed from. At all events, we have sufficient evidence that the Phœnicians traded to Spain more than 1000

years before our era. The Tarshish of Scripture is beyond question the Tartessus of the Greek writers, and we think Heeren is right in supposing that, like the West Indies, it was a name of indefinite extent, inclusive of all the rich country in the West, just as Ophir signified the rich East country.

Tradition, it is said, told that when the Phœnicians first visited Spain, they found the silver there in such plenty that all the domestic utensils of the inhabitants were made of it, and they not merely loaded their ships with it, but casting away all their tools and utensils, and even their anchors, they made them all of silver in order to bring home as much as possible of the precious commodity. They speedily established a colony on the island of Gades, and others at Malaga and other places along the coast, and set about working the silver mines. Whether they wrought them solely by imported slaves, or whether they made slaves of the Iberians themselves for this purpose, is what Heeren will not take upon him to decide. He thinks, however, that the aborigines could hardly have escaped this wretched fate. Now we think quite the contrary; the authority on which Mr. Heeren rests is that of Diodorus, who evidently could only have been acquainted with the Carthaginian times. We must recollect that the Iberians were not Mexicans or Peruvians, but one of the boldest and most independent races of men; that the Turditanians, that portion of them which inhabited Bœtia, the part of the country in question, were far advanced in civilization; and farther, that the Phœnicians never were a conquering people, and never possessed a large military force. We should ourselves, we apprehend, find it rather a hazardous experiment to attempt to make *slaves* of our Hindoo subjects. Moreover, when about the year 640 B. C. Colœus, the Samian, was driven by a storm to Tartessus, and returned with a rich cargo, the inhabitants appear to have been perfectly independent; and Arganthonius, the wealthy king of that country in the time of Cyrus, a century later, who invited the Phocœans to settle there, could hardly have been a vassal of the Phœnicians. The probability would seem to be, that the Iberians wrought their own gold, silver and iron mines, and that the Phœnician settlements on the coast were similar to our own original factories on the coasts of Bengal and Coromandel. Here they exchanged the products of the East and their own manufactures for the metals, wool and fruits of Spain. It was not they, but the Carthaginians, who set us the example, and as appears to us the bad one, of becoming rulers instead of simple traders.

Among the articles brought from the West by the Phœnicians are reckoned tin and amber. Hence it has been inferred that their ships visited the British Isles and the coast of Prussia. That tin was early known to the Greeks, admits of no doubt, and it is

perhaps equally certain that the ἤλεκτρον of Homer is *amber*; but κασσίτερον, the name of the former, seems to have come from India, and the metal itself, for which there could hardly have been any extraordinary demand in those days, was to be found in Spain. As to the amber, supposing it to have come from the Baltic, it is simpler to suppose a land traffic than to assert that Phœnician ships coasted the Bay of Biscay 3,000 years ago. We, shall, however, examine this matter farther when we come to speak of the discoveries of the Carthaginians.

It is very doubtful whether the Phœnicians had any settlements on the west coast of Africa. Hanno certainly found none there, but it does not by any means follow from this that there never had been any. We however think that in such case they would not have been neglected by the Carthaginians.

Is it true that the Phœnicians circumnavigated Africa? The account of the fleet which, at the command of Necho, king of Egypt, sailed from the Red Sea and returned by the straits of Gades, which is given by Herodotus, is well known, and the very circumstance which kept him from giving full credit to it, namely, that as they sailed in one part of their course they had the sun on the right hand or to the north, has induced many modern inquirers to give belief to it. Opinions are, however, greatly divided on the subject. Among the believers the principal are Rennel, Heeren, Larcher, to whom we think we may add Ukert; the leading sceptics are Mannert and Gosselin, under whose banner we also find marching Mr. Cooley, the able author of the *History of Maritime and Inland Discovery*. We confess that we ourselves feel disposed to join the band of the faithful on this occasion, though we think we have already given sufficient proof that we are not particularly light of belief.

The chief arguments *against* the voyage are these: it is merely a popular tradition; it is not likely that a king of Egypt should have formed such a plan; the time (upwards of two years) was not sufficient; the perils of the voyage were too great; and it led to no result of any importance. To these objections it is replied: that a popular tradition is not necessarily false, and there is no ground for saying that Herodotus had no better authority than popular tradition; that Necho was the very person most likely to have patronized such an undertaking, he being a monarch of great enterprise, who had built fleets on the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, which he attempted to unite by a canal. He therefore must have had Phœnicians in his service, and these people, who were probably well acquainted with the east coast of Africa to an extent southwards beyond what we are aware of, may have been led by a comparison of the straits of Gades and Babelmandeb,

and other circumstances with which we are unacquainted, to propose, like Columbus to the king of Portugal, an attempt to ascertain the truth of the theory they had formed of the insularity of Africa. As to the objection that this voyage led to no consequences of importance, it falls away when we recollect the calamities which the arms of Nebuchadnezzar shortly afterwards inflicted on both Tyre and Egypt.

The most valid objection is, the difficulties of the voyage and the shortness of the time. Yet here also a satisfactory answer has, we think, been given. Rennel has shown that the winds and currents were all in their favour, supposing them to have left the Red Sea in the end of October or beginning of November with the southern monsoon, by which means they would have reached the southern tropic by the following January, that is, in the middle of the antarctic summer, the very best season for getting round the Cape. Abundance of time would then remain for them to coast the west side of the African continent. The circumstance of their landing to sow and reap corn for their provision, also indicates a previous knowledge of the rapidity of vegetation in southern latitudes, and if we suppose them to have done so only on the west coast, they probably found islands or a part of the coast uninhabited, or the negroes as mild and peaceful as they appeared afterwards to the Portuguese. It has been objected that it took Martin Behaim, "with all appliances and means to boot," nineteen months to get from Portugal to the Cape of Good Hope, and that therefore the Phœnicians must have taken a much longer time to go over the same space. But here we may observe, that the winds and currents which were adverse to him were in their favour, that those who are used to coasting voyages know best how to overcome the difficulties of them,—that Vasco da Gama went from Portugal to India in ten months, and that in the year 1539, Diego Botelho and five more came in a decked boat only fourteen feet long and eight broad, from Goa to Lisbon in nine months. Mr. Cooley's remark, that Herodotus, whose geographical knowledge reached beyond Syene, must have known that to those below the tropic the sun must have appeared a part of the year to the north, and that consequently the fabrication of that circumstance in an imaginary voyage was easy, does not seem to us to have much force. If Herodotus had that knowledge, that circumstance surely would not have appeared so utterly improbable in his eyes. On the whole, we think it likely that the voyage was really performed, but it would be the height of dogmatism to be very confident in such a matter.

Such appears to have been the extent and nature of the Phœnician commerce in the West. Were it not for the sacred books

of their neighbours and friends, the people of Israel, we should remain almost totally in the dark respecting their Asiatic traffic and its extent; but here fortunately some most valuable notices have been preserved, which we shall now consider.

The prophet Ezechiel, when announcing the punishment of the Tyrians by Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, gives a most copious and accurate account of all the countries and peoples with which they had commercial relations, or whom they employed in their service, and from the twenty-seventh chapter of that prophet, combined with some other passages of Scripture, we may collect as follows:

The Tyrians, who were at that time the head of the Phœnician federation, as having a limited territory and a manufacturing population, like the Carthaginians, and like Florence and other Italian republics of the middle ages, had foreign troops in their pay, and drew their chief supplies of provisions from other countries. The Persians, the Lydians, the Lybians, the people of the Phœnician isle of Aradus, and another people named the Gammadim, are enumerated as supplying the mercenary troops which garrisoned Tyre. The people of Aradus and Sidon were employed as rowers in their ships, the Tyrians reserving to themselves the more honourable office of pilots. Corn and honey, oil and balm, came to Tyre from Judah and Israel, who took in return the Tyrian manufactures; this necessity which they were of to each other is probably the reason why we hear of no wars between the Israelites and the Tyrians. From Damascus, which probably like itself was the head of a federation, Tyre received in like manner, in exchange for manufactures, wine of Helbon, (Aleppo) and the fine wool for which that part of Syria was long famous. The cypresses or fir-trees of Mount Hermon, the oaks of Bashan (east of the Jordan), the cedars of Lebanon, the box-wood of Cyprus, were conveyed to the dock-yards of Tyre for building their ships. It would appear that they imported their sail-cloth from Egypt and from Greece.

From Tarshish, i. e. Spain, according to the prophet, the Tyrians imported silver, iron, tin, and lead; from the isles of Elisha they got a coarse kind of blue and purple sail-cloth, which they used for awnings in their ships. By these isles of Elisha is rightly, we think, understood the Peloponnesus, where the shell-fish which yielded the purple dye was found abundantly on the coast of Laconia. Elis, it is observed, may have given the name Elisha, but to us it appears more likely that it came from Hellas, which was in use in the time of the prophet, and we afterwards find him using Javan (*pr.* Yawan) for Ionia, or the colonies on the coast of Asia.

The trade to Egypt was entirely over-land. The Phœnicians carried thither principally wine, an article which that country did not produce, and took in return cotton and linen goods, and perhaps (for we can only conjecture it) the articles which the caravans from the most remote times brought thither from the interior of Africa.

Wrought iron, spices (among which the cinnamon occupies a chief place), ivory, ebony, gold and precious stones, are the chief articles which came to Tyre from the east of Arabia; and as some of these are peculiar to India, and others are found most abundantly in Æthiopia, it is probable that the Arabs navigated the Indian ocean from the most remote ages. These goods were brought over land to the coast of the Mediterranean, and exchanged there with the Tyrians for the articles of Phœnician manufacture and for the silver of Spain. There were two main routes by which these caravans travelled: one leading to the shores of the Persian Gulf, the other to the south coast of Yemen or Arabia Felix. Caravans, formed of the tribes of the desert, conveyed the products of India, Æthiopia, and Yemen, either on their own account, or on that of the merchants of Tyre, to the Philistine cities, such as Gath and Ascalon, on the coast of the Mediterranean, whence they were brought by sea to Tyre. This share in a lucrative commerce may account for the power of so small a nation as the Philistines; and the Edomites (who owned the whole country from the borders of Judæa to the Red Sea, on which they had two ports) must also have had a large share in it. When this last people were conquered by the Israelites, the king of Israel, in conjunction with his Tyrian allies, fitted out a fleet in these ports, which we have every reason to suppose traded to the coast of Malabar, at least to the east-coast of Africa. These ports were lost in the political troubles which succeeded to the reign of king Solomon, and a future attempt to revive this trade proved a failure. We have therefore no reason to suppose that the Tyrians were in the habit of navigating the Red Sea.

On the other hand, there is every ground for believing that this enterprising people carried on a direct trade with India by means of the Persian Gulf. Herodotus mentions a tradition, according to which their original seats were in that neighbourhood; and though this tradition may be little worthy of credit in itself, it seems to show that their connexion with that region must have been an intimate one. They were the merchants of Dēdan, who, according to the prophet Ezechiel, brought the ivory and the ebony to Tyre; and there can be no doubt of this being the place now called Dadan or the Arabian side of the Persian Gulf. Another prophet (ISAIAH, xxi. 13—15.) shows that the

caravans from Dedan to Tyre came through the Nigid, as one of the most fruitful parts of Arabia is named. It admits of little doubt that the Phœnicians had settlements on some islands in the Persian Gulf, two of which are named Tylus (or Tyrus) and Aradus, whose inhabitants, according to Strabo, (and we might add, Herodotus) maintained that the Phœnicians derived their origin from them. The reverse, however, is so much more likely to be the truth, that we may assume it at once without hesitation. Like the moderns, the Phœnicians were in the habit of giving old names to new settlements. There is every reason to suppose these to have been the Baharein Islands; and as Tylus produced a species of timber (which from the description must have been the teak-wood) admirably calculated for ship-building, while all the coast of the gulf and the Babylonian states were utterly destitute of large timber, and consequently naval architecture was probably in a low condition there, it is by no means unlikely that there had been a commercial treaty between the Phœnicians and Babylonians, as there was between them and the Israelites when these last got ports in the Arabian Gulf; and that it was at the invitation of the Babylonians that the Phœnicians settled on these islands, where they built ships, in which they navigated the Indian Ocean, perhaps bringing pearls direct from Cape Comorin and cinnamon from Ceylon. A part of these Indian commodities went up the Euphrates to Babylon, whence they were distributed through Persia and Asia Minor; the remainder was conveyed to Phœnicia by the route we have described, and there sold to the neighbouring peoples, or exported to the west.

Though it is very slightly mentioned, there must have existed an active commerce between Phœnicia and Babylon. The caravan route was evidently along the valley of Hollow Syria by Baalbek, and thence to Tadmor or Palmyra. When it is said in the Bible that king Solomon built these cities, the meaning evidently is that he repaired, enlarged and strengthened them;—a frequent sense of the Hebrew word. They must have existed long before his reign.

The eastern branch of the Phœnician trade took its course northwards; “Javan, Tubal and Meshech were thy merchants: they traded the persons of men and vessels of brass in thy markets. They of the house of Togarmah traded in thy fairs with horses, and horsemen and mules.” By Javan is meant the Ionians, and Tubal and Meshech have been always understood to be the Tibarini and Moschi, who dwelt on the Euxine and Caucasus, north of Armenia, which last country is Togarmah. From the three first came slaves and wrought copper; and who knows not that Georgia and Circassia are at this very hour famous for the slave

trade? Cappadocia and the country south of the Euxine furnished slaves in such abundance formerly, that they were sold at four drachmas a-head; and the Greeks who were settled north of the Euxine purchased abundance of slaves from the Scythians. We understand by Javan in this place chiefly the Melesian colonies (who were Ionians) in the Black Sea, for the prophet always puts together those who dwelt near each other. The whole passage (xxvii, 5—25) is remarkable for accuracy and for correct knowledge. Copper abounds at the present day in those countries, and the vessels made of it there are in great request. Armenia was renowned for its breed of horses, and there were bred the Niscean horses, of which the satrap of that province annually sent 20,000 of the foals to the king of Persia. We may observe that by the word which is rendered *horsemen* some eminent critics understand war-horses, or state-horses, that is, these Niscean horses.

We thus ascertain, on authority not to be disputed, the extent of the Phœnician commerce in the seventh century before our era. A small people, inhabiting a narrow strip of sea-coast, who were obliged to import the greater part of their food from the neighbouring countries, had extended their commercial relations over the greater part of the then known world! Their ships visited Spain and the Atlantic on the one side, on the other all the coasts of the Indian Ocean, and their caravans annually repaired to the Persian and Arabian Gulfs, and to the Black Sea. It is not impossible that mediately or immediately through them the productions of India reached the shores of the Baltic and the interior of Africa, and *vice versâ*. And this probably more than 3,000 years ago!

As in commercial dealings nothing is to be had without an equivalent, let theorists talk as they may of balances of trade, the Phœnicians must have had natural productions of their own country, or have been able to add a value to those of others by skill and industry,—in other words, they must either have had raw produce or manufactures to export. The trade in the former could have been very slight, as we only read of their supplying king Solomon with timber for his stately buildings at Jerusalem; in the latter it was very considerable. All the glass, for instance, used in the ancient world, came from Phœnicia, where alone the sand fit for that manufacture was found. For window-glass there could have been no great demand, but for drinking and for looking-glasses the demand was probably extensive. Sidon was in this respect the Venice of the old world. Ornaments in gold, silver, ivory, ebony, amber and other metals and substances, must have been manufactured in large quantities by the Phœnicians, who probably supplied all the countries round them with these articles.

The prophet Isaiah gives a formidable list of the trinkets and ornaments worn by the haughty dames of Judah in his time; and female luxury could not have been inferior at Damascus and other large towns of Syria. In the Odyssey of Homer we find the Phœnicians visiting the ports of the Greeks with cargoes of female ornaments, and taking in articles of consumption (*βλอรον*), probably wine, oil and corn, in return. It is not unlikely that the Phœnicians also manufactured the ignoble metals which they imported from other countries. But the great staples of Phœnicia were the linen, cotton and woollen cloths, to which, from the abundant supply of the *murices* of the very best quality yielded by the sea of their coast, they were enabled to give a splendour and a variety of colour which no other people could imitate. The taste for the Tyrian cloths of all kinds prevailed extensively, and we can set no limits to the distance to which they may have been conveyed and exchanged for the natural and artificial productions of other regions.

The Phœnicians were then a manufacturing and a trading people, depending on others for their subsistence, in some points resembling ourselves, in others more like the Dutch. The prosperity of such a people could not be everlasting, and it is interesting to examine into the causes of their decline.

It is probable that the increase of the wealth and power of Carthage was in some degree prejudicial to the parent state, as the trade of Spain must have fallen in a great measure into the hands of the former. In such case, it is likely that the Phœnicians must have had to pay dearer for its productions than heretofore, and perhaps as Carthage and the other colonies were manufacturers also, the demand for the Phœnician goods decreased. It is also supposed that the Phœnicians must have suffered by the planting of the Grecian colonies on the coast of Asia Minor, as these also manufactured to a great extent, and, it is almost certain, traded directly by means of caravans with Kapsacus on the Euphrates, to which place the goods of Babylon and India were brought up the river. We doubt, however, if they interfered much with the Phœnicians, as their trade took chiefly a northerly direction, extending into Tartary, and perhaps to China. The settlement of the Greeks in Egypt, however, must have been positively injurious to them, as the wine trade of that country, of which they appear previously to have had the monopoly, must have been now in a great measure carried on by the Greeks in their own bottoms; and perhaps this is the true reason of the hostility which the Phœnicians are said to have evinced to the Greeks in the time of the Persian war. It is remarkable enough that in the accounts which we have of the trade of Athens and Corinth no mention is made

of any with the Phœnicians. Perhaps their chief commerce was with the colonies in Asia. From the Hebrew prophet it appears that they traded with the Ionians (of Asia) and with the people of the Peloponnesus.

The rivalry above noticed could, however, have but slightly affected the prosperity of the Phœnicians. The real cause of their decline was the commotions that took place in Western Asia, which caused the downfall of so many states; for independent states are always better customers to a manufacturing people than those which are under the yoke of foreigners. While the kingdoms of Israel, Judah, Damascus and others flourished, the demand for the Phœnician manufactures must have been far greater than after they became subject to the monarchs of Babylon and Persia. Let any one, for example, compare Judah under her kings with Judah after the return from the Captivity. The very circumstance of there being no court must have made a great difference to those who supplied them with luxuries. The conquest and reduction to provinces of Babylonia and Egypt by the Persian monarch, must have greatly affected the Phœnician commerce; but it was the foundation of Alexandria by the Macedonian conqueror that was the ruin of the trade of both Phœnicia and Babylon, just as the discovery of the passage to India by the Cape ruined, in a great measure, Bagdad, Alexandria and Venice—the Tyre of the Middle Ages. From that time the decline of the prosperity of the towns on the coasts of Phœnicia was rapid and irremediable.

From Tyre and Sidon we will now turn westwards, and take a survey of their powerful colony on the coast of Africa. Here the Greek and Latin writers will be our guides, in lieu of the Hebrew prophets, the absence of whose minuteness we shall, however, have some reason to regret.

Military colonies, like those of the Romans and the Russians, were unknown to the Greeks and the Phœnicians of the early ages, and the colonies which they founded were either pure commercial factories on the coasts (or on small islands adjacent to them) of a country, a trade with which they found to be lucrative. Such were the Phœnician colonies on the coast of Spain, those of the Greeks on the north coast of the Euxine, and our own first settlements in Bengal and Coromandel. Others were produced by excess of population, or by civil commotions, in which the worsted party retired and went in quest of new abodes. From these causes derived their origin the Grecian colonies of Italy, Sicily and Asia Minor, and some of the English colonies in North America. The same causes produced the same effects in

the large towns of Phœnicia. These, as we have seen, were manufacturing towns, of which, consequently, the population was dense and turbulent, and, to use a figure which is now become a favourite one, it was necessary that the constitution should have some safety-valve to carry off the superabundant political vapour. Happily for the Phœnician towns, their size was such that colonization was an adequate remedy. They appear to have directed the stream first on their own territory, which gradually became covered with manufacturing towns and villages, like the neighbourhood of Coventry and Manchester, and then turned it to the north coast of Africa—the great theatre of their colonization.

Carthage, however, their most powerful settlement, according to a tradition the truth of which we see no reason to doubt, was not founded from commercial or political motives. It owed its origin to the crime of a king of Tyre, who murdered his brother-in-law, a man of consequence and priest of Melcarth, or Hercules, the national God, for his wealth, or on account of the influence which he possessed in the state. A large portion of the inhabitants of Tyre of all ranks determined to remove from a city subject to a ruthless tyrant, and placing Elissa, the widow of the murdered man, at their head, they left the place and sailed for Africa. They landed in the bay in which Tuneta (Tunis) and Utica already lay, and having fixed on a tongue of land which runs out into it, they agreed to pay an annual rent or tribute for it to the Lybians, the original owners of the soil. Here they built a fort which they probably named Betzura, *i. e.* the Castle, but of which the Greeks made Byrsa; and as this word signifies, in their language, an *ox-hide*, they invented the well-known tale of the manner in which the Tyrian queen took in the unsuspecting Africans—a tale, by the way, which seems to have gone round the world; for, as has been noticed in a former article,* Hassan Sabah, the chief of the Assassins, is thus said to have acquired the hill-fort of Alamoot. The Persians say that we got Calcutta in this way; our own tradition avers that it was thus that Hengist and Horsa got a settlement in the Isle of Thanet; and we think we have read somewhere that this was the mode in which one of our colonies in New England obtained their land of the Indians. It is thus that the legends of one country are transferred to another, or that similar fictions spring up in far distant regions.

It is remarkable that, though Utica and Tunis were so close to Carthage, the one being only five, the other about seven miles from its walls, they always remained independent, Carthage only exercising the hegemony or supremacy. It would seem to have

* See Vol. I. p. 458.

been the Phœnician policy to respect the rights of all independent Phœnician states. As Carthage increased in power, she first sought to free herself from tribute to the Lybians; she then succeeded in making them her subjects, and eventually extended her dominion through the interior eastward as far as the confines of the Greek state of Cyrene. But ere we trace the extent of her dominion and her commerce, we will stop to take a view of her government and institutions.

The government of Carthage, which claimed the admiration of Aristotle, was one of the wisest and best-constituted in all antiquity. The philosopher compares its constitution with those of Crète and Sparta, and gives, as a proof of its goodness, the fact that, down to his time, though it was a state of such extended commerce and with so large a town population, it had never been subject to popular commotions, or afflicted with the scourge of tyranny. In effect, the constitution of Carthage was an aristocracy of birth and hereditary wealth, with a democratic element; subordinate but effective—the very form which is best calculated for permanence. Hence there was a moderation in the Carthaginian policy, an absence of the lust of conquest, and a steadiness in the adherence to plans which had been maturely weighed and adopted, which we should vainly seek in a democracy. Compare, for instance, Athens and Carthage. We are now speaking of this state in its best times; circumstances afterwards compelled it to change its character.

As it was the general practice of antiquity for colonies to retain the constitution of the parent-state, we may suppose that, as the legend of Dido shows, the first constitution of Carthage was a monarchy like that of Phœnicia. History does not inform us how the change was brought about; but we find it afterwards such as Aristotle describes it. The government was in the hands not so much of a hereditary nobility, like the Roman patricians and the Venetian nobili, as of the *optimates*, or families of greatest wealth and influence. From these all the magistrates and public officers were selected, but *they received no salaries*, and they were either chosen directly by the people, or were nominated by the senate and approved of by the people, it is doubtful which; perhaps the expression of Aristotle, that in his time the chief offices in Carthage were purchased, might incline us to think that the former was the mode of election. He says, that in the choice of the magistrates the qualities considered were their wealth, virtue and popularity (*δῆμον*), which he regards as a proof of the constitution being aristocratic, and which we think also proves the power of the people in the elections. Another important privilege which the people possessed was, that whenever the executive

and the senate disagreed on any point, the matter was brought before the people, whose decision was conclusive; and on this occasion every one who pleased could speak and give his opinion on the subject. This last was a privilege, we believe, enjoyed by the people in no other aristocracy of antiquity.

There was no such thing as a free state without a senate known to the ancients. Indeed it is difficult even to conceive a permanent free state without it. The Carthaginian senate resembled those of Rome and Sparta; but we are completely in the dark as to its numbers, and the mode of obtaining admission into it. Various notices, however, conspire to prove that the number of members must have been considerable, and the very nature of an aristocracy proves that the seats in it must have been for life. It is probable that all the *optimates*, as such, were members of it, and that as new families acquired wealth and consideration they got seats in it, perhaps in consequence of having been chosen to fill some of the public offices.

But besides this great senate, there was a smaller body, a kind of committee, selected from it, which perhaps bore to it a relation not unlike what the cabinet council does to the privy council with ourselves. Aristotle, in one place, speaks of a board of one hundred and four persons, which resembled the Ephorate at Sparta, (but was better regulated, as any Spartan might be an Ephor,) while only persons of the greatest worth were eligible at Carthage. Niebuhr sees in these one hundred and four a relation to the weeks of the year, as in the twenty-eight of the Spartan Gerusia, with the two kings, he finds a reference to the number of the days of the month. Hence it might appear that he regarded these one hundred and four as a *Gerusia*, a name which, in fact, is given to them by the accurate Polybius, who expressly distinguishes them from the senate (*σύγκλητος*), as do also Livy and the other writers. But we also read of a magistracy of one hundred men, and a question then arises, were the two boards the same or not?

It is the opinion of Kluge, that the magistracies of the one hundred and of the one hundred and four, were perfectly distinct from each other; and he will not allow that so accurate a writer as the Stagyræite, and one so studious of conciseness, would have spoken in one place of one hundred and four, and in another of only one hundred, if there was not a real difference. He conceives that the former were a magistracy which had existed for a long time in the state, for trying the various causes, both public and private, which must of necessity have arisen in so commercial and so populous a city as Carthage; the latter he thinks, in conformity with the generality of writers, was instituted at the time

when the power and influence of the house of Mago began to be viewed as dangerous to the republic. Their business was to examine into the conduct of the generals on their return from a command, and to punish them if they had done any thing tending to the injury of the state. It was this body which afterwards became, like the Spartan Ephors, the tyrants of the republic. As it is the board of one hundred and four that Aristotle compares with the Ephors, it seems most probable that the one hundred and the one hundred and four were all the same, the real number being one hundred and four, the round hundred being employed for shortness. Both Heeren and Bötticher take this view of the case, and we feel disposed to regard it as the most correct.

At the head of the state were magistrates named *Suffetes*, i. e. judges, (*Shophetim*, or the judges of Scripture); but in what manner they were chosen, for how long, and what their number was, are things which unfortunately we can only conjecture. That they were elective, and were taken from the principal families, and that they presided in the senate, are points which admit of no doubt, and as Aristotle compares them with the Spartan kings, and Polybius and others with the Roman consuls, there is every reason to suppose that their number was two, as Nepos expressly asserts. It would seem the more probable opinion that their office was for a longer term than one year,—perhaps we might say for life, as the only difference which Aristotle observes between them and the Spartan kings is, that these last could be chosen out of only two families. The *Suffetes* seem to have been the chief magistrates in all the Phœnician colonies, for Livy speaks of the *Suffetes* of Gades.

The office of *general* was different from that of a *Suffete*, though the two offices were frequently united in the same person. It is a question whether the *Suffete* was like an ordinary general, obliged to give an account of his conduct when in command to the council of one hundred.

The most puzzling part of the Carthaginian government is the Pentarchies, of which Aristotle, and he only, speaks. According to him, some of the most weighty matters of the state were managed by them, and they filled up their own vacancies, and this is all we know about them. As they are spoken of in the plural number, Heeren thinks they may have been committees of the *Gerusia* for the management of different portions of the affairs which were under the direction of that body. Kluge is of opinion that a pentarchy was a board composed of the five chief officers in the state, which he conjectures to have been the *priest of Melcarth*, the national god, the *quæstor*, the *ensor*, the *boetharch*, or military commander in the town, and a fifth, which he conjectures

to have corresponded with the Roman ædile. Pentarchies, he says, are spoken of in the plural, as there was one at Carthage and one in each of the tributary towns. This theory is ingenious, but we think that of Heeren much more probable. Bötticher can hardly be said to give an opinion on the subject.

We thus see that, as we have already said, the Carthaginian constitution was one admirably calculated for duration. It was a mingled aristocracy and democracy, with a preponderance of the former, or regulating and conservative element. But forms of government are of little use if not sustained by national character, and one people will bear a degree of liberty of which another is incapable. We much doubt, for instance, if the French could, consistently with their social happiness and prosperity, bear the same quantity of that valuable commodity which we ourselves—but only after a very long course of discipline and training—actually enjoy. Certain we are, that the Athenians could never have stopped at the point at which the Carthaginians did; but the people of Attica were of a light mercurial character, those of Carthage were grave and thoughtful, and not easily led away by vanity and idle visions of unattainable happiness and perfection. Their religion may also, perhaps, be taken as a proof of the difference between their character and that of the Greeks, and their superior fitness for retaining freedom; for we believe that, as far as we have history to guide us, it will be found that where there is not a strong sense of religion in the people at large, their liberty is but of brief endurance.

When we speak of the effect of religion on the Carthaginian people, we have in view the strength of their religious feelings, not the purity of their creed; for their worship was a dark and cruel service. Like all colonies, they brought their religion with them from their home in Asia. The notices remaining of it are very scanty, but we are able to collect that, like the Aramæan religion in general, it was chiefly directed to the supposed intelligences of the celestial luminaries and those of the elements. The chief of these was, as it would appear, the Sun-god, Baal or Molec, named by the Greeks Kronus, from some resemblance between him and their ancient deity, Time. The worship of this God, both in Syria and in Carthage, was bloody and inhuman; the infant children of the noblest families were burnt alive under his image, in the presence of their parents, who dared not even shed a tear, lest the sacrifice should prove displeasing to the grim deity. In times of peace and prosperity, the feelings of nature prevailed, and the infants of slaves were the victims; but when calamity came on the state, it was ascribed to the wrath of the offended god; the noblest children were then yielded for sacrifice

by their parents, and on one occasion 200 were offered at once, while 300 persons, who had been guilty of substituting the children of slaves for their own, to make atonement for their offence, flung themselves into the flames. How strong must the religious feeling (call it such, or call it fanaticism) have been in the minds of such a people! And we must remember that in Carthage there was no sacerdotal caste, as in India, to keep up a fanatic spirit in the minds of the laity.

Ashtaroth, or Astarte, the goddess of the moon, and the patroness of increase and production, whom the Greeks identified with their Hera or Juno, and with Aphrodite or Venus, was also adored at Carthage, and perhaps with the same lascivious rites as in Syria.

A principal object of worship in Tyre and in all the colonies, was Melcarth, i. e. king of the city, the tutelary deity (as his name denotes) of the town. This deity, who was evidently another form of the Sun-god, the Greeks identified with their hero Hercules, whom most assuredly they in their early ages never regarded as a god of the sun. Perhaps their only reason for doing so was, that the statues of Melcarth were formed to indicate great muscular power and strength, and thus resembled those of their own great slayer of beasts and men.

Of the other Phœnician deities little can be collected. If Bellerman be right in his interpretation of the Punic portions of the *Pœnulus* of Plautus, the Carthaginians had very strong impressions of the providence of the gods, and of a reward for the virtuous after death. The place of bliss, unlike the Greeks and other peoples, they conceived to be, not in the bosom of the earth, or in western islands, but above, in the celestial regions.

Before we pass to the consideration of the trade of Carthage, we must notice another peculiarity in its constitution observed by Aristotle. He says that the dinners of their societies (*συστήρια τῶν ἐταιριῶν*) resembled the *φιδήρια*, or public meals, of the Spartans. Now we know very well what these last were, and it is quite impossible that any thing precisely similar could have existed in such a city as Carthage; for though a body of 9000 Spartans, who lived in idleness, their lands being tilled by the Helots, could very well dine together in different public halls every day, the same could not be the case in a commercial city, containing a good deal more than half a million of inhabitants. The philosopher only says that there was a resemblance between the dinners at Carthage and the public meals at Sparta, and if we find a point in which they did agree, it will be sufficient. We may then inquire into the real nature of the institution at Carthage. Now Plutarch (*Symp.* vii. 9) expressly says that the Spartan Phiditia

were a kind of secret councils and aristocratic synods, and from all we can learn of the societies of Carthage they were of a similar political nature.

Kluge is of opinion that the men of wealth and influence at Carthage, with a view to preventing any one from acquiring an undue influence with the people by largesses or otherwise, used to give public dinners to the inferior citizens in different places, so that their affections might be divided among many, and not be engrossed by any one to the prejudice perhaps of the state. Schlosser thinks that these public dinners were like those among the different guilds in the middle ages, which, by the way, are still kept up in the good city of London. Luden opines that these dinners, somewhat like the Lord Mayor's feast, were given by the Council of One Hundred at the time of their election. Perhaps the most probable opinion is that of Heeren, who conceives these societies at Carthage to have been like our political clubs, in which the leaders of the different parties of the state previously arranged the line of conduct to be pursued in public. Polybius often speaks of the secret deliberations of the great men, and Livy says that Aristo, whom Hannibal sent to Carthage, first spoke with the Boreas party in the circles* and at the dinners, and then in the senate. Theodore Metochita, a writer of the middle ages, who had read books no longer existing, remarks that the Carthaginians treated of most public affairs in the night, for which reason, he adds, they held their meetings and councils in the evening and at night-time—all which agrees well with clubs, in which business and festivity were joined, but not at all with a public assembly, which, unlike our parliament, was always in antiquity held by day-light.

Such then was the government, such the political institutions of this great commercial people. Let us now take a view of their trade and their extent of dominion.

It is, we fear, but a vain attempt to fix with accuracy the date of the foundation of any of the cities of antiquity which trace their origin to a period beyond the time when history began to be written in Greece. We therefore place little reliance on the accounts which set the foundation of Carthage in the year 878 B. C. for instance, or 819 or 826, or fifty years after the taking of Troy, that is, 1134 B. C. This is, however, a matter of very little consequence; the nature of things shows that the beginnings of Carthage, like those of all other colonies, must have been small. Its first territory was only the small peninsula on which it stood, and for which a rent was paid to the original owners of

* *Circuli*. The French call their clubs *cerclés*.

the soil. As the population increased, encroachments were gradually made on the adjacent land, and the city, it is probable, soon became sufficiently strong to be able to refuse any farther payment of tribute to the Lybians. These last, it is said, we know not with what truth, were at that time in the nomadic state, and the Tyrian colonists, who had brought with them the love and knowledge of agriculture, for which the Syrians were always distinguished, induced or forced them by degrees to abandon their erratic life, and apply themselves to the cultivation of their fertile soil. The Lybians now became the subjects of their former tributaries, the land was cultivated to a great extent, the annual tribute or rent, which the inhabitants of the city drew from them, augmented and sustained their power, and the numerous colonial towns and villages which were formed all through the country, relieved Carthage from the evils of excess of population, and served to keep the original natives in obedience. These Lybian subjects of Carthage always formed a principal part of her armies. The extent of country subject to the Carthaginian power in Africa, great as we may be apt to fancy it, when it was at its greatest height, hardly equalled that of the modern kingdom of Portugal. Eastward, it stretched to the Syrtis and the confines of Cyrene; southward, to Lake Triton and the branches of Atlas; and westward, to the realms of the independent Numidian princes, the allies and sometimes the tributaries of Carthage. The history of the world is ever exhibiting the same phenomena; 3000 years ago a colony came from a distant commercial country and obtained permission to establish a factory on the north coast of Africa, and ended by reducing the people of the country to subjection. In modern times the very same thing has been done on the coasts of India. It may be doubted, however, whether the British will equal the Carthaginian dominion in permanence; it is certain that a chief cause of the fall of Carthage was her alienating the affections of her African subjects by excess of taxation, in consequence of the expensive wars in which the ambition and lust of dominion of some of her leading men engaged her. We should take warning; if once our government is felt to be oppressive in India, our dominion there is gone.

Carthage must have had a large share in the caravan-trade, which has been carried on from time immemorial from the neighbourhood of the Syrtes with the interior of Africa. By this trade she procured ivory, gold-dust, and perhaps slaves, though, as far as we recollect, there is no direct mention of negro slaves in the classic writers till about the time of Alexander: we mean as an article of commerce with the Greeks and other peoples of Europe. But she must have become powerful and wealthy

before she could have extended her views so far; and her earliest trade was doubtless the exchange of her own manufactures, or those of Tyre, with the people of the interior, for the natural productions of their soil. It was possibly this trade which first led to her settlement of the colonies, which extended along the coast to the straits of Gades, rather than a view to the commerce of Spain.

Commercial prospects also made the Carthaginians turn their eyes to the islands of the Mediterranean, with which, as we have said above, we see little reason for supposing that the Phœnicians carried on a trade. They probably settled very early on the Balearic islands, (Majorca, Minorca and Yviza,) which produced wine, oil and fine wool—the great objects of Phœnician trade. They also settled on, and gradually reduced to the condition of a province, the fertile island of Sardinia, an island, of which, as Heeren justly observes, though so near us, we know far less than we do of Owhyhee and Otaheite. They appear, but only in the later period of their history, to have had some settlements of no great importance on the coast of Corsica.

As the power of the Carthaginians increased, they must evidently have contemplated the mastery of the western part of the Mediterranean as essential to their projects of extended dominion, and for this purpose the possession of Sicily must have appeared to them as of the greatest importance. But here they had a more formidable foe to encounter than any they had yet engaged, for it is highly probably that the Greeks were settled before them in that island. Thucydides, who is the chief authority on the subject, reckons the *Φοίνικες* among the peoples who had settled in Sicily, but as that term stood with the Greeks for both the proper Phœnicians and their colonies, it is doubtful which the historian meant. Modern writers tell us without hesitation that the Phœnicians had from the most remote times occupied the coasts and islets round the whole island, but as no traces appear of these Phœnician settlements, and as Thucydides expressly tells us that the settlements of the Carthaginians, such as Motya, Panormus and Solacis, were on the part of the island nearest to Carthage, we think it not unlikely that in Sicily as in Italy the Greeks were the first settlers, and that the Carthaginians, who traded with them for their wine, oil, &c., gradually conceived the plan of coming in for their share of the fertile island, and that thus, instead of having come into the reversion of old Phœnician towns on the coast, they began to settle on the west side of the island, and that those towns were their first plantations. Their efforts to conquer the whole island were the eventual cause of their ruin, and even if they had succeeded, we doubt very much if they could

have withstood the might of Rome. We shall presently give our reasons for entertaining this opinion.

Malta and the other small islands in its neighbourhood were, it is likely, early colonized by the Phœnicians. They all fell afterwards into the hands of the Carthaginians. Malta was famous for its linen and woollen manufactures, and its people were industrious and opulent.

We now turn to Spain, the Mexico of the old world, in order to trace the connection of the Carthaginians with its inhabitants.

It is not likely that the intercourse of Carthage with Spain was of a very early date, as silver could not have been a very essential article in the commerce with the people of Africa, when the traffic with them first began. The Spanish trade, however, must have from various causes gradually increased, but it was probably for some time not direct with the natives; and the Carthaginians bought what silver and other Spanish productions they required from the people of Gades and other Phœnician settlements in that country. We have already expressed a belief that the natives worked their own mines, and bartered their produce with the foreign merchants. The trade between them and the Carthaginians must have been extensive and direct, when these last had increased in wealth and power. The greatest harmony seems to have existed between the two parties, and Carthage was long wisely content with the privilege of enlisting troops in Spain, without seeking to appropriate any part of the country to herself. In fact, it was not till after the first Punic war, and the loss of Sicily, that the project was conceived of reducing Spain to the condition of a province. The causes of this change in the Carthaginian policy we shall presently show.

The intercourse with Gaul must have been very slight, as the Greek colony of Massalia commanded the Mediterranean coast of that country. It is not unlikely that the Gauls, who served in the Punic armies, were enlisted in Spain, or in Italy. The knowledge of pay being to be had would easily draw them over the Alps or the Pyrenees. We nowhere read of a trade between Gaul and Carthage.

Historians and geographers have long disputed on the subject of the navigation of the Atlantic by the ships of Carthage. Some are content with extending their limits from the south coast of Britain on the north to Cape Bojador on the south; while others give them a direct Baltic trade, conducting their ships to the mouth of the Vistula and the coast of Prussia, nay even to those of the Scandinavian peninsula, and leading them southwards to the river Gambia and to Guinea. It is also maintained that they crossed the Atlantic, and visited the shores of the New World.

Here, as elsewhere, truth perhaps lies in the middle. Let us, leaving the American voyage out of the question, as resting on mere conjecture, devote a few lines to the consideration of their African and European navigation of the Atlantic.

We are told by Pliny and other writers, that at the time when Carthage was at her greatest height of power (about the year 450 B. C. as Lelewel thinks) two fleets were sent out to explore the coasts of Africa and Europe. The one destined for the African expedition was commanded by Hanno, one of the Suffetes of Carthage; it consisted of sixty fifty-oared vessels, having on board 30,000 persons, who were to be placed as colonists on the west-coast of the present empire of Morocco, a country which of course must have been well known to the Carthaginians at that time. Hanno, after settling the colonists, was then to sail southwards, on a voyage of discovery, with as many of the ships as he deemed sufficient.

Hanno proceeded in that direction till want of provisions forced him to return. He drew up an account of his voyage, which was hung up in the temple of Saturn (Moloch), at Carthage; it was translated by some Greek, and this translation, or an abridgement of it, has come down to us, and may be seen in the *Geographi Minores* of Hudson. It is quite manifest from it, that Hanno sailed a long way along the coast of the Negro country, but where his voyage terminated is a question that will perhaps never be adequately solved. Rennell thinks the utmost limit of it was Sherborough Sound; while Professor Lelewel, who follows Gosselin, calculates that it could not have been beyond Cape Bojador. Heeren agrees with Rennell, and so does Mr. Cooley, and we have no doubt but that they are right; for Herodotus (iv. 196) accurately describes the mode in which the Carthaginians traded for gold with a people on the coast of Africa, which is precisely the manner in which at this very day the caravans from Morocco carry on the *dumb trade* with the people of Guinea for gold-dust and other articles.

It is manifest from Diodorus Siculus that the Carthaginians had discovered the island of Madeira. If they traded to the country south of the Gambia, it is hardly possible that the Fortunate or Canary Islands could have been unknown to them, and the probability of such being the case is heightened by the circumstance of one of these islands bearing the name of *Junonia*, which is evidently a translation of a Punic name derived from Astarte, whom the Greeks and Romans identified with their Hera and Juno.

Imperfect as is our knowledge of the exact extent and circumstances of the voyage of Hanno, we are still more in the dark

respecting that of Himilco along the coast of Europe. Pliny merely informs us that he was sent out on a voyage of discovery at the same time with Hanno, and the particulars of the voyage, which are to be found in the geographic poem of Festus Avienus, (who says he wrote from the Punic annals,) have been so confused by his ignorance, or what is not likely, when we consider the air of truth which pervades the narrative of Hanno, so designedly falsified by Himilco or the government, that but little that is certain can be deduced from it. We are told that after passing the Atlantic bay (supposed to be that between Capes Trafalgar and St. Vincent) one came to Cape *Æstrymnon*, (Cape Finis-terre as it is thought,) under which lay a bay of the same name, in which were islands abounding in tin and lead, inhabited by a high-spirited people, industrious and commercial, who used to navigate the seas in boats covered with skins or leather. Two days' sail from these islands was the Holy Island in which the Hibernians dwelt, and the island of the Albions was in the neighbourhood. He adds that the people of Tartessus used to trade to the *Æstrymnian* islands, whither also resorted the inhabitants of Carthage and her colonies. He says it took Himilco, according to his own account, *four months* to sail to those islands, owing to the want of wind, the sluggishness of the water, the quantity of sea-weed which caught and detained the vessels, the want of depth, and the great number of sea-monsters that swam about and among the ships. The ocean, Himilco said, could not be navigated westwards, as it was shrouded with darkness and devoid of wind. Thus far went the account of the Carthaginian admiral.

These *Æstrymnian* islands are, we may say universally, regarded as the Scilly isles, the Cassiterides, or Tin Islands, of the ancients. It is strange, however, that at the present day there are no traces of tin or lead in these islands, and no vestiges of there ever having been any. Neither, if, as we are told, the Atlantic navigation of the ancients was all along the coast, can we see why the metals should be brought thither for sale from Cornwall, which lies just as near to Ushant, from which the trading vessels must have stretched across the channel. Lelewel considers the Bay of Biscay to be this great *Æstrymnian* bay; but the Scilly islands do not lie in that, and no efforts, we apprehend, will make the description of the cape, bay and islands in Avienus, tally with the real appearance of the west coast of Europe. We doubt not that there is a good deal of exaggeration in the account of the shoals, sea-monsters, and so forth, which impeded the navigation of the Punic commander; though we believe it is considered rather hazardous, even at the present day, to keep close in-shore

when sailing in the Bay of Biscay. On the whole, however, we think there can be very little reason to dispute the fact of the south coast of Britain having being visited by Punic merchantmen, but there is no proof whatever of their having gone any farther north. The amber which was conveyed to the Mediterranean was, in all probability, purchased on the coast of Gaul, whither it was brought over land by the Germans; or may it not have been carried thither by sea? for how know we that the Northmen were not at that time as expert navigators as they afterwards were? They certainly did not learn the art of ship-building from the Romans; the peculiar build of their vessels, and the names of them and their different parts not being traceable to any foreign language, would surely indicate the contrary.

We may, we think, assert without hesitation, that at the time that Carthage was most flourishing, she traded *northwards* directly to Britain, and indirectly to the Baltic; *southwards*, to the Gambia by sea, and by caravans far into the interior of Africa; while *eastward* she carried on an active commerce with all parts of the Mediterranean, and through the mother city obtained the productions of India. She may too have purchased Scythian slaves from the Grecian slave-dealers. Her commercial relations would thus have extended over nearly the whole of the known world, and have been only surpassed by those of modern Europe since the discovery of America, and of the passage to the East by the Cape of Good Hope. That the spirit of monopoly was a chief element of the Carthaginian policy is evident from the commercial treaties with Rome, and from the fact of its being the custom to drown the crews of such vessels of other nations as were found sailing in the vicinity of those places, with which she carried on the most lucrative traffic; for no people were ever more perfectly aware of the advantages of excluding competition than the Carthaginians. Heeren is, perhaps, right in assigning this dislike of competition and commercial rivalry as a chief cause of the trade of Carthage not having been more extensive than it was in the eastern part of the Mediterranean.

The natural consequence of the enjoyment of such a lucrative commerce as Carthage had, was the possession of great wealth by the principal families; and it gives us a favourable idea of the Carthaginian character to find that their favourite mode of applying it was to the cultivation and improvement of the land. Agriculture was nowhere better understood, or practised with more real taste and enjoyment, than in Carthage; and by far the best work which the Romans possessed on the subject (a work the loss of which is much to be regretted) was a translation from the Punic of a work on that subject by Mago, a Carthaginian author

of the highest rank. When Agathocles executed the bold project of leading an army to Africa, and landed in the bay in which Carthage lay, his march, as he advanced, was through fields abounding in grass and covered with herds of cattle; vineyards and olive-grounds spread on every side; and the whole region was thickly studded with the country-seats of the wealthy citizens of Carthage and the other towns. It is probable that private luxury was great in a city so well supplied with all the means of enjoyment, but as there was a *censor morum* among the public officers, it is likely that it was a part of the policy of the government to lay a check upon indulgence. It is only in an aristocracy that such could be the case, and in Carthage as in Rome, when the aristocratic principle was enfeebled, luxury, corruption, and their attendant evils, broke in and eventually ruined the state. Such too was the case at Athens and at Florence. We need only (for poets are good authority in such matters) refer to the *Clouds* of Aristophanes for proof of the change of manners in the Grecian city, and to the discourse of Cacciaguida, in the *Paradiso* of Dante, for a corresponding description of what had taken place in Tuscany.

Had Carthage imitated the prudent conduct of the mother-country, and abstained from all attempts at conquest, it would, perhaps, have been fortunate for her; but her situation was so very different from that of the parent-state, that it was scarcely possible for her to follow the same line of policy, which, after all, was perhaps a matter of necessity rather than of choice with the Phœnicians, possessors of their strip of sea-coast, which had its boundaries set by nature, and whose neighbours were all too civilized and too powerful for them to conceive the idea of reducing them to the condition of subjects. Carthage, on the other hand, lay in a country whose inhabitants were still in a rude state, and she was forced to pay them tribute for the soil on which she stood. Nothing was more natural than that, when she grew wealthy and populous, she should desire to relieve herself from this burden. This must have caused war with her immediate neighbours, in which contest she probably first freed herself from tribute, and then reduced them to subjection. After some time, when they were broken into obedience, she may have employed them as soldiers, have enlisted troops in Spain and Italy, and taken into her pay the light horse of Numidia, and in that manner have extended, as we know she did, her dominion over a large portion of the north of Africa. In short, substitute Calcutta for Carthage, and we have the whole process of the conversion of a commercial factory into the capital of an empire before our eyes.

Perhaps we should not term it bad policy in the Carthaginians

thus to acquire for themselves an extensive dominion in Africa; and their sway, it is likely, was at first advantageous to the nations whom it civilized and improved. But they should have been content with that dominion; there was no necessity for their reducing the islands of the Mediterranean; above all, they should have abstained from attempting the conquest of Sicily, for it was their Sicilian wars that led to their ruin, though they had more than once very nearly achieved the conquest of that fine island. Heeren is of opinion that the Sicilian wars of Carthage were the result of good policy, and that had she sat quietly looking on while the rulers of Syracuse reduced it all beneath their power, the Carthaginian commerce and influence in the Mediterranean would have been at an end. We cannot see this; the Sicilians, let who would be their ruler, would have been glad to have a market for the produce of their soil, and they could have nowhere found such good customers as the Carthaginians. Add to this, that from the natural instability of the Greek character, which showed itself nowhere so strongly as in Sicily, there was very little danger of their establishing a permanent dominion there which could cause Carthage any serious apprehensions for her political existence: her Sicilian wars, besides their immediate bad consequences, ultimately engaged her in hostilities with the formidable city whose destiny it was to be the mistress of the world. Indeed, when we consider how Rome was constituted, and what was the condition of the rest of the world at that time, it is hardly possible to conceive how Carthage, more than any other state, could have escaped falling under the yoke one time or other, though political wisdom might have deferred the time when a pretext for war should be given to the grasping ambition of the Italian republic.

Carthage carried on her wars with money; her own citizens were not sufficiently numerous to form her armies. She enlisted mercenary troops in Africa, Spain, Gaul and the islands; these had, and could have, no affection for her; and if their pay was delayed they rose in mutiny: she in return lavished their blood with the most reckless extravagance. The enormous expenses which her wars cost her obliged her to tax her African subjects most heavily, requiring them to give to the state even so much as one half of the produce of their land. They therefore had no affection for her; they submitted to or joined an invader, and sometimes rose themselves in insurrection. Farther, by employing such numbers of the Numidian cavalry in her service, she accustomed them to war and discipline, and thus made the power of their princes formidable to herself, as she felt them to be in her last wars with the Romans. But these were not the only

evils; her generals, who were always Carthaginians of high rank, (she was too wise to employ *Condottieri*,) acquired, in consequence of their protracted commands, a degree of weight and influence in the state which could not but prove highly detrimental to liberty; factions broke out in the city itself; and when we mention the awful word *faction*, it is plain that the ruin of Carthage, like that of every free state in whose history it is to be found, was inevitable. The widely different condition of Rome during the century of conflict between the two hostile republics, must be too familiar to the reader to require us to point it out. We shall only notice that Rome drew her support from the land, and that her citizens were her soldiers; internal discord was at an end, factions had not yet commenced. How then could the result be any other than what it was?

Thus have we endeavoured to give as complete a view as was compatible with our limits of the commerce and constitution of the two greatest mercantile states of antiquity. They have now for 2000 years ceased to be numbered among the nations. Tyre, whose "merchants were princes," is, in fulfilment of the word of prophecy, "a place to spread nets upon;" and as to Carthage, which equalled Paris in population,

" Giace l' alta Cartago, appena i segni
Dell' alte sue ruine il lido serba;
Muojono le città, muojono i regni,
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed erba."

ART. X.—*Encyclopédie des Gens du Monde. Répertoire Universel des Sciences, des Lettres, et des Arts; avec des Notices sur les Principales Familles Historiques, et sur les Personnages célèbres, Morts et vivans.* Par une Société de Savans, de Littérateurs et d'Artistes, Français et Etrangers. Tom. I. et II. en 4 parties. A—BAO. Paris, 1833, 1834. Grand-in 8vo.

THE German *Conversations-Lexicon*, which originated the idea of the work now before us, has been by all accounts one of the most successful literary enterprizes of modern times. Originally published in 1820 by the famous Leipzig bookseller, Brockhaus,* the demand for the successive re-impressions of it in all the countries where the German language is understood, has been so great as to keep the presses continually at work and already to carry it to an eighth edition. It has been translated into

* We cannot help thinking that the merit of the idea, such as it is, belongs originally to this country, and that in *The Lounger's Common-Place Book*, a work in several volumes, in the Dictionary form, published anonymously about the end of the last century, and which was very popular in its day, will be found the germ of the *Conversations-Lexicon*.

English in America, with alterations and additional articles, to suit it to that meridian; and that translation, we learn from the work before us, (tom. i. p. 736,) is now in the course of republication in this country. The German publisher's idea seems to have been nothing more than to furnish a useful book of reference to the readers of newspapers and the current literature of the day, which would furnish them with information on the various topics there discussed, and save them the trouble of hunting for it in a variety of sources, some not generally accessible. Accordingly, it is very copious and abundant in its articles of *biography*, especially of *living* and *contemporary* characters, and of *geography*, in its description of places and countries; its articles of science, philosophy, &c. are comparatively meagre.

The popularity of the *Conversations-Lexicon* had led the proprietors of the French *rifaccimento* now before us to contemplate nothing more in the first instance than a mere translation of it, with the omission or substitution of such articles as were not equally well adapted to both countries. In this design, fortunately we think, they did not persevere; they finally determined to produce a Dictionary which should have an originality and features peculiar to itself, and be better adapted to the purposes of the great mass of French readers. They appear to have selected a very competent editor, (M. Schnitzler, the author of an excellent *Statistique de la Russie*,) who appears by the number and variety of his articles to be a host of himself, and have surrounded him with a body of able contributors, who have, by subscribing their initials, assumed a responsibility for their articles, which, in such undertakings in France, seems now to have settled into an established practice. They have been in some degree anticipated in their preparations by another work, appearing at shorter intervals, intitled *Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture*, the plan of which, we believe, adheres more closely to, and borrows more largely from, its German parent, than the one before us, in which the translated articles (marked C. L.) form but a very small proportion of the whole.

We took occasion on the appearance of the first part of this *Encyclopédie*, (see No. XXIII. p. 258,) to give our readers a brief sketch of its plan and objects, tone and spirit, along with one article as a specimen. In the present instance we can do little more than reiterate the approbation we have already expressed of its execution, and notice a few of the articles which appear to call for special remark.

The four parts already published, comprising 1600 pages of large 8vo. double columns, go no farther than BAO, the letter A alone occupying 1446 pages, that letter in French including many articles which in German or English would appear under others; for instance, we have *English Language and Literature* under *Anglaises, Langue et Littérature*, and *German Language and Literature* under *Allemandes, Langue et Littérature*. Both these sketches, the first by M. Spach, and the latter by the editor, are very respectably executed; but in the English there are more typographical errors in the proper names than we could have wished to see. The articles *Arabia* and *Arabian Literature* by M. Reinaud, and *Armenians* by Klaproth, are worthy of the well-merited reputation

of these Orientalists. In the historical and biographical articles, the names of Villemain, Artaud, Guigniaud; in the archæological, of Champollion-Figeac, Dumerson; in the geographical, of Walkenaer, Depping, Balbi; in those on natural history, of Fred. Cuvier; in the medical, chemical, &c. of Andral, Ratier, Orfila; in the theological, of Bishop Guillon, Labouderie, Matter; in the musical, of Fétis; in the architectural, of Hittorf; in the military, of General Mathieu, Dumas, Col. Koch; and a number of others which we might name, as attached to articles throughout the parts that have already appeared, afford the strongest proof of the pains taken by the proprietors and editor to secure the best assistance in the composition of this useful undertaking. Specimens, after all, afford the best means of judging of the merit of such a work; in application of this principle, and by way of giving an agreeable variety to our pages, we shall select *four* articles, one scientific, giving an account of a new invention, which had not previously come under our notice; and three biographical sketches of individuals who at present fill important stations in the governments of their several countries:—the *English* Chancellor of the Exchequer, the *Prussian* Foreign Minister, and the *Bavarian* President of the Greek Regency.

“*ANATOMY, Artificial.*—Prejudices were long opposed to the study of human anatomy upon the corpse. Dissections of rare occurrence, and drawings more or less faithful, were the only means possessed of acquiring a knowledge of the human body. Physicians were the only persons who devoted themselves to the study, and the progress in it was very limited. In proportion as the physical sciences became the object of more general attention, anatomy was more cultivated, not only by those directly interested in it, but even by persons who might seem at first sight likely to remain strangers to the study. Then it was that, to supply the insufficiency of subjects, as well as to remove the disgust inseparable from dissections, recourse was had to artificial representations. As pictures and engravings could give but an imperfect idea of the form, the situation and the relations of the parts, sculpture was called in aid; but its productions, although more faithful than drawings, still left something to be wished for. Then came modelling in wax, the resemblance produced by which was so perfect, that it was thought impossible to surpass it; the imitation was as exact as possible, as the models were taken from nature, and the illusion was completed by the artifice of colour. The cabinets of the School of Medicine and of the Garden of Plants at Paris, and those of Florence and Vienna, attest the perfection which the art attained.

Notwithstanding, wax models have the serious inconvenience of being very dear, as well as easily liable to change; besides which, they require to be very numerous, as each of them is limited to the representation of a single layer of parts.

It is in France that we have succeeded in triumphing over all difficulties, and in making an artificial corpse, upon which a perfect demonstration can be made. The inventor, M. Auzoux, by dint of labour and patience, has succeeded in modelling after nature all the parts of the human body, and assembling them in such a manner that they may be alternately taken to pieces and re-united. To justness of proportions and exactness of relations he has joined the minuteness of the most delicate details. When we see the *mannikin* of M. Auzoux, we can fancy that we have a corpse before our eyes, and that we are present at a real dissection. The skin is taken off; muscles, nerves, blood and lymphatic vessels; every thing appears in its proper place. After examining the superficial layer, you take it off, and are enabled to study in succession at leisure the deep layers; you strip the bones successively of the parts which cover them, and come at last to have nothing but the bare skeleton. When you reach the cavities of the skull, of the chest and of the belly, you recognize the brain, the heart and lungs, the liver, the stomach, the loins, the bladder; you can take up separately every organ, take it to pieces, observe the interior, and understand its mechanism.

The eye, that delicate part, opens like all the others; you may see in it the iris, the pupil, the crystalline, the retina, &c.

But this is not all; after separating all these parts, and learning to know them individually, you can collect them afresh, and recompose of them a whole. This analysis and synthesis may be carried on and repeated as often as you please, until you have a perfect idea of the whole structure as well as of the details. The solidity of these pieces allows them to be handled without danger; besides which, it is easy to repair and even to replace such as may suffer deterioration, because every one is cast in uniform moulds.

By means of this ingenious apparatus, the price of which (3000 francs—or 120*l.* sterling) is moderate, considering the expenses and the numberless difficulties which required to be overcome, before it could be brought to the degree of perfection which it now exhibits, young students have been able to learn anatomy better in six weeks than they could in a course of six months' dissections. In fact, a number of anatomical details require extremely long and difficult preparations, and some even might be mentioned which many persons have been unable to study except upon engravings and artificial pieces. The *mannikin* of M. Auzoux is of immense assistance to the surgeon, who, on the eve of performing a delicate operation, wishes to recall to his memory the situation, the shape and the exact relations of the parts on which he has to use his instrument. Finally, it is of indisputable advantage to painters, sculptors and amateurs who wish to have an exact idea of the structure of the human body, and the action of the different organs of which it is composed.

It is to be hoped that this invention, by removing the disgust attached to the study of anatomy upon the corpse, will contribute powerfully to render the taste for this noble science more popular. With a view to render his work still more complete, M. Auzoux has executed on a large scale those parts whose delicacy seemed to withdraw them from investigation, (the interior of the eye and ear). He is now preparing a series of pieces representing the gravid uterus in its different stages. In short, he has spared no pains in preparing a course of anatomy which shall leave nothing to desire."

"**ALTHORP, Viscount**,—is the eldest son of Earl Spencer, well known as the founder and proprietor of the richest private library in England, and who has also distinguished himself as a statesman and able minister. He was born in 1787, entered early into public life, for which he was previously prepared by an excellent education, and has constantly shown himself favourable to popular principles. In 1806, while his father was Home Secretary, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Treasury, but did not remain more than a year in office. Since that time he has uniformly attached himself to the opposition in the House of Commons, but with a great degree of moderation and independence. We cannot say that Lord Althorp is an eloquent speaker; his voice possesses little flexibility, and he is deficient in the vigour and facility necessary for a brilliant parliamentary orator; but in discussion he triumphs by the power of his arguments, which are always dictated by a sound judgment, exquisite tact and true liberality. His tone in debate is grave and dignified, and his views are always marked by the strong interest which he takes in every thing conducive to the welfare and happiness of the people. Add to this, that he possesses a frankness, an amiability, a *bon-homie* in his manners, which never desert him, even during the most violent attacks of his opponents. The deep silence which pervades the house when he begins speaking proves how much importance is attached to his opinion. He contributed by his opposition, to the breaking up of the Wellington administration in 1830, and then entered, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, into the new ministry formed by his friend, Earl Grey. He had at the same time to discharge the functions of *leader* in the House of Commons which he has done hitherto with so much success, that if its support has occasionally failed him in questions of taxation, it returns to him almost immediately afterwards. In spite of Cobbett and his partizans, and the denunciations of the Tory party, England would regard the retirement of Lord Althorp as a real calamity; he is justly regarded as one of the best supports of the Grey ministry, whose popularity has already sustained some shocks.

"**ANCILLON, John Peter Frederic**.—This statesman, distinguished historian, and remarkable philosopher, is the great grandson of David Ancillon, reformed minister at Metz at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to whom Bayle, in his Dic-

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXVI.

FRANCE.

Les Destinées de la Poesie is the title of a brochure recently published by M. de la Martine, intended as an introduction to some work, the nature of which is not very clearly stated. Passing over the personal feelings and reveries of the author herein disclosed, and the slight sketches of manners and scenes during his recent travels in the East, we shall speak only of the "*Destinées of Poetry*," which, in its new career, adapted to a new world, is to be neither lyric, in the usual sense of the word, nor epic, but *reason* in the shape of song. At the moment of the author's writing, he thinks there never were such profound symptoms of a deep spirit of poetry pervading, not only France, but all Europe; and that the poet who shall respond to this feeling, by becoming the poet of the people, and singing in popular strains, their wants, their feelings, and affections—the poet who shall interpret nature to the people, and explain to them in their own language all the goodness, elevation, generosity, patriotism, and pious enthusiasm implanted by God in their hearts—such a one will be the poet demanded by the age, and for whom the people are athirst. Poetry—exclaims the author in a fit of enthusiasm—is the guardian angel of humanity in every age. M. de la Martine's account of his recent tour to the Holy Land, &c. is said to be preparing for publication.

The first and second volumes of M. Capefigue's *History of the Reformation, the League, and the Times of Henry IV.*, have just made their appearance. M. Capefigue now stands forward as the acknowledged author of the *History of the Restoration, and of the Fall of the Elder Branch of the Bourbons*, which was reviewed in this journal some time since.

An interesting little volume has recently been published by M. Paulin Paris, entitled *Le Romanero Français, Histoire de quelques Anciens Trouvères, et Chœur de leurs Chansons*. These "*Ancient Songs of Love and War*," originally composed by French Trouvères, which have been buried in oblivion for the last 600 years, are now once more brought to light by the fortunate investigations of this young "*employé aux manuscrits*" of the Royal Library. The biographical notices and glossarial explanations which he has added exhibit an intimate acquaintance with the French literature of the middle ages. Another young French antiquarian, M. Francisque Michel, who has already distinguished himself by several publications on similar subjects, is now diligently exploring our national archives for MS. works and documents connected with that literature.

The Polish literary veteran, Lelewel, is now engaged at Paris on an important work on the Coins of the Middle Ages.

The little work of Silvio Pellico, *on the Duties of Men*, has been received with such favour at Paris as to give rise to several French translations. The English one, which has recently appeared, from the practised pen of Mr. Thomas Roscoe, who has prefixed a most interesting biographical sketch of the author, has already met with deserved success. The pure and elevated morality of the work renders it a most excellent present for young men in every country where it has been naturalized.

M. Ambrose Firmin Didot has recently published a complete French translation of *Thucydides*, with the Greek text opposite, and an apparatus of Life, notes, &c. &c. The book is very handsomely printed in 4 vols. 8vo. Great pains have been taken to ensure a correct text and a faithful version. It does much honour to M. Didot. We are returned to the times when celebrated printers were distinguished men of letters.

The French Academy of Science lost in the course of January last two of its members: 1. M. *Labillardière*, the botanist, who accompanied d'Entrecasteaux in his voyage round the world in search of La Perouse, as the naturalist of the expedition. He was in his 78th year: and 2. M. *Hechette*, the geometer, one of the earliest and most distinguished professors of the famous Polytechnic School, in his 64th year.

M. Garat, a member of the French Academy, formerly minister under the National Convention, and afterwards a member of Bonaparte's Senate, died at Ustaritz, in December last, upwards of 80 years of age.

M. Charles Pougens, a member of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, died at Vauxbuin in December last, in his 79th year. He had been blind ever since the year 1779, but was not prevented by that misfortune from pursuing a course of laborious philological researches and ingenious compositions.

M. Marcel has just published a History of Egypt, from its conquest by the Arabs to that by the French, in an 8vo. vol.

The 5th volume of Professor De Candolle's *Prodromus Plantarum* is now in the press.

The 5th and 6th volumes of the French translation of Colonel Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, edited by General Damas, are about to appear.

Two livraisons, or 4 vols. of a *Supplement to the Biographie Universelle* of Michaud, have recently made their appearance. They consist of a *Dictionnaire Mythologique*, complete in 3 vols. and the first volume of the actual *Supplement*, of Lives omitted in the *Biographie*, or persons who have died since its publication.

GERMANY.

A metrical translation into German of the Bhagavad Gita, with grammatical and mythological illustrations, is now in the press, by Rud. Peiper.

Augustus Matthiæ, the author of the well-known Greek Grammar, has announced an *Encyclopædia of Philology*.

Retzsch is proceeding with his Illustrations of Shakspeare. Romeo and Juliet may be expected shortly.

Another production of his, under the title of "Fancies," is about to make its appearance in London.

The second and concluding volume of Scholz's edition of the Greek New Testament, so long and anxiously looked for, is announced as in the press.

A second, and much improved edition, of Professor Vater's *Index to the Grammatical and Lexicographical Literature of all Nations* is about to appear.

Mr. Von Hammer's *History of the Turkish Empire* is now completed in 10 vols. 8vo. The history terminates at the peace of Kainardji, in 1774. The 9th and 10th vols. comprise General Indexes, and a variety of catalogues and tables of matters referred to in the course of the work; with the author's reply to the various criticisms which have appeared upon it.

A *Conversations-Lexicon for Ladies* has just been commenced, which is proposed to be completed in eight volumes, or thirty-two parts, three of which will be published every two months, and each volume will contain the portrait of some celebrated female. The contents, we are assured, will be especially directed towards the religious and intellectual improvement of the sex, as the brightest ornaments and firmest props of society.

A Hungarian translation of the "Conversations-Lexicon," with additions, is now in progress, and contains original contributions from several distinguished Hungarian noblemen, among whom are Count Mailath, Desewffy and Pelcki, and the Baron Wesselenyi, who formerly resided some time in England, and has contributed an article on English horses.

Dr. A. G. Hoffman has lately published at Jena a German translation of the *Book of Enoch*, with an Introduction and Commentary. And he proposes to follow it up by similar translations of the apocryphical books of Jewish and Christian antiquity.

A sort of literary congress is about to be held at Berlin, in order to draw up some general regulations, with a view to secure the copyright of authors and booksellers throughout the whole of Germany. A committee of booksellers have already been formed at Leipsig, and protocols have been exchanged between this committee and the Berlin commission.

HOLLAND.

A work on Serpents is in the press, by Dr. Schlegel of Leyden. An Atlas, containing 21 plates, in 4to., and exhibiting 418 delineations of serpents, will illustrate the text.

M. Siebold, the Dutch traveller in Japan, has commenced the publication of a *Fauna* of that country, in which he is assisted by the celebrated naturalists, MM. Temminck, Schlegel, and Hahn. The work will be comprised in 25 livraisons, two of which have appeared, one on the Chelonians, by Messrs. Temminck and Schlegel, and another on the Crustacées, by M. Hahn.

Another Dutch traveller, M. Fischer, is preparing an account of Japan, from the observations made by him during a residence of many years in that remarkable country. Some extracts from the work have already made their appearance in the foreign journals, which lead us to form a very favourable anticipation of the interest of its contents.

ITALY.

NECROLOGY—*Cicognara*. Last year Italy lost two individuals, each of whom had worthily distinguished himself in his respective walk of art. To the names of Raphael Morghen and Cagnola, the one supereminent as an engraver, the other of deserved renown as an architect, is now to be added that of Count *Leopold Cicognara*, who died at Venice on the 5th of last March. Although not an artist himself, Cicognara was a devoted follower and industrious cultivator of the fine arts. Sufficient of his title to this character would be afforded by his *Storia della Scultura dal suo risorgimento in Italia*, in three volumes folio; for notwithstanding criticism has not been sparing of its censure, it must be allowed to be a work of great interest, and that it supplies extensive information, while it is impossible to praise too highly the unwearied application and industry which the author devoted to his undertaking.

That it may be charged with prolixity in some parts, and meagreness in others, cannot be disputed: still it is valuable, if only as a sequel to the labours of Winckelmann, and for bringing the history of the art in modern times down to the present century. In bringing out this, Cicognara at first received some assistance from the government, but this was withdrawn in 1814, and he was therefore compelled to defray the greater portion of the outlay attending it out of his own private fortune. To extricate himself from the embarrassments to which this exposed him, he determined upon disposing of what was to him by far the most precious part of all he had ever possessed, namely, his extensive library of books relating to the fine arts, the formation of which had been his occupation for thirty years, besides costing him vast sums of money and extraordinary diligence and research. Anxious that it should not be again dispersed, but be purchased entire either by some public institution or opulent amateur, he printed a *Catalogo Ragionato* of it, in two large octavo volumes. The different works, amounting altogether to 4800, are classed under forty distinct heads; and valuable bibliographical remarks are appended to nearly each separate work, so that greatly as the circumstances which led to its publication are to be regretted, the catalogue itself is a most desirable acquisition to the literature of the fine arts. After his History of Sculpture, however, the production which will secure him the greatest celebrity is his mag-

nificent architectural work in two volumes folio, entitled *Le Fabbriche piu cospicue di Venesia*. These illustrations afford accurate and interesting studies of all the more remarkable specimens of that peculiar style which characterizes the earlier buildings and palaces of the republic, and which gives such a poetically romantic physiognomy to the "City of the Sea." The thus rescuing from total wreck and oblivion the former architectural splendours of Venice, many of which are already far advanced in decay, was not the only circumstance which entitled him to an honourable place among its benefactors, for the zealous discharge of his office as President of the Academy of the Fine Arts there, to which he was appointed by the Emperor Francis, will cause him to be long remembered with grateful regret. During the time he held that post, he exerted himself nobly and unweariedly for the encouragement of art and its professors.

A new and greatly improved edition of the *Vocabolario Della Crusca* is announced for publication at Florence. Among other sources of enlargement and improvement to which the editor has had recourse, are the following: the *Raccolta* of Bergantini, the *Dizionario Universale* of Alberti, the *Spoglio* of Muzio, the *Proposta* of Monti, the *Osservazioni* of Pezzana, and the *Annotazioni* of Parenti.

RUSSIA.

At the commencement of 1833, the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg possessed 263,647 printed volumes and 14,632 MSS. In the course of the present year the emperor has further enlarged it by the gift of 7728 works from the library of Pulawy, thirteen portfolios of MSS. from the ancient Society of the Friends of the Sciences at Warsaw, and 499 cases of books from the library of Warsaw. The cases contain 150,000 volumes of standard works in almost all the living languages.

SWITZERLAND.

Dr. AGASSIZ, Professor of Natural History at Neuchatel, has commenced the publication of his *Recherches sur les Poissons Fossiles*, intended as a Supplement to Baron Cuvier's celebrated work on Fossil Bones. It is to consist of twelve livraisons, forming when completed five volumes of text in 4to. and an Atlas of 240 plates in folio. We may refer our readers for the interesting details of the collections which Dr. Agassiz has made or consulted, and the valuable aid which he has derived from other naturalists, to the prospectus of this work, which is stitched up with our present number.

Dr. Agassiz, when he issued his prospectus, could not have been acquainted with the magnificent folio volume, "Memoirs of Ichthyosauri and Plesiosauri," (some extraordinary species of British fossil fishes lately discovered,) which has been recently published by Mr. Thomas Hawkins, a young and enthusiastic geologist, whose ardent devotion of his time and fortune to scientific pursuits, renders it a duty to notice the valuable contribution which he has made to this interesting department of natural history. The lithographic plates which adorn the book are among the best specimens we have seen of the application of the art to such purposes.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

THE Armenian Institute for the Oriental Languages in Moscow, was founded by the family of Lasarev in 1816, and is supported by funds from Lombardy and from other sources, amounting in value to nearly a million of roubles. Besides the general objects of the institution, for the education of youth, and bringing forward young men for the civil and military service, the Institute further aims at providing the state with interpreters, in its relations with the various Asiatic states, and educating teachers and clergymen for the Armenian schools and churches in Russia. The course of study embraces the Catechism of the Greek and Armenian confessions; Scripture history, moral philosophy; arithmetic, algebra, geometry and trigonometry; natural history, natural philosophy; ancient and modern history, and particularly the history of Russia, geography and statistics, grammar, rhetoric, and the theory of the fine arts; the Russian, Latin, French, German, Armenian, Turkish, Arabic and Persian languages. The course of study lasts seven years, and the scholars are divided into four classes. The Institute has a printing-press for the European and Oriental languages, a library of nearly 5000 volumes, a museum of natural history, and is provided with globes, maps, scientific instruments, &c.

The first instance in the annals of Turkish literature, of works announced for publication by subscription, appeared in the Turkish State Gazette of October 22d, 1833, and the works thus signalized are three historical, five grammatical, and four poetical. As the historical works are by far the most interesting, we subjoin the titles of them.

I. Lives of the Sultans and Visirs by Osmansade Ahmed Taib, who died in 1723, with a continuation by three others.

II. Lives of the Muftis by Suleiman Sadeddin Ben Mohammed, celebrated under the name of Mussakim Efendisade, and written by him in 1744.

III. Lives of the Reis-Effendis, by the Reis Effendi Ahmed Resmi, and with a continuation to 1807 by Suleiman Faik.

The publication of M. Jaubert's Translation of the Geography of Edrisi, commenced in 1828, from a MS. in the King's Library, has been postponed from circumstances independent of the author, but it is hoped that it will not experience much further delay, as the Keeper of the Seals has given the necessary authority for its being proceeded with at the Royal Press. Since M. Jaubert's first attention to the subject, the Royal Library has obtained another MS., which is the more valuable, as it furnishes the means of correcting the proper names of places. This MS. is accompanied with seventy-two Arabic maps, which it is proposed to publish as a supplement to the work.

M. Legrand, a type-founder at Paris, has finished the engraving, in steel, of a set of matrices of Chinese characters, amounting to 2000, which can be augmented afterwards to any extent. The want hitherto felt of such a set of characters has tended greatly to impede the printing of Chinese works in Europe. The desideratum is now supplied, and Orientalists are under great obligations to M. Legrand for his spirit and enterprize.

The Works of Confucius and of Mencius (Koung-Fou-Tseu and Meng-Tseu) are about to appear in Chinese and French, by G. Pauthier, of the Paris Asiatic Society, 2 vols. 8vo. M. Pauthier is also preparing for publication the Tao-Te-King, or Book of Reason and of Virtue, by Lao Tseu, a Chinese philosopher, who preceded Confucius.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Friedrich der Grosse. Eine Lebensgeschichte. Von J. D. E. Preuss. 4 Bände, und Urkundenbuch, 4 Theile. (Frederic the Great. The History of his Life. By J. D. E. Preuss. 4 vols. 8vo. together with four volumes of original documents by way of Appendix.) Berlin, 1832—1834.*

THE history of Frederic the Great is deserving of greater attention than it generally receives from the men of this age, on more accounts than one. It is not only as the general and the conqueror, (although in military fame equalled by one only who has ever appeared on the stage of modern Europe,) that history exhibits him as the most prominent figure of his time. Nor can we take much interest in the contemplation of his career, in that point of view in which he most deserved admiration—his connexion with the literary history of the last century. No subject is now less generally attractive than the quarrels and reconciliations, the mutual flatteries and mutual insults, of the philosophic school of *littérateurs*. The reaction in the public mind has been so complete, that the scepticism of Frederic and Voltaire,—that negative system of criticism, which assumed such proud dictation over all the wisdom of modern and ancient times,—is now even more obsolete than the exploded dogmatical fashion of thinking, against which their warfare was directed. They laboured entirely for present fame, and they have had their reward; for posterity has more utterly forgotten them, than the antiquity which they wished to supersede; and has even ceased to pay them the homage which was really their due for the improvements in society to which their sallies gave origin. But it is the civil government of Frederic,—the mind which planned, and the resources which were applied to the construction of the Prussian monarchy,—of which we have as yet a very confused and imperfect knowledge; while, if the subject is fully considered, we shall find in him the real founder of that peculiar form of moderate autocracy which now prevails over the greater part of Europe. The military monarchy, the most recent of all great systems of policy, and widely differing from the military despotism of an usurper,—this was the creation of Frederic. The foundations of the edifice were laid undoubtedly by many of his

predecessors in German states, and especially by his father in Prussia. But he completed by forty years of labour this monument of his genius and of national submission; other sovereigns have done nothing but extend to distant regions the copy of the model which he bequeathed to them.

The task of breaking down the power of inferior nobles was very gradually accomplished by princes of the German empire. In France the old fabric of aristocracy had been demolished much earlier, by the wars of the league and the policy of Richelieu. But the feudal garb was rather laid aside, like the traveller's cloak, through the warmth of court favour, than torn away by main force from the wearer. The French government became a paradise of courtiers and royal favourites; it retained the vices of an aristocratic system without any of its independent strength; and the power of standing armies, the substitute which modern times have discovered for that strength, was not fully understood even by Louis XIV. in the plenitude of his military glory. But the poverty of German capitals offered none of those means which France had found so efficacious in subduing the pride of the nobles. Saxony alone, of all the realms of the Emperor, emulated the character of the court of Paris in splendour and magnificence. The lesser barons of Germany owed the decline of their authority, about the beginning of the last century, rather to the warlike character of the nation, and the frequent campaigns which rendered standing armies necessary for the protection of wide tracts of open country. As the subordination, the regular constitution, and the numbers of these new armies increased, the gentlemen gradually exchanged the character of their ancestors for that of officers and servants of their sovereign, while that sovereign, from their suzerain and equal, became their general and their master. Frederic William I. the father of Frederic, one of the most eccentric of monarchs,—whom, had not all his enterprises been fortunate, had he not been one of the most sagacious and successful princes of his time, we should find it difficult not to pronounce a madman,—pursued the one great object of forming his army from predilection as much as from system. The inheritance which Frederic received from him was this magnificent army—a treasure which, however, one campaign sufficed to dissipate; an extensive, but poor, sandy,* half-cultivated kingdom; two or three fortresses, and as many second-rate cities; a nobility proud and punctilious, but almost wholly devoted to military service; a clergy

* “After all the meditation I have bestowed on the subject,” Frederic used to say, when disappointed in his agricultural speculations, “I never yet could discover why God made sand.”

powerful, pedantic, and somewhat fanatical ; an administration conducted on indifferent principles, but orderly and well arranged in detail ; a patient, brave, and laborious population.

Out of these materials, the modern kingdom of Prussia,—that wonderful machine of state-craft, as a mere machine the most remarkable in existence, on the model of which most European governments are gradually proceeding to reform themselves—was framed by the unwearied energies of one man. Frederic's first principle, which he followed even to erroneous results, was to do every thing by the simplest, cheapest, and most compendious method. The end of government—the happiness of the people, but prescribed and regulated happiness—was kept in view with steady, unremitting rectitude. All separate authorities, corporate or individual, which might interpose between the royal person and his subjects, lost one by one their weight and authority, and he became the central mover of everything. The nobles became still more impoverished and dependant than before ; their substance was wasted in the expenses of an ill-paid military service, while the laws which forbade the disposal of their lands to roturiers, still propagated from one generation to another their needy multitude. The clergy, gradually more and more discountenanced while ostensibly protected, lost their independent provisions whether enjoyed by Protestant or Catholic, and became pensioned servants to perform a state duty, less for the love of God than for the peace of the people and security of the king. All the independent authorities, which in ill-governed countries are apt to arise out of the body of the administration, disappeared before a king who was his own minister, and succeeded more nearly in realizing the daring idea of universal surveillance than any other monarch has ever done. The brief forms, quick execution, and unhesitating obedience of the camp, were transferred by degrees into every department of the state ; and its presiding spirit devoted himself wholly and without the slightest remission of his vigilance to the performance of his own part. “ Si l'on veut que le gouvernement monarchique l'emporte sur le républicain,” says he, in his *Essai sur les Formes du Gouvernement*, “ l'arrêt du souverain est prononcé : il doit être actif et intègre.” And to this self-imposed obligation he adhered as an inflexible law. Such an artificial instrument as a government of this nature can hardly continue long in action, unless its general operation is for the immediate benefit of the subject. Accordingly, the system of Frederic was to do all *for* the people, nothing *by* the people ; and, while not a single shred of the capricious political liberty of the middle ages was left, civil freedom was secured and extended to a higher degree than before. Mind as well as person

was freed from the restrictions of centuries. All the vexatious small persecutions which the zeal of the clergy, and the jealous pride of corporate bodies, had exercised against individuals, (in Prussia, in the days of her Lutheran orthodoxy, such occurrences as the former were by no means rare,) were put a stop to. The liberty of the press was widely extended, although by no means so far as some modern panegyrists of Frederic seem to suppose. Every complaint was attended to; and heavy as taxation undoubtedly was, (although less so than in later times,) yet little room was left for complaint, where the most rigid economy was applied to every department of the state. A very prominent feature in Frederic's system, which indicated clearly his principles of paternal government, was the encouragement given to agriculture by bounties, by largesses in seasons of public calamity, and by the plantation of colonies in waste land. Many of these enterprises were conducted on most mistaken principles: much was done at great expense by the state, which would have been much better and cheaper done by subjects; and many instances of particular munificence were in fact impositions on the many for the benefit of the few. It is only when contrasted with the financial anarchy prevailing in his time in most European countries, the rapacity of farmers, the ill-filled treasuries and oppressed peasantry, that this part of Frederic's labours stands out in eminent relief.

When the system was fully established—when all authority, ministerial, municipal, and religious, was fully subjected to the central power—when throughout his wide dominions no step could be taken for the public service, or even by individual industry without the cognizance of omnipresent authority—then Frederic's great idea might be said to be complete; and although he to the end of his life continued to superintend his machine in person, it was fit to work without any assistance from the personal character of the monarch. The sovereigns of neighbouring states were not long in perceiving the substantial advantages of his institutions. From his time, the form and etiquette which bedged in royalty,—the relics of the grotesque splendour of the middle ages, gradually wore away in the northern continental courts, and were exchanged for the simple but terrible array of a camp. Tight uniforms succeeded the motley costume of Louis XIV. and royalty itself laid aside its trappings to assume a military aspect. Instead of the feudatories and nobles, the priests and the men of learning, who had formed the cortège of sovereigns, generals and aides-de-camp became their only attendants. The Austrian Emperor Joseph II. and his brother Leopold, who endeavoured to frame their personal characteristics as well as their

political system upon those of the successful enemy of their mother, were among the principal propagators of this great innovation. The difference was, indeed, very wide between the acute and practical Frederic himself, and these two pre-Benthamite sovereigns, the vain followers of theories of which the ultimate tendency was wholly misunderstood by themselves. Even Frederic, although from motives of policy he complimented and flattered his youthful imitator, saw the foible of his character, and drew his portrait, as well as that of many similar philosophers, in a single sentence, "Il veut finir avant que de commencer." His wild schemes of improvement were cut short, as might be expected, by the insubordination excited among all classes of his subjects. Yet Joseph deserves, equally with Frederic, the praise of good intention; there never lived a prince who was more thoroughly impressed with a sense of his duty towards his subjects; and, powerless as he was to produce substantial reform, he acted no small part in the great work of hewing down the old monarchies of Europe into the military shape. The French revolution, by leaving to princes no safety but in the sword, increased the tendency towards this species of centralization: although the catastrophe of Prussia, after the battle of Jena, proved at the same time how weak it is against the attack of a foreign enemy, who, by striking one decisive blow at the centre of the machine, can paralyze all its distant and subordinate parts. Finally, the years which have passed since the fall of Napoleon have been spent in consolidating and strengthening these new fabrics of temperate despotism. Everything has gradually been made, like the processes in manufactures, simpler, cheaper, and more expeditious. Forms and delays of every sort are slowly disappearing, even, as far as possible, in the last strongholds of the law. Formerly, Englishmen, and even Frenchmen, used to turn into ridicule the antiquated ceremony of the German courts; now, our own is almost the only European palace which maintains the ceremonial of past times, and citizen-kings in outward deportment rule from Petersburg to Naples. The landed aristocracy are melting away in most countries under the pressure of low prices and political insignificance, and their place is supplied by the Bureaucratie. Compulsory enrolment, which first began in Prussia, has superseded voluntary recruiting in all great armies but our own: the children of whole kingdoms are marshalled moreover, like an army, for the purpose of compulsory education, and taught by the state, whose soldiers they are, from their birth. Constitutional forms, eagerly desired only twenty years since, praised and even promised by kings and ministers, are losing importance in the public mind of most countries; as reformers begin to despair of fixing the universal medium, once so confi-

dently hoped for, between despotism and democracy. In those regions in which such constitutions exist, they seem to continue only by sufferance, in presence of the great fourth estate of the standing army, which at once protects and overawes them. All is equalizing; but it is the equality of civil, not of political freedom, which is now spreading itself over the central regions of Europe. Perhaps those who anticipate the triumph of republicanism are less correct in their views, at least for a time, than those who imagine that the recent struggles to establish free governments in the west—the struggles of democratic aspirations in countries where democratic principle is extinct—will probably end, and that speedily, in producing this more compendious constitution: and few cool reasoners will doubt that institutions such as those of Prussia would cause greater immediate benefit to a country like Spain, than an English government of ten-pound householders. The chambers in France—the noblesse in Russia and Hungary—are perhaps the only bodies which now oppose a feeble resistance to the spread of the military monarchy—the *euthanasia* of all the old continental constitutions; possibly of our own.

Few princes have been more repeatedly made the subjects of discussion, in histories, biographies, memoirs, and anecdotes, than Frederic of Prussia. His outward aspect and peculiarities, his mode of life in the camp and the city, are known to every one; perhaps there are few historical characters with which we fancy ourselves more familiar, or the mention of which calls up more vividly the shadow of one who seems present to our imagination like an old and intimate acquaintance. And yet, beyond his cocked hat and military boots, his brilliant eye, his quick step and bent figure, his polished address contrasted with the habitual expression of sarcasm conveyed both in face and language, we are in truth sadly wanting in guides to conduct us to a more intimate knowledge of the man. Voltaire's alternate satirical and complimentary descriptions, and Thiébault's lively but incorrect reminiscences, are the authorities from which we derive most of our ideas respecting him. All who have touched the difficult subject of his character in modern times have contented themselves with adopting the wholesale language of his admirers or his detractors: according to one class, he was the father of his people, according to the other, an ambitious and heartless despot. In our own country, the recent work of the late Lord Dover has added nothing to our previous stock of information; nor has that elegant writer (of whom it would be both invidious and unjust to speak with disrespect,) attempted to pourtray those peculiar shades of his disposition which render it so interesting a study. His work

is little more than a concise panegyric narrative. The work now before us certainly does not err on the side of conciseness; but its vapid, indiscriminating style of eulogy, and the ill-connected and tedious details into which it diverges, render it no great addition to our store of historical knowledge. The author's object appears to be a laborious vindication of the whole of the actions of a forty-years' reign, private and public, with scarcely those exceptions which common decency and morality imperiously demand. The rights of the house of Brandenburg over Silesia are argued again, after the sword had decided the law-suit ninety years ago against ordinary reason and justice, with all the zeal of an advocate. The scandalous partition of Poland is vindicated on similar grounds of special pleading. All the errors of Frederic's system against the most obvious principles of political economy are eulogized with the most unconscious gravity. In his private life he is pictured as almost faultless,—temperate, gentle, considerate, and peaceful; even the question "Was Frederic irreligious or not?" is answered in the negative, after sixty pages of examination into his sayings and writings. We do not deny the author the praise of having made very extensive and various collections, and of having given a far more complete narrative of many important occurrences than any which had previously appeared; but when a work of such high pretensions, executed with so great a want of those qualities of impartiality and discernment which render history valuable, comes under our inspection, we are tempted to regret that so many valuable original materials as are here accumulated should have fallen into the hands of a writer so little qualified to do justice to them. The existence of so minute and authentic a work, as to facts, may deter from the task other men capable of really performing that labour which the memory of Frederic of Prussia still demands from modern Europe, which, in its present forms of government and modes of thinking, may almost date its origin from his reign.

The original materials, however, with which this work is enriched, are chiefly calculated to enhance its value in Prussia; as they refer in great part to persons and things not generally interesting out of its limits. The volumes of correspondence between Frederic and his generals and ministers contain little, as far as we have examined them, beyond brief orders and notices respecting details of administration. Among those from which we have derived the greatest share of amusement, are the letters which passed between Frederic and his father, and other documents, throwing fresh light on the extraordinary domestic history of the court of Prussia under the father of its future hero; all tending to confirm those sketches of the Margravine of Bareith,

of which the authority has sometimes been questioned, on account of the marvellous display contained in them of the interior of a royal mansion.

No small portion of Frederic's character was formed, beyond doubt, by the Spartan education which he received. His father, who, in the bitterness of his heart, lamented over the fondness which his degenerate son exhibited for literature and amusement, little foresaw the gradual effect which his discipline, harsh and unpaternal as it was, was in the end destined to produce. In minds of weak temperament, where the passions are too strong for the judgment, great early severity is apt to drive the object of it into the wildest self-gratification, as soon as the immediate check on his appetites is removed. But on spirits of stronger frame it produces a very different effect. Habits of order and endurance are gradually acquired under that extremity of constraint from which the soul revolts while it undergoes it; and Frederic, to whom the brutal manners and boorish simplicity of his father and his father's friends were so displeasing in youth, must have looked back in later life on the sufferings of his early years as the source of much which distinguished his manhood. By those means, his fiery and enthusiastic temper was bent to seek in labour the vent for its energies which it might otherwise have found in luxury or in vice; patient perseverance, and that elasticity of hope under reverses, which bore up so bravely against the vicissitudes of his after life, were first learnt by him in the palace of Potsdam and the castle of Custrin.

The early education of the prince was conducted according to directions minutely prescribed by Frederic William to Duhan and his son's other preceptors; for the king was most anxious to bring him up to his own model of excellence, in a religious as well as social point of view, although his pedantry and prejudices rendered him a very unfit guardian over the mind of susceptible youth. The collections of our author contain draughts in the king's hand of the manner in which every day was to be employed by the boy; the hours of rising, praying, coffee, hair powder, and boots, are all minutely noted. History and divinity formed nearly the only matter of instruction; and reading and repetition of the Bible and Noltenius's Catechism, together with some psalm-singing, are the exercises which he enjoins in the latter branch of education. A little later, a slight knowledge of French and Italian was added to these elementary studies; but Frederic's familiarity with the former language was acquired by habit in later days. The language of his father-land was hardly insisted on at all. Greek and Latin were almost wholly omitted.

"Frederic himself was in the habit of relating that he had in his

earliest youth a Latin teacher ; that his father one day came in while this teacher was making him translate the Golden Bull ; and that the king, on hearing some bad Latin phrases, said to the linguist, ‘ Was machst du, Schurke, da mit meinem Sohne ? ’ ‘ Ihre Majestät, ich explicire dem Prinzen *auream bullam*. ’ The king lifted his cane and said, ‘ Ich will dich, Schurke, *auream bullam* ’—drove him out of the room, and thus put an end to the Latin studies. Perhaps Duhan afterwards made him occupy himself a little with Latin ; but his progress appears never to have been more than moderate. Nevertheless, Frederic was fond of employing Latin phrases, right or wrong, in speaking and writing :—*festina lente—dominus vobiscum—flectamus genua—vale ac fave—non plus ultra—stante pede morire—tot verbas tot spondera—lapsus calami—de gustibus non est disputandus—beati posedentes—beatus pauperes spiritus*— in a letter to Duhan, 12th Jan. 1738. Je me contente de dire avec *Lucrèce*, ‘ Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas. ’—Vol. i. p. 24.

We must add that orthography seems to have been wholly omitted in the prince’s education. Neither in French nor German could he write a sentence without committing the most extraordinary blunders. Some of Voltaire’s letters (whose own spelling—so licentious was the fashion of these times—would disgrace a Parisian grisette of the present day,) contain amusing corrections of his royal correspondent’s odes and epistles. Frederic’s style, too, was never polished : in French, notwithstanding all his assiduity, he never attained full facility of expressing himself, his diction being always hard, cramped, and somewhat ostentatious ; while his German writing is the most extraordinary mixture of colloquial barbarisms, with French and Latin words and idioms.

On the more important topic of religion, Frederic William, with the best intentions, was the most unfortunate of all directors to a genius like that of Frederic. His Christianity was a stern system of doctrinal orthodoxy, without one grain of charity or toleration. Yet the mixture of dignity with simplicity which characterizes his instructions on this subject is not uninteresting.

“ Especially my son must be rightly brought to a true love and fear of God, as the foundation and only pillar of our temporal and eternal welfare ; and, on the contrary, all mischievous errors and sects which conduce to utter corruption, as Atheist, Arian, Socinian, or whatever other names they may be called by, must be altogether avoided, and must not even be spoken of in his presence, as a poison which may easily stain, seduce, and win over tender minds ; and with respect to the Catholic religion, being one which may reasonably be enumerated with these, it must be endeavoured, as far as possible, to make it odious to him, and to impress well upon him its groundlessness and absurdity ; on the other hand, he should be led to the true Christian religion, which especially consists herein, that Christ died for all men, as the only consolation of life ; and he must be well-informed of the Almighty power and attributes

of God, that at all times a holy fear and reverence of God may abide in him; for this is the only means to hold the sovereign power, freed from all human restraint and impediment, within the bounds of duty."

It is a pity that so serious and kingly a monitor had not better means of fulfilling his intentions within his reach. But the Lutheran divines, from whom Frederic was taught to seek the first rudiments of faith, were narrow-minded and polemical pedants. While they vowed absolute hatred to the Catholic religion, they set up the name of Luther as an idol of more than papal veneration. They reduced the system of Christianity to a sort of scholastic jargon. Those, on the other hand, who endeavoured, as far as they might with safety, to preach more intelligible doctrine to the people, were too apt to keep the leading truths of their faith out of sight, and to reduce it to a mere system of morality: from which the inquirer obviously turned to natural religion, as a simpler way of arriving at the same results.

The whole of the prince's remaining time, as far as the king could controul it, was to be devoted to the one engrossing pursuit—the endless reviews and manœuvres, at which he considered it the chief part of a monarch's ordinary duties to assist; and which soon excited in the mind of his pupil a disgust that seemed insurmountable, although in after years, when the pageant became connected with the substance of military achievements, they became his principal delight. It was about the seventeenth year of Frederic's age, that the differences between him and his father began first to assume a serious character. Poetry, music, all the relaxations which began to attract the mind of the former, were hateful to the old monarch, whose dissatisfaction was usually expressed after a fashion less courtly than energetic. To one letter of exculpation from his son, he replied in the following extraordinary tirade, which we cannot attempt to translate, its force consisting as much in the manner as the matter. It would be worth while to compare this curious specimen of the style-royal in domestic quarrels with the soft and diplomatic tone of a similar correspondence between a king and an heir-apparent within our own recollection.

"Sein eigensinniger, böser Kopf, der nit seinen Vater liebet, dann wann man nun alles thut, absonderlich seinen Vater liebet, so thut man, was er haben will, nit wenn er dabei steht, sondern wenn er nit alles sieht. Zum andern weiss Er wohl, dass ich keinen efeminirten Kerl leiden kann, der keine menschliche Inclinationen hat, der sich schämt, nit reiten noch schiessen kann, und dabei mal-propre an seinem Leibe, seine Haare wie ein Narr sich frisiret und nit verschneidet, und ich alles dieses repremandiret, aber alles umsonst, und keine Besserung in nits ist. Zum andern hoffärtig, recht baurenstolz ist, mit keinem Menschen

spricht, als mit welche, und mit popular und affabel ist, und mit dem Gesichte Grimmassen macht, als wenn er ein Narr wäre, und in nits meinen Willen thut, als mit der Force angehalten; nits aus Liebe und er alles dazu nit Lust hat, als seinem eigenem Kopf folgen, sonst alles nits nütze ist. Dieses ist die Antwort. FRIEDRICH WILHELM."—vol. i. p. 27.

What were the immediate effects of this paternal admonition does not appear; but the father, who could not see in the effeminate youth whom he despised the future hero of his age, continued his severe and vexatious system of restraint. The tragedy to which his extravagance finally led; the desertion, recapture, and imprisonment of Frederic; the sufferings of his friends; the death of the nearest and dearest of them by a cold-blooded judicial murder,* made an impression of bitterness on the mind of the prince which continued throughout his subsequent life. From that time, the chief peculiarities of his nature seem to take their origin. He was indeed partially reconciled to his father, and became even a favourite. He had greater freedom, and more leisure to return to his beloved occupations, while he maintained a decent attendance to the duties of his regiment. Even the accusations of irreligion, by which his enemies sought to prejudice the king against him, did not prevail; although Frederic William, too deeply convinced of the ill success of his Christian, but misdirected endeavours, exclaimed to his confidential intimates, "*L'Athéisme sera un jour sur le trône;*" he abandoned all attempts at exercising compulsion over the mind of his heir.

"You know," says Frederic, in a letter to Suhm (1737), "that irreligion is the last resource of calumniators, and that all it means is, that there is nothing more to say. The king fell into a passion; I kept myself cool: my regiment did wonders, and their success in exercising, a little meal strewn on the soldiers' heads—men more than six feet high, and many recruits—have proved stronger reasons than those of my assailants. All is now quiet, and no more is now said about religion, about Walden, about my persecutors, or about my regiment either."—vol. i. p. 112.

But although the latter years of his father's life passed over more tranquilly for Frederic, it is impossible not to perceive, that the bent of his mind throughout his future life was fixed by the unmerited ill-treatment of his youthful days. In the midst of all the vanities of his early letters to Voltaire—of his compliments, and his ill-concealed desire of flattery in return, his social propensities, and the gay retirement of Rheinsberg, which seemed to presage a reign of unambitious peace—we discern sometimes

* Not, however, in Frederic's presence: the story of Catt's execution, with the circumstances related by Voltaire, is fully disproved in the first volume of this history.

that tone of deep and concentrated sarcasm, that distrust of mankind in general, together with the resolute and fierce self-confidence, which seemed, as it were, to make Frederic in his youth two distinct men—the one day kind, complying, easy and vain; the next impetuous, scornful, braving all opposition, and alienating by his harsh, contemptuous manner those whom it was most his policy to conciliate; insomuch that Voltaire's energetic verses, antithetical as they are, seem scarcely an exaggerated description:

“ Assemblage éclatant de qualités contraires,
Ecrasant les mortels, et les nommant ses frères :
Misanthrope et farouche avec un air humain,
Souvent impétueux, et quelquefois trop fin :
Modeste avec orgueil, colère avec faiblesse,
Pétri de passions, et cherchant la sagesse :
Dangereux politique et dangereux auteur,
Mon patron, mon disciple, et mon persécuteur.”

This quality of misanthropy is in fact, look at it which way we will, one of the most prevailing characteristics of Frederic's temper and conduct. Lord Byron says of a greater man than Frederic in the extent of his sphere of action, but a far inferior one in almost all besides, that “the great error of his life was his constant obtrusion on mankind of his want of all community of feeling with them.” But it was far more the propensity and the error of Frederic than of Napoleon, “like stern Diogenes to mock at men.” The emperor undoubtedly, in his fits of passion and caprice, gave way freely to the vulgar humour of insulting those about him, and too often and openly expressed the contempt which the conduct of particular individuals excited in his mind. But, in general, he possessed in a high degree the art of attaching to his person those who shared his dangers and elevation, and, until his mind was altered by excess of greatness, was rather remarkable for the ready sympathy with which he entered into the feelings of his dependents. Few princes have enjoyed so many and such warm tokens of affection from their immediate attendants; and this, notwithstanding the radical selfishness which formed the basis of his character. Frederic was the very reverse of all this. Unchangeable in all things, he was in nothing more so than the fixed, unalterable contempt in which he held mankind, their opinions, feelings, and prejudices. How such contempt was reconcileable with the vanity which made him court the suffrages even of the men he despised the most, and prefer the affected eulogies of some French writers, of whose worthlessness he was thoroughly convinced, to the utmost glory he had acquired in arms and government, is one of those contradictions which so often baffle us in endeavouring to estimate the character of a

man of genius. This contempt he dealt out as liberally to individuals as to the world in general. Sarcasm was the element of his existence. He disliked solitude, and loved conversation, chiefly from this unbounded propensity to wit and satire. His recorded sayings are more pointed, more concisely terrible in their sarcastic power, than those of any *philosophe* of his day. If Voltaire possessed greater variety of fancy, his royal ally had the advantage of greater depth and concentration. He could not restrain this inclination, at the expense not only of alienating personal friends, but of creating public enemies. Louis XV. and Elizabeth hated him less from political causes, than on account of the torrent of epigram with which he overwhelmed them and their governments, and the encouragement which he gave the literary men of all Europe to adopt a similar tone. Those who were admitted to his personal intimacy were never safe from his attacks; and must have acquired at last a sort of impenetrability to insult, from the constant fire of jokes to which they were exposed. There was no gaiety of heart in the humour of Frederic. Every one could see that he felt what he uttered, and that the iambic of the hour was but a casual eruption from that unfathomable reservoir of contempt which he nourished towards the whole species of his fellow-creatures. It is possible that we may find, in this unamiable part of his character, the reason why a monarch, whose general system of government was founded on the purest principles both of reason and benevolence, never seems to have felt or perceived the terrible severity of his military discipline, the misery which it occasioned among those subjected to it, and the profligacy which was produced among the people, by the conversion of the whole kingdom into a vast garrison. It was the father of Frederic who commenced this most inhuman tyranny; his son continued it, chiefly through absolute necessity; for he looked on his kingdom like the vessel of an Algerine corsair, making its way among the flags of the nations it had robbed, simply by the terror which it inspired, and the vigilant daring of its crew. But it may be feared also, that the barbarities which disgraced his military system accorded but too well with the dark view which he had deliberately taken of human nature. At a review of his troops, previous to his first campaign, he asked the marshal who stood by him, what were the reflexions which the spectacle excited in his mind? The marshal made some reply about the fine condition of the troops, and the precision of their manœuvres. "As for me," said Frederic, "what I think of is this: here are sixty thousand men, each strong and active, and better armed than either of us; all of them our implacable enemies, and having just cause to hate us; and yet they tremble before us, who ought to

tremble before them; such is the power of discipline and subordination."

From the same peculiar views and feelings, we find that little cordial intimacy existed between Frederic and the chief generals of his reign. Except in the actual field of battle, there was no mutual familiarity and confidence between the soldiers and their great leader. It was the loyalty of the troops to the Prussian monarchy and to the glory of the great captain, far more than their attachment to his person, which caused them to enact such miracles under his command; and this was more especially the case with their officers. Ill paid as they were, their situation was rendered far from enviable by the incessant jealousy with which they were watched; and it could not have added much to their zeal in the service to find, as they did in almost every instance, that they were looked on by their sovereign in no other light than as mere instruments, to be constructed and worked in the cheapest and most effective manner. The same disagreeable circumstances were shared, in a still greater degree, by his civil servants. Frederic's dislike to marriage among those on whom he chiefly relied, is one of the most remarkable traits in his administrative economy. Undoubtedly he justified it to himself by common principles of policy: but we may be permitted to doubt, whether a deeper feeling of jealousy did not prompt his aversion from matrimony in others. This is one, out of many points, in which a little fancy will enable the searcher of resemblances to detect much similarity, difference of sex apart, between Frederic and our own Elizabeth—each of them princes who, in long and glorious reigns of forty years, were incessantly employed in active watchfulness against foreign or internal enemies. A sovereign who had voluntarily rejected all that constitutes the pride and happiness of domestic life might be in heart an envious spectator of such felicity in others. This is a point in the King of Prussia's character, which we should have little inclination to touch, were it not for the light which it throws on some of the most important passages in his life and principles of his action. Our author, indeed, in his usual style of exhibiting one view only of a question, recapitulates the idle stories of Frederic's early gallantries with a triumphant emphasis: but he should remember, before he refers to the Margravine of Bareith as an authority beyond exception, that her testimony, if taken to its full extent, will leave no very favourable impression of the habits and character of her beloved brother. Frederic was willing to permit any excess, provided it were conducted with proper military gravity, rather than encourage his soldiers to form more lasting connexions: a most serious injury to the morality of a country where the army comprised nearly a

fifth of the men in the prime of life. In the first battalion of Guards, which contained very few married men, the captains had the power of granting licenses called "*Liebstenscheine*," which empowered a private to engage a fair companion for the duration of his quarters. The captain was bound to see that the parties entering into such an engagement were able to provide for its consequences; and the dissolution of these singular unions, which the captain had also power to authorize, was, it was said, by no means common. The famous Bareith regiment of dragoons, which the king particularly favoured, contained, when it took the field for the Bavarian war in 1778, not a single married officer out of its seventy-four. A large proportion of Frederic's most trusted servants, both civil and military, either remained bachelors, or married very late in life. Occasionally, indeed, his humour relaxed, and he not only consented to the marriage of some of his favourites, but exercised the royal pen in composing French epithalamia on the occasion. But both in refusing and according this privilege, Frederic, as our author allows, acted capriciously and despotically. His conduct towards his immediate dependants was, indeed, until late in life, when his manner and disposition softened, little worthy of a mind in many respects so great. "He punished his domestics with hard words, with blows of the fist and cane, with imprisonment and dismissal, or enrolment as common soldiers." A curious illustration of the jealousy and suspicion with which his ever-watchful eye observed the conduct of those about him, is to be found in the situation of his four cabinet councillors or secretaries. These men were the depositaries of the secrets of his reign: they were in constant confidential communication with him: their salary amounted to forty thousand francs a year, a very large sum under such a government as his. Yet nothing was more dreaded than an appointment to one of these places. Whoever accepted it (and no one dared refuse it) was thenceforward a slave for life. Power he had none, for the king was absolute master in his own house. He was doomed to live a hermit in the midst of society, under almost incessant labour, subject not only to the unsleeping eye of the king, but to the most refined system of espionage on the part of his attendants; for Frederic, like many other sovereigns, imagined that his only security lay in making every member of his household a spy upon the rest.

Among the papers contained in the Appendix to the history before us, is a collection of Frederic's hasty answers, written mostly in pencil on the margin of petitions and representations transmitted to him from third parties by his secretaries. They illustrate the severity of his temper, and the ready sarcasm which

flashed through his mind. They are written in the king's own peculiar German, of which both the orthography and the diction are utterly unlike any other language. Applications for money are usually answered in the phrase, "I have not a farthing," "*Ich kann keinen Groschen geben.*" "There is nothing in the chest to-day, but we will look and see what comes in to-morrow." Requests for preferment or leave of absence on the part of officers are often replied to by some tart remembrance of their conduct on particular occasions in the war, or presence at some scenes of Prussian defeat. A proprietor of wine-cellars in Berlin, who asks for compensation on account of damage incurred from the Russians, is told that "he might as well ask for compensation on account of the deluge, when his cellars were under water." The whole collection shows his utter regardlessness of the pride and sensibility of those around him; for these answers would undoubtedly reach, in one way or another, the ears of those on whose behalf they were given.

It is, therefore, no subject of wonder that the principal generals of Frederic's army, and the heroes of his campaigns, seem to have shared little of his personal intimacy, and to have appeared at court rather in the fulfilment of an onerous duty than for their own gratification. Some, indeed, of the best esteemed among them fell early: Keith, Schwerin, and Winterfeld, the greatest favourite of all. But Ziethen, although treated with high respect, was never familiar with his sovereign. Seidlitz, the Bayard of Prussia, who had formed the Prussian cavalry, and won for his master the hardest of all his victories at Lissa and at Zorndorf, was treated with marked neglect. Many also, after a long and honourable service, fell into disgrace when their presence of mind failed them, or their force was actually inadequate to the service demanded, in defending themselves against enormous odds in the Seven Years' War.

The king appears in a very different light among the associates of his own choice. His literary companions, indeed, were often selected more with a view to their value as purveyors of the world's good opinion, or to their agreeable qualities in conversation, than to any affection subsisting between them and their patron; who sometimes condescended to such humble familiarity with them, only to treat them the next instant with hauteur or sarcasm. His connexion with Voltaire does little credit to either party. From their first personal intercourse, each of these acute and vigorous observers saw and knew the other; each feared the power and despised the weaknesses of his ally; and the difference in their subsequent language, when speaking to and speaking of each other, during twenty years of correspondence, exhibits the most ludicrous duplicity; it is like the double dialogue in a comedy of

Molière.* But amongst his own circle he exhibited not merely the talents of a companion of the first order, but also much friendly and generous feeling. His friendship with D'Argens, which lasted without interruption through so large a portion of his life; with the two noble brothers of the family of Keith, and with other intimates whose names have passed down to posterity along with his own, far surpassed the degree of affection and confidence usually allotted to princes. There is no more pleasing trait in his history than the return of the aged Lord Marischal, after all his wanderings through the world, quitting alike his home in Scotland and his "beloved sun" of Valencia, to pass the last years of his protracted career under the roof of Sans-Souci, in the cloister of "Notre Abbé, l'homme au monde le plus aisé à vivre." As long as his advanced age would permit him, he was a constant guest at the table of the king; when this became impossible, Frederic, as the youngest of the two, used to spend his hours of relaxation in visits to his old Scottish friend. Nor would it be just, even in this slight attempt to appreciate the king's character, to pass over his conduct toward his own family, which, with the exception of the one unfortunate instance of severity which deprived him, first of the services, and then of the life, of his too sensitive brother, the Prince Royal, was for the most part highly considerate and affectionate. There was a softness of heart about Frederic, wherever his love was once fixed, which seemed almost to compensate for the harsh external covering which he generally turned to the world about him. His attachment to his sisters was peculiarly strong; of all the domestic charities, this perhaps is one which usually survives the longest in harsh and rugged dispositions. In the midst of the severest calamities which beset him in the Seven Years' war, when his life was a constant struggle to provide resources to maintain his very existence with honour, and suicide was almost a daily subject of contemplation with him, the death of his favourite among them was felt with more acuteness than all the distresses of his unparalleled situation.

Frederic was not, as he has been often represented, cruel by disposition. The utmost that can be charged against him in this respect is the carelessness to human suffering, whether mental or corporeal, which was produced by the intense eagerness with

* The plain-spoken English resident, Mitchell, could not at all understand the coquetry of the king and the bel-esprit. "When that prince," says he, "writes as a wit and to a wit, he is capable of great indiscretions. But what surprises me still more is, that whenever Voltaire's name is mentioned, his Prussian majesty never fails to give him the epithets he may deserve, which are the worst heart and the greatest rascal now living: and yet with all this he continues to correspond with him." Quoted by Preuss from Ellis's *Original Letters*, vol. iv, p. 419.

which particular objects were pursued by his ardent imagination. No monarch ever treated with more ready forgiveness personal offences against himself. Yet his annals contain some terrible instances of his severity, where some strong impulse of his mind, whether public or private, was interfered with. The unpardoned offences of Trenck, and of his own unfortunate brother, remain as stains upon his general character for clemency: and it is with shuddering that we read of some of the excesses to which his desperation prompted him during the Seven Years' war—of Catholic priests put to death, on the most vague accusations of encouraging the soldiers whom they confessed to desertion—of a Russian officer broken on the wheel, when taken in an unsuccessful attempt to liberate himself and his fellow prisoners from the casemates of Custrin. But the reckless and sarcastic language of Frederic, and his pride in showing his want of sympathy with human kind, made him liable to accusations which the general character of his actions would by no means justify.

It was the consciousness of the proud and haughty manner in which his contempt for men and their judgments had been so often conveyed, which rendered doubly bitter to him the thought of defeat and submission. He could not bear to appear humiliated and disarmed in the eyes of that world which he had so often braved in the time of triumph. Such feelings added double vigour to the resolution with which he withstood all the extremities of the Seven Years' war. The project of suicide was not with him as with Napoleon, a wish formed in moments of despair, and abandoned through weakness: there is abundant evidence that he was resolved, throughout, to adhere to this as the last resource, but not until every possible means of overcoming destiny had been tried without success. The original "Instruction to General Fink," which he wrote after the battle of Cunnersdorf, and which is published by our author, proves very remarkably the composure with which he had prepared to perform the last service to the state, and the dignified confidence with which he commends a desperate task to his chosen lieutenant.*

* It runs thus in the original German: "Der General Fink krigt eine schwere Commission, die unglückliche Armée, so ich ihm übergebe, ist nicht mehr im stande mit die Russen zu schlagen, Hadek wirdt nach Berlin eillen, villeicht Laudon auch, gebet der General Fink diese beyde nach so kommen die Russen ihm in Rücken, bleibt er an der Oder stehen, so krigt er den Hadek diss seit, indessen so glaube das wen Laudon nach Berlin wollte solchen könnte, er unterwegs attaquiren und schlagen: solches wehr es guht geliet gibt dem Unglück einen anstandt und hält die sachen auf. Zeit gewonnen ist sehr viel bei diesen desperaten Umstände. Die Zeitunge aus Torgas und Dresden wirdt ihm Cöper mein Segretar geben; er mus meinen Bruder, den ich Generalissimo bei der Armée declariret, von allen berichten. Diesses Unglück ganz wiederherzustellen gebet nicht an, indessen was mein Bruder befehlen wirdt das mus geschehen; an meine Neven mus die Armée schwehren. Diesses ist der einsige Raht den ich bei denen unglücklichen

It was in the field and the cabinet, not either in the brilliant réunions of Sans-Souci or in literary labour, that Frederic's true greatness was to be found. Valour, industry, and unrivalled sagacity, these are the qualities which all allow him: but few have done him the justice which he really deserves, or have appreciated that strong and pervading sense of duty which alone could have directed all these to their great results. Most have judged the man superficially no less than the statesman, and have concluded, because his main object seemed to be the consolidation of his own power, that this power was valued for its own sake only, and not as a means of creating happiness around him. Yet, little as the pursuit of such an ultimate end seems to agree with the unamiable parts of Frederic's character, he must indeed be a sceptic as to human virtue who can deny, that such was the object of the uniform and unremitting toil of so many painful years. Like other men, Frederic allowed his ambition to overcome his better judgment: yet even when most in error, he was in heart striving for what he had persuaded himself to believe good. It is this which adds splendour to the dignity and ennobles even the weaknesses of his character. The close economy which has been so often made the subject of ridicule was in fact the most important of duties to Frederic, as by no other means could he execute the vast projects which, with such narrow resources, he succeeded in accomplishing. And many of the principles of his government, which it has been the fashion to attribute purely to his love of power, to prejudice, or to wilfulness, were in all probability justified in his mind as parts of a system founded on the strongest grounds of policy. Thus, the contradictions which have been so often pointed out between his words and actions on the subjects of public opinion, of the equality of ranks, of literature and education, are easily explained with reference to his own interpretation of the peculiar condition of himself and his kingdom.

Although, for example, Frederic's encouragement of public

umständen im Stande zu geben bin, hette ich noch Ressourcen so wehre ich darbei geblieben. **FRIEDRICH.**"

[General Fink has a hard commission; the unfortunate army which I make over to him is no longer in condition to fight the Russians: Haddick will hurry on to Berlin, and perhaps Laudohn also. If General Fink goes after these two, the Russians will come behind him; if he makes a stand at the Oder, he will be exposed to Haddick on this side: in the mean time I think that if Laudohn marches on Berlin, he might attack and beat him. If this goes well, it will check our ill luck, and hold things together: time gained is a great thing in these desperate circumstances. My secretary, Cöper, will give the general the newspapers from Torgau and Dresden: he must inform of every thing my brother, whom I have declared generalissimo of the army. To repair this misfortune entirely is impossible, but what my brother orders must be done. The army must take the oaths to my nephew. This is the only advice which I am in a condition to give under these unfortunate circumstances. Had I any resources left I should have remained. **FREDERIC.**]

opinion was far greater than prevailed in most neighbouring countries, we should be much mistaken if we were to measure it by the license enjoyed under our modern constitutional governments. It is true that very unlimited freedom was allowed to religious and philosophical discussion: although a censorship of the press existed in Prussia throughout his reign, yet its powers were controlled by the liberal predilections of the monarch himself. He would indeed have strangely contradicted his own character, had he prohibited in his subjects what he so extensively encouraged throughout Europe in general,—the freedom of criticism and ridicule against ancient opinions. As to his own religious views, which have been the subject of so much discussion, they are hardly worth the pains which have been expended in elucidating them. He was far too wise to be an Atheist, as his enemies represented him, and far too politic to avow such opinions, had he entertained them. But it is surely too well known to need argument, that all revelation was equally and utterly discarded by his judgment. That he was thoroughly penetrated with a strong and most scrupulous sense of his duty to his subjects and to human kind, is sufficient to establish the excellence of his character as a legislator, whatever were the sanctions of the code of right and wrong which his own imagination had established. Beyond this moral conviction, there is no reason to call him in any sense a believer. He had, as it is somewhere expressed by himself, “no conception of an immortal soul.” His dislike to the Catholic religion, on which our author seems to lay considerable stress, was merely a political aversion, owing to his personal experience in the affairs of Silesia, which made him believe that no vassal of the Romish church could be a faithful subject to the House of Brandenburg; his own title of king having remained throughout his life unrecognized by the Pope, and the banners of Austria having been blessed, like those of a crusading power, in the Seven Years’ War. Hence, although allowing the fullest toleration to the communicants of that belief, he did not willingly employ Catholics in offices of great trust and authority. But the appellation of the Protestant King, with which his English allies were pleased to compliment him, must have caused no small amusement in the circle of Sans-Souci.

But whatever may have been the license allowed by Frederic to the philosophic writers of the French school, those who have praised him as a supporter of the liberty of the press in public discussion have very much mistaken the facts of his history as well as the principles of his policy. Pasquinades, which only touched himself in person, he treated with very philosophical disdain: considering them, like Oliver Cromwell, mere “paper

pellets," serving as safe discharges of the ill humour which might otherwise have vented itself in a more violent manner.* But he seldom allowed the press to overstep the distinction which he had made in his own mind between satirical attacks on himself, and unauthorized interference with his policy. No critique on public affairs was allowed to appear, without having passed under the eye of the censor. The journalists found on his accession the degree of liberty which they had previously enjoyed rather curtailed than extended. Spener's Gazette, the principal Berlin newspaper at that time, was forced to change its motto of "Truth and Freedom" for the more courtly phrase "With Royal Permission." And if, in the subsequent course of his reign, the vigilance which he usually exercised, was occasionally somewhat relaxed, those who wish to ascertain his real sentiments on this important topic will perhaps find them best expressed in the matured decisions of his later years.

"As to the freedom of the press," he says to D'Alembert in a letter of 1772, "and the libels which are its inevitable consequence, I confess that so far as I know mankind, with which I have busied myself for a tolerably long time, I am nearly convinced that preventive restrictions are advisable, as such freedom is always misused: and that books must therefore be subjected to a censorship, not severe but efficient, in order to repress every thing which may endanger the common security and welfare of society, which cannot be made with impunity subjects of attack."—vol. iii. p. 253.

Probably there never existed a mind less impregnated with prejudice in matters of government than that of Frederic: and his judgment on such questions as these, whatever may be the value to be set on it, can rarely be impeached by referring it to the influence of royal partialities and passions. His conduct with respect to the nobility of his kingdom has frequently been cited as a weakness: and our author seems to mention it as affording a

* Heffener's story of the caricature is well known. At the time when Frederic was issuing some very oppressive edicts in support of his coffee monopoly, a humorous print represented him as sitting on the ground with a coffee mill between his hands and grinding away with much perseverance. As the king was riding through the streets of Berlin, he perceived a crowd assembled round the place where one of these prints was exhibited: he immediately rode up, and desired the tradesman to "hang it lower, that the people might not break their necks with staring at it." He was recognized, and saluted immediately with the loudest applause. Another less known anecdote is reported by our author (vol. iii. p. 276) from the Memoirs of Chodowiecki, the engraver. This artist had published, in the Berlin Almanac for 1771, twelve engravings on subjects from Don Quixote, and the head of Joseph the Second on the frontispiece. The wits of Berlin having made some remarks on the coincidence, Frederic, in order to avoid the umbrage which might have been given to the sensitive young emperor, desired the academy to look out for some still more satirical devices for the following year, and to place the king's own head on the title page. Chodowiecki accordingly selected twelve scenes out of the Orlando Furioso.

striking contrast to the philosophical disdain with which he affected to treat the adventitious advantage of birth. "Every one," he says in the *History of his own Time*, "who distinguishes himself through talents and virtues, is a nobleman: and in this sense he may be looked on as a Melchisedec, who has neither father nor mother." "Les talens sont distribués par la nature, sans égard aux généalogies"—"Les vertus, les talens ont-ils besoin d'yeux." All these fine phrases seem rather misplaced in the mouth of a prince, in whose service it was hardly possible for the highest merit to rise to military or even civil distinction, without the accident of noble birth. Yet the investigator of Frederic's history will be apt to conclude that it was a deep and well-considered policy, with reference to the object which he had in view, which induced him to adopt the severe rule of exclusion against plebeian officers. He himself gives a part of the reason, but not the whole reason, which probably actuated him, in the appendix to one of his regulations, dated 1779.

"It is more necessary than is generally believed to maintain this vigilance in the choice of officers, since the noblesse commonly possesses principles of honour. It cannot be denied, that we sometimes find desert and talent in men of no birth: but these are exceptions, and when they occur, it is advisable to retain such officers. But in general no resource remains for the nobility, except to distinguish themselves by the sword. If a gentleman loses his honour, he finds no refuge even in his father's house: whilst a roturier, when he has committed a disgraceful action, takes up again, without blushing, the trade of his father, and does not think himself any farther dishonoured."

It is to be remembered, in reading this passage, and the commentary upon it which his conduct furnished, that the constant labour of Frederic was to supply the pressing exigencies of his service at as cheap a rate as possible. Without some stimulus to exertion, it was in vain to expect a body of officers, fitted to perform the overwhelming tasks which his gigantic projects imposed upon them. He had not, like the French republic or the Emperor, enormous prizes to hold out as the reward of successful valour: no soldier could enrich himself during his hard-fought campaigns in needy provinces: no fortunes were made in the service of Frederic by the inferior officers, no titles and appanages could reward the merit of his generals. Hence he had none of those splendid incentives to action, by the possession of which a skilful leader can draw from the ranks all the superior powers and energies which they contain; and although Frederic well knew that there were among his plebeian countrymen thousands of hearts burning for distinction and fame, or glowing with national ardour, he was too keen and too unfavourable an ob-

server of human nature to conceive that such motives as these could ensure him a regular supply of men, calculated to meet the extremities of desperate service to which he had to expose them. The only principle on which he could rely to supply the place of such incentives, was that chivalrous point of honour, which the fashionable writers of his time, and none more than the king himself, had affected to despise and to ridicule. And this was only with certainty to be relied upon in that class in which habits of education and family pride had confirmed it. By adhering to the choice of men of noble birth, he secured the supply of a particular caste, devoted to his service in the field, and rendered absolutely dependant on him by their general poverty, no less than by their loyalty: for the system of entails, and the prohibition which was still strictly enforced against the purchase of military fiefs by roturiers,* had reduced them generally to a very destitute condition.

Accordingly, the king applied himself to continue his army, as he had found it, officered almost entirely by men of noble birth: but the sanguinary battles of the Seven Years' war carried off by hundreds the well-born youth of his regiments, and it became absolutely necessary to supply their place from elsewhere. Promotions soon became general: a tolerable education, and merit in the service, raised numbers of common soldiers from the ranks: while the colleges and gymnasia of the country supplied almost the whole of their young élèves, sons of clergymen, merchants, and tradesmen, to fill the place of the nobility who had fallen. It appeared therefore a most harsh and severe measure when the king, in remodelling his army after the peace of Hubertsburg, dismissed all roturier officers from his service: when these gallant men, who had won the battles of their country, were "marched out," almost without exception, and left to poverty and despair. As the country did not supply noblemen enough to officer the army even on its reduced scale, they were sought after in foreign countries, and engaged from Saxony, Mecklenburg, and the rest of the empire, to the exclusion of his actual companions in arms, whose only deficiency was the want of the prefix before their names. But Frederic's inflexible policy admitted no deviation on the score of feeling or gratitude. In after years the increasing liberalism of the time effected but a slight alteration in his obstinate adherence to original views. In the instructions for the troops at the commencement of the war of the Bavarian succes-

* The permission to contract sales of this description, which Frederic had rarely allowed as a matter of special favour, was generally accorded without inquiry by his successor. But the law of 9th October, 1809, first rendered such transactions generally legal.

sion (1779), the direction is given that "All officers, who distinguish themselves, shall be advanced a step for every gallant action which they perform: if under-officers distinguish themselves, they may thus obtain a patent of nobility and become officers: and in the same manner privates may raise themselves to the rank of under-officers."

In civil institutions, Frederic was rather less averse from the employment of plebeian talents. Yet only one roturier reached the rank of minister without receiving a patent of nobility; this was Frederic Gottlieb Michaelis.* Misalliances, and the mixture of gentle and common blood, were at all times peculiarly displeasing to him; and he made a point of affording pensions to the female members of poor noble families, or placing them in foundations destined for young ladies of rank. So earnestly did Frederic labour to maintain a demarcation which the advancing footstep of time was about to obliterate for ever!

Education, one of the elements of social prosperity which Prussia is now most justly proud of enjoying, is not so much indebted to the hero of her monarchy as is generally supposed. Even his panegyrist Preuss is forced to confess that "Frederic did less for the schools and universities than might have been expected from him, the great friend of cultivation and science. All this province of government indicated no great and searching ameliorations, which had become so extensively necessary. Many wholesome regulations were published, but the means were wanting to carry them into execution." In fact, the strict economy of Frederic prevented him from putting into practice various schemes, which attested nevertheless the interest he took in national enlightenment. But besides the enormous expense of his military establishment, it was in taking care, as our author expresses it, of the body of the state—in planting colonies, draining, cultivating, building, and unsuccessful commercial experiments—that the money saved by such rigid carefulness was chiefly expended. A few details from the work before us will illustrate his parsimonious endeavours to further the mental improvement of his subjects. In 1830, the Prussian government expended 480,000 dollars on the six principal universities. Until 1799, thirteen years after Frederic's death, Halle, then the principal of them, received only 18,000. Many edicts and ordinances appeared for re-establishing and multiplying the land-schools, (those of primary education,) but the difficulty of finding salaries

* It is remarkable, however, that Frederic always chose his Kammer-räthe—his clerks, as he was in the habit of calling them—out of the rank of citizens, and never ennobled any of them. About 350 patents of nobility, and titles of baron, count and prince, were granted in his reign.

for the new school-masters, for whose maintenance the king could only be induced now and then to appropriate some small surplus which happened to be in hand after supplying some more favourite speculation, generally prevented their fulfilment. But a still more objectionable economy was that which began to be practised in the latter years of his reign, on the suggestion of Von Breckenhoff—the establishment of invalid soldiers and inferior officers as masters of elementary schools. The normal schools, or seminaries for teachers, owe their origin, however, to the reign of Frederic: the first was founded in 1750 at Berlin, and two others were added during his reign. Prussia now possesses fifty-eight. Nor was the direct interference of the king and his government with the mode of instruction adopted in his dominions very important: it did not extend beyond the suggestion of a few books and subjects of study, nor was any general system of education promulgated under those auspices. Upon the whole, therefore, Prussia is beholden to her great monarch in this important branch of her civilization, for little beyond those qualities which his example imparted to every part of his administration. The love of order, the sense of duty, the habit of frugality and moderation, these old republican virtues were the inheritance left by an absolute prince to his subjects: qualities which he carried to a higher degree than any sovereign who has ever claimed the respect of his people, and which have founded amidst modern luxury a government and a nation of almost Spartan simplicity.

Many a writer has expressed wonder and regret at the partiality uniformly expressed by Frederic for the authors of France over those of his native country—many have lamented the neglected muse of Germany, or boasted with Schiller her independence of princely patrons, when

“ von Deutschland's grösstem Sohne,
Von des grossen Friedrich's Throne,
Ging sie schutzlos, ungeehrt.”

But few have endeavoured to explain Frederic's continued want of sympathy with the genius of his native land on the ground of policy. Frederic wished to surround himself with learned men: his vanity and his taste alike prompted him to enjoy their flattery: nor was he insensible to the benefit which he derived from the association of his name with that of the powerful class of philosophers who commanded public opinion in Europe. But to excite a national spirit on behalf of literature and the arts, would have been to raise up a power against himself: for he must have well known that his system of beneficent but vigilant despotism would have found no very lenient critics among writers

depending, not on himself, but on their fellow countrymen, for support and for fame. There was, it is to be feared, a constant sense of insecurity in Frederic's enjoyment of his popularity among his subjects: the barbarities of his military system kept alive a strong spirit of disaffection in the lower class, ready at any moment to burst forth: and had he done as his panegyrists would have had him, and created a German literature among the people, his own creature would probably have been the first to turn against his authority.

Such are a few of the prominent traits in the public and personal history of the great Frederic, which these volumes tend to elucidate. It would be difficult to find a nobler subject of study, either from the high elevation of that royal genius above the ranks of ordinary men, or from the great interests which have been involved in the reforms introduced by him into European systems. His reign is one great drama, in which the unity of action and plan is carried from the beginning to the end. Never was a mind less susceptible of change. Circumstances altered, and generations passed away, while he sat on the throne; but his principles remained as steadfast as if the wax which received his first ideas had become converted at once into solid marble. In his life, we find nothing of over caution or timidity taught by adverse circumstances: no imagination exalted and perverted by success. Allowing only for the physical decay of the body, he was the same man in his last years of peace and security, as when, in the first ardour of youth, he threw down the gauntlet to the power of Austria. His opinions, as well as sentiments, underwent not the shadow of turning. Religion gains nothing by the misrepresentations of those who would persuade us that all her great enemies have been fearful, dubious and repentant in their last hours. He left the society of men as he had sojourned among them, neither sharing in their hopes, their fears, their belief or their devotion. Only those who were about him observed that when his bodily energies diminished, he was rather less fond of leading the conversation to those topics of metaphysics and religion which had once formed the common subject of his suppertable discussions: that he was less bitter in his sarcasms against Christianity and its professors, and more disposed to let the world take its own way in believing as well as acting. But they perceived no other alteration. He resisted the approaches of death as those of an enemy, step by step, not yielding an inch until nature failed, and performing every usual duty until actual weakness forced him to relinquish it. He even adopted, according to his biographers, some of the tricks said to have been resorted to by certain of the Roman emperors, (as they were by Cardinal Riche-

lieu,) for concealing the advance of decay. But all this was done through no weak fear of death, but from firm determination to act his self-imposed part to the very end. Thus he descended from the lonely position which he had so long occupied, the solitary mark of European admiration, among the sensual or imbecile princes who professed to make him their model: his memory became enshrined with those of the heroes of antiquity, who never received into their hallowed circle a spirit more impressed with the stamp of their primitive vigour: the century of Frederic, an act of the great European drama, closed, and the curtain fell to rise again over a new and extended scene, occupied by actors hitherto unknown, fraught with weightier interests and greater revolutions.

Einst rief dem Könige der Brennen
Das Schicksal ernst und tröstlich zu:
Es wird kein Sohn nach Dir sich nennen,
Doch dein Jahrhundert heisst wie Du.

ART. II—1. *Indiana*, par G. Sand. 4me. édit. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.

2. *Valentine*, par G. Sand. 3me. édit. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.

3. *Lelia*, par G. Sand. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1832.

4. *Rose et Blanche*, par J. Sand. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1833.

5. *Le Secretaire Intime*, par G. Sand. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.

6. *Jacques*, par George Sand. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1834.

THE string of novels above enumerated, taken in combination with their author, constitute a moral phenomenon, perhaps not one of the least remarkable of these our phenomenon-teeming days. The points co-operating to the construction of this phenomenon are of course multifarious. One is, the inconceivable discrepancy, and that of an unwonted kind, between the earlier and later productions of one and the same author. The first two works, but especially the first, of the *soi-disant* George Sand, were so replete with talent and with knowledge of human nature, so boldly conceived and so brilliantly executed,—were written in a style so animated, so graphically delightful, displayed portraits hit off with such admirable power and spirit,—even if not always wrought out in the conduct of the story in perfect keeping with the original sketch,—as we have rarely seen surpassed. Gladly did we hail them, as harbingers of the rising of a new and radiant, if not perfectly salutiferous star, above the literary horizon. The succeeding works published under the same name, far from showing the improved mastery of the art usually acquired by practice,

are, as though the mine had been thus quickly exhausted, so immeasurably inferior to their predecessors in every thing, (except, perhaps, boldness of conception, which now sometimes increases from originality to extravagance,) that but for their similarity of tone and temper, we should hardly know how to credit their fraternal relationship. If we are indeed to believe that George Sand is one individual, and not two or more individuals,—we look not upon the J. once substituted for the G. as any argument, because, to say nothing of public opinion, *Lelia*, to which we chiefly allude, bears the G.—we cannot suggest, for the unriddling of the mystery, a better key than the remark of a shrewd and witty friend of our own youth, who was wont to say, “It is when a man has got a bad name that he may go to sleep, since nothing he can do will ever change it; when he has a good one, he must labor like a horse to keep it.” Of a surety George Sand agrees not with our friend, but having deserved and gained a high—a very high—literary reputation, fancies he may go to sleep, and fearlessly publish the somnambulic effusions of his repose.

The second point is, that even those novels which we rank highest in the scale, *Indiana* and *Valentine*, although not actually immoral, certainly not licentious, are often so daring in situation and in graphic delineation, are so generally deficient in refined delicacy, in glowing love of, and delight in, virtue, that we should hesitate about recommending even these to our fair and youthful readers. It may be thought that in the present state of French literature, at least in the departments of the drama and of prose fiction, this want of delicacy and of moral sense rather detracts from than enhances the singularity we have ascribed to the productions before us; but the reader will possibly abandon that opinion when informed of our third point, to wit, that George Sand is only a *pseudonyme*, and that the real author of them is a lady, and a lady (as we have been informed, but cannot vouch) of unblemished character, whose name is Madame Dudevant.

The astonishment created by the discovery of the sex and individuality of the writer augments an hundred, nay, a million-fold, as we peruse the subsequent writings of the same highly, but perversely endowed authoress, who, in *Lelia*, seems almost ignorant, and quite reckless, of the difference between right and wrong. The most favourable hypothesis we can frame respecting our disguised lady is, that having been harshly treated by society, and especially unfortunate in the conjugal relation, she has been exasperated into the determined hostility to both, which, despite her protestations to the contrary, her publications exhibit, and in the irritation of unhappiness has lost the sensitive pudicity of her sex.

But we cannot expect our readers to go along with us in these

generalities. To enable them to do so, we must enter into particulars, and we believe the only way of unfolding our phenomenon will be to give short sketches of, and an extract or two from, all these tales. But in order to give the authoress fair play, we will begin with extracts from the prefaces. In that to *Indiana* she says —

‘ The narrator hopes that after hearing his tale to the end, few auditors will deny the *morality* which results from his facts, and there, as in all that is human, is triumphant. As he finished it, he felt his conscience clear, and judged that the legal code which here upon earth must regulate the throbbing of man’s bosom, ought in fairness to acquit him. He flatters himself that he has related without rancour the paltry miseries of society, has described without too much passion the passions of humanity. . . .

‘ Perhaps you will do him justice if you allow that he has shown you the being who strives to get rid of a legitimate curb very wretched, the heart that revolts against the decrees of fate very desolate. If he has not assigned the fairest part to the one of his personages who represents *law*, if he has shown under a still less lively aspect him who represents *opinion*, you will see a third who represents *illusion*, and who cruelly mocks and dissappoints the vain hopes, the wild enterprises of passion. In short, you will see, that if he has not strewed roses on the ground where the law pens the wills of men, like the appetites of sheep, he has thrown nettles upon the path that leads from it.

* * *

‘ Indiana is woman, the feeble being commissioned to represent the *passions oppressed*, or, if you like it better, *repressed* by the *laws* ; here is will struggling with necessity ; here is love dashing his blind brow against all the obstacles of civilization. But the serpent wears and breaks his teeth in striving to gnaw a file ; the soul exhausts its energies in wrestling with the positive of life.’

Against this statement, we must be allowed to set a sort of aphoristic exclamation in *Valentine*, which, not being assigned to any personage in the novel, must be taken as expressing the writer’s own opinion.

‘ Poor woman, poor society, where the heart can find no genuine enjoyment, save in the forgetfulness of all duty, of all reason ! ’

But on the other hand, in the preface to *Le Secretaire Intime*, Madame Dudevant has again vindicated or explained her views, and from this vindication or explanation, likewise, we are bound in justice to offer extracts.

‘ The author deems it his duty to declare, that he never meant to draw up an indictment against society, against the institutions by which it is governed, against humanity itself, as has been recently asserted. Intentions of this sort would ill become him ; neither his talent, nor his will, nor yet his hopes, deserve so serious an impeachment. He well knows that the majority value highly institutions which they find

convenient, and, thank God, pride and folly have not yet bewildered him so far, as to induce the belief that a word of his could overthrow what exists. . . .

' *Indiana* and *Valentine* are not then a satire against marriage, but pictures true or false (that the reader must decide) of the moral sufferings inflicted upon a delicate and pure soul by imperious brutality and by polished egotism. As marriage and love may very well exist independently of these two conditions, the poetical truth of the picture has nothing to do with the institutions and the passions that serve to frame it.'

This last sentence seems to refer to the *Secrétaire Intime* itself, of which hereafter. We now turn to the earlier novels; and as *Indiana* is that in which the ticklish situations are managed with the nearest approach to delicacy, and is in every respect our favourite, we shall devote our principal attention to it.

Indiana is the story of a marriage, unhappy from difference of age, station, opinions, feelings, disposition, in short, every thing in which contrariety is most inimical to happiness in the intimate association of wedlock. The husband is a surly half-pay veteran of the imperial army, low-born, uneducated, violent, jealous, and infirm; the wife, a noble Creole of Spanish race, lovely and good, with all the unregulated sensibility, or shall we say susceptibility? of tropical climates. She deems that she does her duty fully to the disagreeable partner of her life and master of her destiny, by personal fidelity and coldly implicit obedience, without an effort either to care for him, or to soothe and soften him into an object of, at least, respect and kindness. She, *Indiana*, falls in love with a hero, whom, as a somewhat novel character, we must let the authoress herself paint. Her portrait of him displays that intermixture of general satirical touches in which she excels.

' M. Raymon de Ramière was neither a coxcomb nor a libertine. . . . He was a man of principle, when he reasoned with himself. But impetuous passions often hurried him out of his systems. Then he was no longer capable of reflexion, or he avoided summoning himself to the bar of his own conscience; he committed faults, unknown, as it were, to himself, and the man of yesterday exerted himself to deceive the man of to-morrow. . . . Raymon had the art of being often guilty without making himself hated, often capricious without being offensive. He occasionally succeeded in obtaining the pity of those who had most cause for being angry with him.

* * * * *

' Raymon was an exception from the rule, that he who speaks eloquently of his love is little in love. He expressed his passion skilfully, and felt it fervently. Only it was not his passion that made him eloquent, it was his eloquence that fired his passion. He took a fancy to a woman; he became eloquent to seduce her, and, whilst seducing, became desperately enamoured of her. . . . Raymon had committed for

love what are called follies.* He had run away with a young lady of condition (and still is a bachelor); he had compromised women of high rank; he had fought two or three celebrated duels; he had betrayed the disorder of his heart, the delirium of his thoughts, to a whole rout, a whole theatre. A man who does all this without fear of being laughed at or execrated, and who succeeds in escaping both,† is thenceforth invulnerable; he may risk every thing, hope every thing.

* * * * *

‘Raymon possessed inconceivable power over all that surrounded him, for with all his faults, he was a superior man in society. . . . He was one of the men who have held most empire, most influence over your thoughts, whatever may be your opinion now. You have devoured his political pamphlets, and often have you been hurried away, whilst reading the newspapers of those days, by the irresistible charm of his style, by the graces of his courteous, his worldly argumentation.

‘I speak to you of an era already far distant from us, who no longer reckon by centuries, or even by reigns, but by ministers. I speak to you of the Martignac year. . . .

‘Placed by his birth and fortune amongst the partizans of absolute royalty, Raymon sacrificed to the *young* ideas of his day by a devoted attachment to the Charter. At least he thought he did so, and laboured to prove it. But conventions that have fallen into desuetude are subject to various interpretations, and this was already the case with Louis XVIII's *Charte*, as with the Gospel of Christ. . . . Raymon, like other inexperienced heads, fancied it still possible to be a conscientious journalist. Error! At a season when deference to the voice of reason is only pretended, in order the more effectually to stifle it. Free from political passions, Raymon believed he was disinterested, and deceived himself; for society, as then organized, was to him favourable and advantageous; it could not be deranged without lessening the sum of his enjoyments, and that perfect quietude of situation, which extends to the thoughts, is a wonderful teacher of moderation.

* * * * *

‘Preserved by his fortune from the necessity of writing for bread, Raymon used his pen from inclination, and (as he said and believed) from duty. His rare power of refuting positive truth by sheer talent rendered him invaluable to the ministry,—whom he served better by his impartial resistance, than did its creatures by their blind devotion,—and yet more precious to a young and elegant world, willing to abjure the ridicule of obsolete privileges, but not to lose their existing advantages.’

The manner of this new-fashioned, liberalized Lovelace's passion for poor Indiana may be easily imagined, even without the information given upon one occasion.

‘He had two days good, which he thus allotted. The remainder of

* Not crimes, observe. Is that illustrative of the state of Parisian society?

† Being laughed at, perhaps; if he escaped their curses, his loves must have been of a kind not to require very artful seduction.

the closing day to affect, the morrow to persuade, his intended victim, and the following day to his triumph.'

The reader is accordingly held in constant dread of seeing the impassioned and confiding Creole fall a victim to the seducer's arts and eloquence. She is saved, sometimes by fainting fits produced by extraordinary nervous sensibility, but generally, as well in reputation as in fact, by the intervention of her cousin, Sir Ralph Brown, who, first introduced as a caricature of all the faults and dulness ascribed by continental writers to Englishmen, proves in the end to be the very *prosopopeia* of heroic self-immolating virtue. Passionately in love with Indiana, even from her infancy, he has uniformly sacrificed his feelings to his duties, and quietly suffers himself, after Indiana's ill-assorted marriage, to be considered as a cold egotist, lest her sympathy for his real agonies should inflame his passion to such an ungovernable, unconcealable pitch, as, by arousing her husband's jealousy, should prevent his incessant care of her.

To return to Raymon and Indiana. We shall give the scene that really decides her fate, as, of its kind the most possible, from greater delicacy,—or must we say less indelicacy?—to translate. But some preliminary statements will be requisite. During an indispensable absence of Delmare, Indiana's husband, the vigilant guardianship of Sir Ralph foils and irritates Raymon's passion. The lover secretly gives Indiana a letter complaining of her apparent mistrust, and urging a thousand sophistical reasons why she should admit him at night to her chamber, where his respect will be inviolate and inviolable. She answers;

"Who, *I* fear thee, Raymon! Oh no! not now. I know too well how thou lovest me; my belief in thy love is too intoxicating. Come then. Neither do I fear myself; did I love thee less, I might, perhaps, be less calm, but I love thee as thou thyself dreamest not. Go away early to prevent Ralph's distrust. Return at midnight; you know the park and the house: here is the key of the postern gate; fasten it after you."

Such perfect confidence almost subdues the libertine, but further proofs of Sir Ralph's suspicions dissipate his good intentions, and he arrives, determined not to lose the opportunity. Meanwhile Sir Ralph, after Raymon's departure, seeks to warn Indiana, without mortifying her by showing his knowledge of her imprudence. For this purpose he reveals to her his conviction, that Raymon, prior to his acquaintance with herself, had seduced her foster-sister and attendant, Noun, and afterwards, by his desertion, driven the wretched girl to suicide. Indiana, who had once surprised Raymon with Noun in her own chamber, but supposed he came for herself and had bribed Noun to admit him, now re-

solves to ascertain the truth. She receives her lover more gravely than usual.

‘Raymon, surprised at this reception, ascribed it to some chaste scruple, some delicate reserve of youthful womanhood. He fell at her feet, saying,

“My best beloved, can you then fear me?”

‘But he immediately observed that Madame Delmare held something in her hand, which she seemed, with a playful affectation of gravity, to spread out before him. He stooped, and saw a mass of black hair, of unequal lengths, cut off hastily as it seemed, and which Indiana was smoothing in her hands.

“Do you recognize this?” she asked, fixing upon him her translucent eyes, that emitted a penetrating greenish brightness.

‘Raymon hesitated; he looked at the handkerchief that dressed her head, and thought he understood.

“Naughty child!” said he, taking the tresses from her. “Why cut them off? They were so beautiful, and I so loved them.”

“You asked me yesterday,” said she with a strange smile, “if I would sacrifice them to you.”

“Oh, Indiana!” exclaimed Raymon, “well thou knowest that henceforward thou must to me be still more beautiful. Give, give; I will not regret the absence from thy forehead of those tresses I daily admired, but which I may now daily kiss and caress unquestioned—give them to me that they may never quit me more.”

‘But as he took them, as he collected in his hand that profusion of locks, some of which hung down to the floor, Raymon felt in them a something harsh and dry, which he had never observed in the glossy bands upon Indiana’s brow. He experienced a nervous shiver as he felt them cold and heavy, as though long cut, as he perceived that they had lost their perfumed moisture, their vital warmth. . . .

“This is not *your* hair,” said he, as he untied the silk handkerchief that concealed Madame Delmare’s tresses.

‘They were uninjured, and fell in all their luxuriance about her shoulders. But she, with a gesture of repulse, and still showing him the cut hair, said,

“Know you not these locks? Have you never admired, never caressed them? Has one wet night” (Noun had drowned herself, and his way this night had led him past the spot where her body was found) “robbed them of all their perfume? Have you not one recollection, one tear, for her who wore this ring?”

‘Raymon sank upon a chair, and Noun’s hair dropped from his hand. So many painful emotions overpowered him. He was a bilious man, whose blood circulated rapidly, whose nerves were singularly excitable. He shivered from head to foot, and fell in a swoon upon the floor.

‘When he recovered, Madame Delmare was on her knees by his side, bathing him in her tears, and imploring his forgiveness. But Raymon no longer loved her.

“You have wounded me dreadfully,” said he; “wounded me to a degree that you cannot heal. You can never restore my confidence in

your heart; you have shown me how full of revenge and cruelty it is. Poor Noun! Unfortunate girl! It was against her I sinned, not against you! . . . And it is you who upbraid me with her death!—you, whom I have loved so passionately as to forget her, as to brave these agonies of remorse!—you, who on the faith of a kiss, have made me cross that river, that bridge, alone, with terror by my side, pursued by the infernal illusion of my crime! And when you discover how deliriously I love you, you strike your woman's nails into my heart, to seek there a little remnant of blood that may stream for you." . . .

'Madame Delmare made no reply. Motionless, pale, her hair dishevelled, her lips violet, her eyes glazed, she awakened Raymon's pity. Taking her hand, he said,

"And yet, so blind is my love for thee that I can still forget—against my will I feel I can—the past and the present, both the crime that blights my life, and the atrocity thou hast just perpetrated. Love me, and I forgive thee."

'Do you understand? Raymon offered Indiana his compassion, and she was happy to accept it! . . .

'Madame Delmare's despair rekindled desire together with pride in her lover's heart. When he saw her so fearful of losing his love, so humble before him, so resigned to receive his laws for the future, and his justification of the past, he recollected the purpose for which he had deceived Sir Ralph's watchfulness; he felt the advantage of his position. . . . He waited till Indiana's heart was broken by her own sobs—till she had anticipated the horrors of desertion—till her distracting terrors had exhausted her strength. Then, when he saw her exhausted, expiring at his feet, awaiting her death in a word, he violently caught her in his arms and clasped her to his breast. She yielded like an infant; she gave up her lips to him unresistingly; she was almost dead.

'But suddenly starting, as from a dream, she broke from his burning caresses, fled to the end of the room occupied by the picture of Sir Ralph, and as if placing herself under the protection of that grave personage, with his pure brow, his calm lips, she pressed herself against the portrait, palpitating, bewildered, full of strange terrors. Raymon thought she was afraid of herself and was his.

'Authoritatively he snatched her from her asylum, and told her that he had come determined to keep his promises, but that her cruelty had released him from his oaths.'

The struggle, which we beg to be excused translating, continues, and at length Indiana seems about to be subdued by the common-place reproach, at which Raymon almost sneers whilst uttering it, of want of love. But now

'A short dry knock at her door stopped the blood in her arteries. Raymon and she remained motionless, not daring to breathe.

'Then a paper was slid under the door—it was a leaf of a pocket-book, upon which these words were almost illegibly pencilled.

"Your husband is here. RALPH."

* * * * *

“ Well then,” said Raymon, enthusiastically catching her in his arms, “ since death environs us, be mine ! Be thy last word one of love ; my last breath happiness ! ”

“ This moment of terror and of courage,” she replied, “ might have been the happiest of my life ; but you have spoiled it.”

‘ Wheels were heard in the farm yard ; the castle bell was pulled by a rude and impatient hand.

“ I know that ring,” said Indiana, coldly attentive ; “ Ralph never spoke false. But you have time to fly. Go.”’

Raymon now perforce obeys, and scarcely has he passed the postern by which he had entered, when

‘ Sir Ralph presented himself, and accosting him as coldly as if they had met at a rout, said,

“ Be pleased to give me that key ; should it be sought, there is no harm in its being found in my hands.”

‘ Raymon would have preferred the most deadly insult to this ironical generosity. He said,

“ I am not the man to forget a real service, but I am the man to avenge an affront, to punish treachery.”

‘ Sir Ralph, without any change of tone or countenance, rejoined—
“ I desire not your gratitude, and shall quietly await your revenge. But this is not the moment for conversation ; there is your road ; think of Madame Delmare.” And he disappeared.’

Indiana now writes a letter to Raymon, ending thus:—

‘ Not to be more beloved than Noun ! Oh if I thought it ! Yet she was more beautiful, far more beautiful, than me ! Why then prefer me ? You must needs have loved me otherwise, and better. This is what I wanted to say. Will you renounce the wish of being my lover in the way you were hers ? If you will, I can still esteem you, can believe in your remorse, your sincerity, your love. If not, think no more of me ; you will never see me again. I may die of it, but I had rather die than stoop to be merely your mistress. I.’

This pride offends Raymon, and he resolves to humble it by making her his mistress. He accordingly, professing submission, pursues her with all the arts of the most consummate seducer ; and she at length agrees to elope from her husband, when he, Delmare, shall embark for the Isle of Bourbon. The moment arrives.

‘ One morning, on coming home from a ball, Raymon found Madame Delmare in his chamber. She had come at midnight ; during five long hours she had been waiting his return. . . .

“ I was waiting for you,” said she, mildly. “ During the days that you have not come to me, things have occurred that you must know, and I left my home last night to impart them to you.”

“ Incredible imprudence ! ” exclaimed Raymon, carefully shutting the door. “ And my servants, who know that you are here ! for they told me so.”

"I did not conceal myself," said she coolly; "and as to the word you use, I think it ill chosen."

"I said imprudence, I should have said madness."

"I, for my part, should have said courage; but no matter; listen."

She now tells him that M. Delmare sets out in three days for Bordeaux, there to embark for the Isle of Bourbon; and, what might not have been anticipated from the manner of the preceding dialogue, that she has eloped, and is come to live with him. Raymon is by no means delighted with the prospect.

'The crisis was urgent. . . . One more effort of imagination, thought Raymon to himself—one more love scene. And starting up with vivacity, he exclaimed—

"Never! Never will I accept such sacrifices! When I told thee I would, Indiana, it was boasting, or rather it was self-calumny; for a poltroon only would deliberately dishonour the woman he loves. Thou, in thy ignorance of life, hast not appreciated the importance of the step; and I, in my despair at the prospect of losing thee, would not reflect."

"Reflection has speedily returned to you!" said she, withdrawing her hand, which he sought to take.

"Indiana," he resumed, "see you not that you impose dishonour upon me, reserving the heroism for yourself, and that you condemn me because I would remain worthy of your love? Couldst thou still love me, say, simple and ignorant woman, were I to sacrifice thy life to my pleasure, thy reputation to my interests?"

"You contradict yourself," rejoined Indiana. "If by remaining with you I make you happy, what should you fear from opinion? Do you care more for it than for me?"

"Not on my own account do I care for it, Indiana!"

"On mine then? I foresaw your scruples, and to free you from all remorse, I have taken the active part. I did not wait for you to snatch me from my home; I did not even consult you previously to quitting it for ever. That decisive step is taken, and your conscience cannot reproach you with it. At this moment, Raymon, I am dishonoured. In your absence I counted upon that clock the hours that consummated my disgrace, and now, although the dawning day finds my brow as pure as it was yesterday, in public opinion I am a lost woman."

* * * * *

'A sudden thought shot through Raymon's brain. The moment was come to conquer this woman's pride, or it never would come. She had just offered him every sacrifice that he did not desire, and there she stood before him, in haughty confidence that she ran no dangers beyond those she had foreseen. Raymon saw the mode of freeing himself from her importunate devotion, or of profiting by it. He was too much Delmare's friend to rob him of his wife; he ought to content himself with seducing her.

"Thou art right, my Indiana!" he exclaimed with fervour. "Thou recall'st me to myself, thou awakenest my transports, which the idea of thy perils, the fear of injuring thee, had frozen. Let him come

then to tear thee from my raptures—the stupid husband who locks thee up, and goes to sleep upon his gross violence. Henceforward thou art no longer his; thou art my beloved, my companion, my mistress!”

‘Whilst so speaking, Raymon gradually heated himself, as was his wont, in pleading his passions. The situation was striking, was romantic; it offered dangers that seasoned it with all the effect of a fashionable drama. . . . He acted passion so as to deceive himself, and, shame to the silly woman! she gave herself up in delight to these illusive demonstrations—she felt happy, radiant with joy and hope—she forgave everything—she was almost on the point of granting everything.

‘But Raymon lost himself by his precipitation. . . . The clock struck seven. It is time to make an end, thought he; I must get her quietly home before Delmare comes here. He became more urgent and less tender. . . . Indiana was recalled to herself; she repulsed the attacks of cold egotistical vice.’

Raymon now gets into a pet, and drinks a large glass of water.

‘It calmed his delirium and cooled his love. He looked ironically at Indiana, and said—“Come, Madam, it is time to go home.”

‘A ray of light dawned upon Indiana, and revealed to her Raymon’s soul.’

Indiana now falls into a state of stupefaction that alarms Raymon, who seeks his mother’s assistance. The old lady soothes the wretched young woman, and recalls her to herself. But Indiana insists upon going home alone, and on foot.

‘In vain Madame de Ramière trembled to see her, thus weakened and disordered, undertake so long a walk.

“I have strength enough,” she replied. “A word of Raymon’s has given it me.”’

As was to be expected, she loses her way, and, absorbed in melancholy reverie, wanders along the banks of the Seine, beyond the limits of Paris.

‘Insensibly she found herself on the brink of the water, which drove masses of ice to her feet, breaking them with a dry, cold sound against the stones that protected the banks. This greenish, murmuring water exercised an attractive force over Indiana’s senses. One accustoms oneself to dreadful ideas; once fairly admitted, one comes to take pleasure in them. The example of Noun’s suicide had so long solaced Indiana’s hours of despair, that suicide had gradually become to her mind voluptuously alluring. A single idea, that of religion, had withheld her from yielding to it. But at this moment no consistent thought swayed her exhausted brain. She scarcely knew that there was a God, scarcely recollected that Raymon existed, and walked on, nearer and nearer to the river, obedient to the instinct of misfortune, to the magnetism of suffering.

‘When she felt the piercing cold of the water that now bathed her feet, she awoke as from somnambulism, and looking around, saw Paris far behind her, the Seine flying from beneath her feet, hurrying along

We will give the first meeting of Valentine and Benedict, as a specimen of Madame Dudevant's powers, in a different style from the disagreeable and difficult scenes that we had to translate, as we best could, in *Indiana*. It is May-day, and the village festival assembles the neighbourhood of all ranks upon the green. Old Lhery takes the arm of his nephew, who is newly returned from college, to present him to his landlady, the Dowager Comtesse de Raimbault, a rich plebeian, whose wealth has bought back the Raimbault estates and castle, (confiscated during the revolution,) which she has now visited to celebrate her daughter's marriage in feudal style.

' Valentine was seated upon the turf between her mother, the Comtesse de Raimbault, and her grandmother, the Marquise de Raimbault. Benedict knew none of these three ladies, but he had heard so much of them at the farm, that he was prepared for the icy, disdainful notice of the one, and the familiar, chatty reception of the other of the elder ladies. It seemed as if the old *Marquise* sought by her talkative fussiness to compensate her daughter-in-law's contemptuous silence. But even this affectation of popularity was stamped with the habitual tone of feudal protection.

"What, is that Benedict?" she exclaimed. "Is that the poppet that I have seen at his mother's breast? Good morrow, my lad. I am delighted to see thee so tall, and so well dressed. Thou art so like thy mother that it is awful. Well, but dost' know that we are old acquaintance? Thou art the godson of my poor son, the General, who fell at Waterloo. 'Twas I gave thee thy first frock, but thou dostn't remember much of that. How long is't ago? Thou must be eighteen."

"I am two and twenty, Madam," returned Benedict.

"The deuce you are!" exclaimed the *Marquise*, "How time flies! I thought thee about the age of my granddaughter. . . . Valentine, speak to Benedict, 'tis the nephew of our good Lhery, the intended of thy little playfellow Athénaïs—Speak to him, child."

The democratically haughty Benedict is exasperated by this pompous affability.

' He had fixed a bold and mocking gaze upon Valentine. . . . But the expression of that beautiful face was so sweet and serene, the sound of that voice so pure and so soothing, that the young man dropped his eyes and blushed like a girl.

"Ah Sir," said she, "what I can say to you most sincerely, is, that I love Athénaïs like a sister. Pray bring her to me, I have been long seeking without finding her, and would fain embrace her."

' Benedict bowed profoundly, and soon returned with his cousin. Athénaïs now walked about the *fête*, arm in arm with the noble daughter of the Counts of Raimbault; and although she affected to take this as a matter of course, as Valentine really did, she could not disguise the triumph of her proud joy, as she met the women who envied, and strove to run her down.

‘ The fiddle now gave the signal for the *Bourrée* (a provincial dance), Athénaïs was engaged to dance it with one of the youths who had waylaid her, and she requested Mademoiselle de Raimbault to be her *vis-à-vis*.

“ I must wait till I am asked,” Valentine answered with a smile.

“ Well then, Benedict,” exclaimed Athénaïs eagerly, “ go and ask Mademoiselle.”

‘ The intimidated Benedict consulted Valentine’s eyes. In their soft and candid expression he read the wish to accept his offer, and took a step towards her. But the *Comtesse* suddenly touched her arm, saying loud enough to be heard by Benedict ;

“ My child, I forbid your dancing *la bourrée* with any one but M. de Lansac.”

‘ Benedict now first observed a very handsome young man, upon whose arm the *Comtesse* leant ; and he recollected the name of Mademoiselle de Raimbault’s intended. He understood the mother’s motive. At a certain *trill* of the fiddle, executed before beginning *la bourrée*, every gentleman, by immemorial custom, salutes his partner. The Comte de Lansac, too well bred to allow himself such a liberty in public, compromised matters with the laws of Berry, by respectfully kissing Valentine’s hand.

‘ He then tried a few steps, but finding it impossible to catch the measure of this dance, which no stranger ever could dance well, he stopped and said to Valentine—

“ I have now done my part, and at your mother’s command installed you here ; but my awkwardness must not spoil your pleasure. You had a partner waiting you ; allow me to resign my claim to him.” And turning to Benedict, he added, in a tone of exquisite politeness, “ Will you, sir, kindly be my substitute ? You will acquit yourself far better than me.”

‘ The Countess was satisfied with the diplomatic manner in which her intended son-in-law had arranged the affair. But suddenly the fiddler, facetious and waggish as are all genuine artists, interrupted the air of the dance, and with a malicious affectation, repeated the imperative *trill*. The new dancer is bound to salute his partner. Benedict turns pale, and is out of countenance, Daddy Lhery, frightened at the anger that he sees in the eyes of the Countess, springs to the musician and implores him to go on with the dance. The village Orpheus will listen to nothing ; triumphant amidst peals of laughter and of *bravos*, he persists in not resuming the air until the indispensable form is gone through. The other dancers grow impatient. Madame de Raimbault is about to take away her daughter. But M. de Lansac, a courtier and a man of sense, feeling the ridicule of the scene, again addresses Benedict :

“ Come, sir, must I again authorize you to enforce a right, of which I dared not avail myself ? You spare me nothing of your triumph.”

‘ Benedict pressed his quivering lips to the velvet cheek of the young Countess. A sudden sensation of pride and joy animated him for an instant, but he observed that Valentine, amidst her blushes, was laughing heartily at the incident ; and he recollected that when M. de Lansac kissed her hand, she had likewise blushed, but had not laughed.’

That very evening Benedict becomes the agent in the stolen interviews between the two noble sisters; and, notwithstanding the fair promise of the blush unalloyed by a laugh, he and Valentine presently fall head over ears in love with each other. Both are, however, conscious of the insuperable obstacles that sever them; and although Benedict refuses to fulfil his engagement with Athénais, Valentine so far fulfils hers with M. de Lansac, as to go through the marriage ceremony: but she excludes him from the bridal chamber upon a plea of illness, and puts herself to sleep with a good dose of opium. Meanwhile, Benedict, a pair of loaded pistols in his pocket, has concealed himself in this same bridal chamber, with the benevolent intention of preserving unsullied the virgin purity of his beloved, by blowing out either the bridegroom's brains or hers, and then his own. Of the nocturnal scene that ensues suffice it to say, that the lover, in point of fact, respects the purity he had come to guard; but despairing of being able to guard it much longer, upon going away before daylight he executes so much of his original purpose as to blow out his own brains. He does the job imperfectly, however, and recovers. But Valentine is made really ill by the shock of the first report; and ill M. de Lansac leaves her, thus avoiding the inconvenience of taking a wife with him upon his diplomatic mission to Petersburg.

Fifteen months of platonic love follow, guarded by the vigilance of poor Louise, who, though distracted with jealousy, carefully watches over her darling sister. At the end of this time M. de Lansac returns unexpectedly from Russia; but it is the impertunity of creditors, not love for the wife whose fortune is to satisfy them, that brings him back. Without offering to penetrate into her maiden bower, he desires Valentine to sign papers that enable him to sell her estates, shows her that he is aware of her connexion with Benedict and believes it to be criminal, repulses her attempts at confession, refuses her request to save her from danger by taking her away with him, and departs. And now the virtue of the lovers is at length exhausted. Madame Duderant says:—

‘It was a fatal moment, that, sooner or later, must arrive. There is too much temerity in hoping to subdue passion at the age of twenty, and amidst daily interviews. . . .

‘When the moment of repentance came, it was terrible. Then bitterly did Benedict lament a happiness that cost him so dear. His fault was visited with the severest punishment that could have been inflicted upon him; he saw Valentine weep, and pine away in sorrow.’

But time is not given to see what would have come of this repentance. Valentine is expelled from the home of her fathers

by her base husband's creditors, and seeks shelter at the farm, which Benedict had ceased to inhabit, since his rejection of his cousin's hand. There Athénaïs, who had consoled herself and married, gives up her own room to Valentine, whom Benedict privately visits, to discuss and arrange their future plans, M. de Lansac having, meanwhile, obligingly got himself shot in a duel. The husband of Athénaïs, who had been absent, coming home at night, sees a man in his wife's room, and shoots him as he goes away. Valentine dies of despair, the remorseful murderer drinks himself to death, the wealthy Lherys purchase the Raimbault domains and *chateau*, and the pretty, young and widowed Athénaïs marries the illegitimate son of Louise.

Of the third of this series of novels, *Lelia*, we shall speak much more briefly. It is decidedly the worst, and we strongly suspect that few readers who chanced to begin their acquaintance with the set by its perusal, would think of opening another of them. To give such an analysis of *Lelia* as we have given of *Valentine* is impossible, since much of the detail of the story is such as respect for our readers and ourselves must prevent our even alluding to. Like *Valentine*, it is an attack upon the existing laws of society, and to say the truth, though for the reasons above intimated we cannot explain, its satire seems to be directed nearly as much against those of nature. But we will endeavour, by a few brief words concerning the story and its characters, to give the reader some idea of the nature of this most extraordinary production of a woman, not belonging to the Harriette Wilson class, and to show that its popularity in France, and all this lady's writings are, we are assured, highly popular, is no wise owing to the usual arts and address of a story teller.

A very young, pure, and enthusiastic poet is in love with a mysterious beauty, *Lelia*, a compound of romance, *ultra*-German transcendentalism, and the coldest irony. She, who has had one regular intrigue, and been somewhat disgusted therewith, returns his passion *platonically*, tricks him into mistaking a courtesan (her sister) for herself, and laughs at him for being so duped into illusory happiness. Hereupon our pure enthusiast, in rage, revenge, mortification, and despair, plunges headlong into an *ultra*-extravagance of debauchery, of which he is about to die, when he prevents the catastrophe by suicide. The female character presented to us as the most amiable in disposition, the most consistent and rational in conduct, is the aforesaid courtesan; and the male preacher and pattern of virtue is a gentleman who, after running a career of wild libertinism and yet wilder gambling, has committed forgery, been convicted, branded,

and sent to the galleys, where he has duly served his time, and learned philosophy and morality. We must add, though the remark be far inferior in importance to the preceding, that the poet, the ex-galley slave, and *Lelia* herself, are all so mystically metaphysical in their conversations and reasonings, as actually to bewilder a plain English intellect, and make us despair of finding anything at once decent and intelligible to extract.

But perhaps that obtuseness of perception, which the French deem indigenous to our foggy isle (*isle brumeuse*), may have given us a false view of *Lelia*; and by good luck we have the means of enabling the reader to balance our opinion against the fair author's own. In the already cited preface to *Le Secrétaire Intime*, after the justification of *Indiana* and *Valentine* that has been given, she goes on to speak of *Lelia*:

‘ But may not poesy overstep the bounds of these peaceable felicities, these persevering credulities? (To wit, those of women who go on loving and trusting again and again.) Is she not entitled to take for the subject of her studies those sad exceptions, who, upon being undeceived, pass from disappointment to despair, from despair to doubt, from doubt to irony, from irony to pity, and from pity to a serene impassive resignation—a religious disdain of all that is not God or Thought.

* * * *

‘ Sensual happiness, pleasure heedless of yesterday and to-morrow, the triumph of the body over the soul, may appear to Irony herself, with all her pride and self-sufficiency, a subject rather of regret than of compassion. The silent and lonely insulation of thought wrapped up in itself may give serenity, but not happiness. In presence of those joys to which she cannot condescend, Reason may be permitted to grieve over the desert atmosphere in which she has taken refuge. There is nothing in this resigned sadness like the apology of libertinism. The wise man may envy the courtesan without ceasing to be wise. Plato may be jealous of Aspasia, without prizing less highly the lessons of Socrates.

‘ That Doubt, born of Disappointment, should unreservedly admire Passion sanctified by trial and pain—should kneel to the man who has traversed vice and its attendant tortures, in order to rise laboriously to the serenity of courage and of lucid conceptions,—is that a subject of scandal? . . .

‘ If these three tales’ (*Indiana*, *Valentine*, and *Lelia*) ‘ are to all thinking minds what they are to himself, the author cannot divine how a portraiture of domestic morals that had seemed correct, how a detail of the internal conflicts of a woman long hesitating between duty and passion, that had been thought true to nature, can suddenly lose all the merit attributed to them, because Thought, after having exposed Brutality and Egotism, takes a fancy to attack Enthusiasm.’

Lelia was speedily followed by *Rose et Blanche*, in every respect a less objectionable work, and less inferior to *Indiana*, but

another assault upon the existing state of the world, and amongst other parts thereof, upon that beautifully Christian institution which might well reconcile the philanthropic mind to all that is censurable in the Roman Catholic faith—we mean that of *les Soeurs de la Charité* (the Sisters of Charity). Madame Dudevant does not, indeed, deny the merits of these uncloistered *locomotive* nuns, their services to suffering humanity, or the superiority of their disinterested pious zeal, over the mercenary cares of paid hospital servants; but she strips them altogether of the poetic charm with which the imagination loves to invest a delicate, highly educated, highly born and affluent woman, overcoming the disgust of habitual refinement, the innate repugnance of the senses, in order to devote her whole existence to a sad ministering to “all those ills that flesh is heir to.” She presents us in her *Soeur de la Charité* with an excellent but coarse-issima sick nurse, rigidly chaste, but deriding and despising every species of delicacy and sensibility, as defects that must unfit their luckless possessor for the discharge of her duties to male patients, and even suffering her tongue to echo the oaths, slang, and almost the more offensive expressions, to which her attendance upon such patients has inured her ear.

The story is this. Rose is a young strolling actress, born, almost upon the stage, of the most profligate of affectionate mothers, and brought up behind the scenes. From innate purity she resists her mother's exhortations and commands to eke out the scanty earnings of her honest art by the ampler gains of that infamous traffic, which, in France at least, is too often combined with the profession of a public performer. At length her mother's reproaches and filial duty wring from her a loathing obedience, when the depth and dignity of her despair constrain the young profligate to whom she is sold to respect her innocence. This is a bold, we think a fine conception, and from the pen of a Scott, we can fancy such an incident as beautiful and sublime as it is overpowering. But we regret to say, that in the hands of the present writer, this scene, so difficult to manage, is not as well executed as conceived, nor yet touched with the nice delicacy requisite to allow of our extracting it. The conquered libertine places Rose first with his devotee sister, then in a convent for education, and she resolves to love her deliverer hopelessly and eternally. Her former profession being discovered, she is expelled the convent, returns to the stage, and acquires a high character alike for virtue and for talent. Here she captivates her original protector, Horace Cazalés, and they are upon the point of marriage; but the Cazalés family successfully labour to pre-

vent so disreputable an alliance, and succeed in estranging him from the actress.

Meanwhile, Blanche is a novice in the Parisian convent, where Rose was a boarder, and a romantic friendship has sprung up between the two young girls. Blanche falls in love with the drawing-master, another libertine, who returns her passion, but not ardently enough to think of incumbering himself with a portionless wife. Chance throws in her way, amongst his drawings, a paper, written by his bosom friend Horace Cazalés, confessing his having, two or three years since, taken a shameless advantage of the imbecility of a poor idiot girl, Denise Lazare, bequeathed to his care by her dying father, to whom he, Horace, owed the preservation of his life, and stating that he had subsequently placed her in a convent at Bordeaux. This paper strangely disorders Blanche, whose recollections of anything prior to a recent violent nervous illness are quite indistinct. She shows the paper to her confessor, and reveals her confused recollections and fears; but he argues against them as nervous delusions, and the preparations for her taking the veil proceed. We will extract the scene of her profession, as again in a different style from those we have already given.

‘ Upon this day the church, its inlaid floor waxed like that of a *salon*, and resplendent as a mirror, was dressed out with flowers, as for the gayest of festivals. The walls were tapestried with garlands, the pavement of the choir was strewn with rose-leaves, the vaulted roof impregnated with incense. The great silver chandeliers, the golden angles of the tabernacle and of the cross, the *rosettes* of the gothic frame-work, glittered with light and sunshine; and the metal flowers heaped upon the shrines, rendered the altar radiant with the splendour reflected from their brilliant surfaces. The organ poured out floods of its own full and vibratory harmony; the bell rebounded with joyous cadences in its Italian belfry; the metallic and penetrating voices of young maidens floated dyingly away, from arcade to arcade, amidst the clouds of incense and of melody. Whilst gazing upon the chapel thus dazzling, whilst breathing such perfumes, whilst inhaling the inebriating mystic humidity that seized the soul at the foot of the columns, whilst plunging in the extacy which thrilled every fibre, deluged every recess of that soul, it might have been difficult to guess that a poor girl in the vigour of her age, in the first bloom of her beauty, was about to be affianced to eternal seclusion. . . .

‘ The clergy invited to the ceremony adorned the choir with the luxury of their wealth, with the splendour of their glory. . . . The galleries were thronged with the numerous friends of the community, as an author fills the pit of the theatre with friends to applaud his piece; the back of the chapel was occupied by the nuns in long black mantles; the pupils and boarders filled the middle portion, separated by gratings from the other two; and the crowd that had been unable to make way into the

galleries, pressed into that part of the church whence profane eyes could not pierce the veil that divided them from the nuns.

‘ But at a given signal, after the customary chaunts and a short address from the confessor, the Abbé P——, the black curtain glided back upon its rods, and the whole chapter of the Augustine nuns was seen, ranged in a semicircle of stalls. Alone, kneeling before a praying desk, the novice, richly attired, enveloped in a white Indian shawl and a silver *lana* veil, awaited her *parents*, represented, according to custom, by two kindly disposed individuals. The Abbé Causcalmon, with his dignified demeanor and venerable countenance, was invariably commissioned to play the father. He arose gravely, went forward, and offered his hand to a tall *Sœur de Charité*, (sister Olympie, who had brought Blanche from a Bordeaux convent to this,) who knelt amongst the spectators, and together crossing the nave of the church, they approached the novice. The worthy *Abbé*, accustomed to such solemnities, moved with due deliberation. Not so sister Olympie, whose presence Blanche had solicited, and who, impatient of an idle ceremony, dragged the *Abbé* by the arm, and, to his great discomposure hurried him forwards. . . . But despite her air of hurry, sister Olympie was in tears. She loved not the cloistered life, could not comprehend its use, and pitied those who were dedicated to it. . . .

‘ The *father* and *mother*, each taking a hand of the novice, again crossed the nave, and led her to the high altar, where Monseigneur the archbishop of V—— awaited her, seated in a magnificent arm chair, and turning his back upon the *Holy of Holies*, before which knelt the multitude.

‘ Attired as for a bridal day, radiant in diamonds, satin, lace, and flowers, the novice, trembling like a leaf beaten by the winds, advanced with difficulty to a cushion placed at *Monseigneur’s* feet. The rich dress, taken from the convent treasury only for such occasions, heightened the elegance of her lofty stature, now timidly bent, and the dazzling whiteness of her bare arms and shoulders. Her heart throbbed under the belt of pearls, and when sister Olympie awkwardly threw back the veil which had concealed that lovely face from all eyes, she seemed a beautiful alabaster virgin from the chisel of Canova. A murmur of admiration, regret, and pity, arose from the throng that pressed forward to look upon her.

“ My dear daughter,” said the archbishop, “ what do you ask ?”

‘ The *father* and *mother* answered, “ We present our beloved daughter to the minister of the Lord, that she, now the betrothed of Christ, may become his bride.”

“ It is well,” returned the prelate, “ let her approach, and may the Lord give ear to her prayers !”

‘ The novice arose.

“ You are affianced to the Lord, my dear daughter.”

“ Yes, father,” answered sister Blanche, so softly and timidly, that scarce could the sound of her voice be heard.

“ Since when ?”

“ More than three years.”

"Have you reached the age at which you can dispose of yourself?"

"I am upwards of twenty-one years old.

"What is your name, my dear sister?"

"Sister Blanche."

"That is your conventual name; but your name amongst men?"

"Blanche.—I never knew"

"Denise Lazare," said sister Olympie, in audible accents.

The effect of this name seemed magical upon several persons near the altar. The Abbé P——, who stood upon its steps, uttered an exclamation of surprise, and hastened towards the novice with a vivacity not belonging to his age. Sister Blanche shuddered as though a red-hot iron had touched her; and her pale face was crimsoned. She half arose, as if to protest against sister Olympie's sentence. But suddenly, casting her bewildered eyes around, she grasped the Abbé P——'s arm, and clinging to it with all her strength she stretched out her other hand towards a man, lividly pale, who had detached himself from the crowd, and stood before her, motionless, his hair on end, his lips blue. Then, collecting all the courage inspired by terror and distraction,

"'Tis he, 'tis he!" she exclaimed, seeking to hide herself under the folds of her confessor's white official robe, and fell senseless upon the richly flowered carpet of the altar.

The pale man, in whom the reader will have recognized Horace Cazalés, had stood petrified from the moment the novice's veil was removed. But when she recognized him, when she had blasted him with her dreadful gaze, he sprang towards her, and would have followed sister Olympie, who, in her robust arms, was carrying Blanche off toward the choir, had not the Abbé P——, with his air of blended mildness and severity, seized him by the coat.

"No scandal, sir," said he to Horace in an under tone. "I know every thing. I will have the honour of waiting upon you in the course of the day; withdraw."

Horace Cazalés is now persuaded by his devout sister, that it is his duty, forgetting the actress Rose, to marry his former victim; as is Blanche by a young ascetic Jesuit confessor, substituted for the unmanageably rational Jesuit, Abbé P——, that it is her's to efface her unconscious pollution by the Church's sanction, and to save her polluter's soul by accepting his hand. She dies of agitation and suffering upon the evening of her wedding-day, and Rose again forsakes the theatre to take the veil in the convent—the superior who had expelled her being changed,—where she had known and loved Blanche.

The reader will have observed that there is much to dislike as well as to like in *Rose et Blanche*. It is less animated and interesting in its progress than *Indiana* and *Valentine*; but what we feel most disposed to censure is, that Rose, who, surrounded by vice, had conceived and loved virtue as something poetically beautiful and heroic, finds it so dull, so prosaically commonplace

in the devotee's *chateau*, and in the convent, during her first residence there, that we cannot help fearing she should repent her resistance to her mother's will. Nor is this irksome feeling relieved by representations of her self-satisfaction in her own good conduct, during her second theatrical career. Then we see her first engrossed by her love for Horace, and willing to sacrifice to him her hardly earned reputation, nay, in her secret heart, even her long high-prized virtue, and afterwards broken-hearted by his desertion, and the death of Blanche. Has our authoress no suspicion of the secret and proud self-enjoyment of arduous virtue?

The next of our authoress's publications is a collection of tales, to which the longest, *Le Secrétaire Intime*, gives its name: and, as the shorter tales are merely so many, not very interesting, versions of the authoress's favourite theses, to wit, virtue without absolute chastity, and the difficulty to the heart of woman of loving a second time after the disappointment of its first affections, to the *Secrétaire Intime* we shall confine our attention; the rather that we here find, what we suspect to be George Sand's or Madame Dudevant's *beau idéal* of wedded life.

This is the story of a young Frenchman (Count St. Julien,) of a noble but decayed family, austere educated by a conscientious Catholic priest, who runs away from his father's dilapidated *ci-devant chateau* in disgust upon learning that his mother had, in the days of her youth, been frail. On the road he falls in with a beautiful Italian princess, in a rather theatrical costume, but the actual reigning sovereign of dominions, some few miles square, in Friuli; he pleases her fancy, and is engaged as her confidential secretary. Princess Quintilia Cavalcanti immediately becomes to her new secretary an object of admiration, curiosity, perplexity and suspicion. She is incomparably beautiful, intellectual, zealous in her sovereign duties, and learned, and almost equally giddy, coquettish and frivolous; whilst her frank good humour too often degenerates into a sort of hail-fellow-well-met manner, into masculine coarseness, for—*horresco referens*, but the truth must be told—the beautiful princess smokes! St. Julien is immediately assailed with reports of her licentiousness and cruelty. A French traveller boasts of having had a *bal d'opera* intrigue with her at Paris. A story is current at her court of a certain Max, the illegitimate son of a German prince, and her first love, who had unaccountably disappeared after a public quarrel with her, and was believed to be buried in a certain pavilion, further notorious as the usual scene of her assassinations. An equerry intimates that he has been a favoured lover, and owes his life, as a discarded one, solely to his extreme dis-

cretion; and a page, whom the princess persists in treating as a child, and admitting to the familiarity of a child, incessantly rallies St. Julien upon his stupidity and dulness, in not uniting the post of favourite to that of confidential secretary. A thousand accidents confirm these degrading ideas of Quintilia, which are contradicted only by want of actual evidence, and by her apparent tranquil consciousness of self-approbation. The unhappy secretary meanwhile is madly in love with his princess, utterly at a loss whether to think her the first of created beings, or another Catherine II. of Russia, jealous of every body, and thoroughly miserable. At length he hazards a declaration of his passion, which is received with irony, and followed by a confession of his uncertainties about her character. Some days afterwards, the princess sends for him, desires him to turn his love into friendship, and, to prove her value for this last sentiment from him, gives him an explanation, which, however, explains nothing, except, perhaps, some of the writer's peculiar notions. The passage that seems to bear this interpretation is as follows:—

- ‘Do not take me for a virtuous woman, Julien. I know not what virtue is; I believe in it as I do in Providence, without defining or comprehending it. I know not what it is to struggle against oneself; I never had occasion to do so; I never subjected myself to principles; I have never felt a want of them; I never was hurried further than I chose to go; I have fully indulged all my fancies, and never found myself in danger. A man who feels in his soul no shameful wound requiring concealment may drink to intoxication, and lay bare to view all the recesses of his conscience. A woman who does not love vice need not fear it; she may traverse its mire without a single stain upon her gown;* she may touch the foulness of soul of others, as the sister of charity touches the leprosy in the hospital. She has the privilege of toleration and pardon: if she does not use it she must be wicked. To be chaste and wicked is to be cold, to be chaste and kind is to be good. I never thought this difficult for well governed minds.’

We will add an extract or two, exhibiting princess Quintilia as she appears to St. Julien and the reader. She has been for months shut up in her cabinet with her secretary, studying the philosophy of government, preparing codes of law, maturing projects for promoting the happiness of her subjects.

‘Six months had passed thus. One evening the work was finished; the princess had been more serious and thoughtful than usual; she wrote with her own hand a last page in the register that Julien offered her. While she wrote, Ginetta, (a favourite waiting maid,) who had stolen softly into the room, waited anxiously, her quick eye glancing interrogatively, now at the door where Julien perceived the skirt of Galeotto (the page), now at the darkened and knitted brow of the prin-

* This seems rather easier for man in his doublet and hose, than for woman in her flowing robes.—Petticoats are apt to get sadly dragged in the mire.

cess. The princess laid down her pen absently, buried her head in her hands, took the pen up again, played a moment with a lock of her hair that had broken loose, started, wrote a few figures, signed the register, closed and pushed it away. Then rising, she turned to Ginetta, and stuck the pen amidst her black locks. The chambermaid uttered a cry of joy. "Have you done at last, madam?" she exclaimed. "Will that beautiful hand quit the pen to resume the sceptre and the fan? . . . May I toss to the winds the ugly pen that you have placed in my hair, and that feels as heavy as lead?"

"Make an *auto-da-fé* of it an thou wilt," answered Quintilia; "I work no more this year."

She now, to the mortification of St. Julien, gives herself up to mirth with Ginetta and Galeotto, and devotes her attention as exclusively to inventing dresses for a fancy ball, as she had previously done to legislation and political economy.

'The ball was magnificent. Thanks to one of the princess's most whimsical devices, the whole court represented an immense collection of butterflies and other insects. Variegated tight dresses fitted close to the shape; great wings of different materials, adjusted by invisible wires, were unfolded behind the shoulders, or along the back; and no one could sufficiently admire the correctness of the tints and shades, the cut and position of the wings; even the countenance of each insect was imitated by the head-dress of the personifier. . . .

'The princess herself had regulated the choice and the distribution of the costumes. She had consulted twenty naturalists, and turned over every entomological work in her library, to obtain a degree of perfection, capable of maddening with delight all professors of natural history. . . .

'The apartments were hung and carpeted with flowers, and amongst garlands of roses, silken ladders were hidden, fixed to the walls or hanging from the roof. The boldest insects climbed up these fragile supports, and displayed themselves and their wings below the ceiling or between the pillars. . . . Quintilia, surrounded by professions of love and adoration, gave herself up to the pleasure of being admired, with a youthfulness of intoxication that distracted St. Julien.'

The favourite librarian, a profound naturalist, now affects to take a red scarabeus or *criocère* for the ghost of a scarabeus that he had philosophically slain; the princess is amusing herself with the scene, which seems ending in a joyous recognition, when the *Abbate* Scipione, who acts as master of the ceremonies, leads her aside to the balcony, where St. Julien is lurking angry and unseen, to tell her that the red scarabeus is masked contrary to order, and that nobody knows who he is. She indignantly orders him to be turned out after telling his name.

"Sir," said the *abbate* to the *criocère*, with an arrogance assumed for the first time in his life, "who are you? Her highness insists upon knowing."

‘The stranger whispered his name to the master of the ceremonies, but he was not affected by it as the librarian had been. “I do not know you,” said he, “and as you are not invited, I am commanded to show you out.”

“First tell the princess my name,” rejoined the stranger, “and if she then commands me to withdraw”

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“Rosenheim!” exclaimed the princess violently, “did I hear aright? Speak louder. Or, no! no! rather speak lower,—Rosenheim?”

“Rosenheim,” repeated the *abbate*, ready to faint.

‘But the princess, instead of crushing him with her anger, sprang with a loud cry of joy to his neck, and forcibly embraced him, ejaculating the while: “Ah! *l’abbate*! my dear *abbate*!”’

This mysteriously introduced Rosenheim proves in the end to be the murdered Max himself, who is privately married to Quintilia, and prefers injuring her reputation by stolen interviews, to appearing openly as her husband. And this we apprehend to be Madame Dudevant’s notion of conjugal felicity; an opinion strongly corroborated by an observation of the old librarian, the confidant of Max and Quintilia, who is commissioned to reveal the state of affairs to St. Julien, prior to his final dismissal from the court; a fate which he had justly brought upon himself by a mad attempt upon the princess’s person, as well as by his impertinent prying into her secrets. The librarian ends his explanation with these words:—

‘This union continues so beautiful and so pure, that it proves the excellence of those laws of Lycurgus which obliged husbands to visit their wives with all the precautions employed by lovers, to avoid detection.’

The last novel upon our list has made its appearance since our remarks upon the preceding ones were written; the space which these have already occupied warns us to be brief in what we have to say of this new production of our prolific authoress. In powerful writing and vigorous portraiture, *Jacques* bears more resemblance to *Indiana* and *Valentine*, than to its three immediate predecessors; and one reason of this may be, that the object of it is the same with those two remarkable productions. Decidedly, Madame Dudevant is so much more at home in her delineations of matrimonial miseries, (of which in fact *Jacques* is but a third picture,) than in any other field, that she would well deserve to be called the *Anti-matrimonial Novelist*, if such a title implied any enviable distinction. Notwithstanding the repeated disclaimers which we have seen she has made of the imputed (fairly enough, we think) tendency of her works, she has in this new one put the following declaration into the mouth of the hero, which

must be received, we suppose, as a proof that her own sentiments on the subject remain unaltered.

‘I have not changed my opinion, I have not become reconciled to society, and marriage I still look upon as one of its most odious institutions. I doubt not that it will be abolished, if mankind make any progress towards justice and reason; a more humane and not less sacred tie will replace it, and secure the existence of the children who shall be born to one man and one woman, without enchainning for ever the liberty of either. But men are too coarse (*grossiers*) and women too cowardly (*lâches*) to demand a law more noble than the law of iron which rules them; to beings without conscience and without virtue, heavy chains are necessary. In this age it is impossible to realise the ameliorations which a few generous spirits dream of; these spirits forget that they are a century in advance of their contemporaries, and that before the law can be changed, man himself must be changed.’

His actions, however, are not in unison with his professions; he marries—and is punished accordingly.

In the present instance, the authoress has illustrated the impossibility of constant love, and wedded happiness, by the fate of a union, the counterpart of which is certainly not of frequent occurrence in actual life. The husband, Jacques, is a man, who, having lived through the tempest of Napoleon’s triumphs and fate, and had some score of impassioned intrigues in as many years, becomes, at the age of thirty-five, tired of active life and turns philosopher, and fancies it happiness to lie on the sofa and smoke hour after hour by the side of his wife; and the lady is a pretty, ignorant, romantic school-girl of seventeen, who has nothing upon earth with which to occupy her solitude except her love and admiration of her silent, smoking husband. Jacques himself is, we must confess, a personage the prototype of whom we never had the good luck to meet with, or hear of. Men there are still, we doubt not, even in these degenerate days, who can drink a whole company under the table, and walk steadily away. But that a boy of fifteen, the first time he pollutes his lips with tobacco or alcohol, should smoke and swill brandy, at the discretion of a whole regiment, without perceptible effect upon head, stomach, or nerves, is a physiological phenomenon as startling, as his laming, in a previously determined manner, a professed duellist, the very first time he wields a sabre. One who begins so is not to be judged by common rules; wherefore we have not a word to say upon the probability of his committing suicide, to enable his faithless wife to marry her paramour. The character of this personage, the fickle, impetuous, selfish Octave, is true to nature; as is, we fear, the passion he inspires in the tender heart of the sweet but silly heroine, Fernande. Many of the minor characters are admirable sketches. The rough veterans of the Imperial army are hit off with a spirited, a masculine hand.

ART. III.—*L'Italie et l'Europe*, par J. C. Beltrami. Paris.
1834. 8vo.

HERE is another pamphlet on Italian politics, which tempts us to return to that subject sooner than we had intended. The author, Signor Beltrami, is the traveller who some years since published an account of his Journey to the Sources of the Mississippi. He labours to prove in his present publication, that Europe is under the greatest obligations to Italy, as the mother of sciences, literature and the arts,—that Europe has made a very ungrateful return to her benefactress, in allowing her territory to be divided and kept in subjection by foreigners, and that in order to clear off the long-standing score of obligation, the nations of Europe, and France in particular, ought *now* to interfere, for the purpose, we presume, (for this is not clearly stated,) either of making the Austrians evacuate the Italian provinces which they possess, or of obtaining free institutions for the other Italian states, or for both these purposes together. The author dedicates his pamphlet to the king of the French, who, he says, will acquire immortal glory by protecting liberty and order united, and by the salutary influence he will thus exercise over the whole European family, from the German Ocean to the mouths of the Volga, &c. And because France has taken a part in settling the question of the succession in Spain and Portugal, Italy, Mr. Beltrami says,—Italy, the *mater alma* of liberty and civilization,—Italy, which has given to Louis-Philippe an incomparable consort and a most amiable family, &c., cannot but expect a return of restoration (*sic in libro*).—pp. 6—8. Mr. Beltrami then enters into an elaborate recapitulation of all the discoveries, improvements and other benefits which Italy has conferred upon Europe, in answer, it seems, to some tirade of the French press derogatory to the character of his country.

We will not discuss any item of the claims Mr. Beltrami puts forth in behalf of his native land; we have ourselves been ever ready to render justice to the talents and merits of the Italians, as many of our pages can testify. We have taken their part against the rash judgments and absurd dogmatism of travellers, as well as against the exaggerations of political partisans, whether foreign or native, who would represent the whole of Italy as sunk into utter degradation, as a country unfit for rational beings to live in, as a land, in short, of the dead, or at best, of slaves. All such sweeping judgments passed upon twenty millions of people, in a high state of civilization, subject to seven or eight different governments, between which there are many shades of diversity

in the principles and practice of administration, as well as in the local institutions, we look upon as utterly worthless, disgraceful only to the utterers. To compare the condition of the Italian states under the restored governments with that of either Spain or Portugal under Ferdinand and Miguel, would be a mere stretch of rhetorical figure, as any unbiassed observer who has lived in both the Peninsulas can aver.

The Foreign Quarterly has no party object to favour, no political bias to indulge; it reviews works on political questions concerning foreign countries, upon the same grounds as it reviews works on literature and the sciences, that is to say, with reference to the merits of the works themselves, and to the logical and moral justness of the principles maintained in them. In a late number, (xxvi. p. 340,) we had occasion to notice two works on Italy, one an organ of the ultra-liberal or republican party, and the other by a writer whom we think we may style a friend to constitutional principles, though not an advocate of revolutions. Without adopting all the conclusions of this last writer, we stated his arguments, and we observed of him that he seemed successfully to combat several assertions, and to expose several fallacies of the ultra-liberals, and that there was much in his book that deserved a calm attention. By inviting discussion on the present condition of Italy, and on the best and most practicable means of improving that condition, we think that Count Dalpozzo has rendered a service to his country. Discussion is the only means of arriving at truth, even although each of the parties debating should be wrong in some of its positions or inferences. Until M. Dalpozzo's book appeared, we must say we had read nothing in the shape of a dispassionate attempt to elucidate the very intricate subject of Italian politics. Now and then, it is true, we have found admissions in several writers of unexceptionable character, Italian and foreign,* which confirmed us in our belief that the evils of the restoration in Italy had been much exaggerated, and that the course of material and moral improvement had by no means been stopped since that epoch. The worst features of Napoleon's military despotism have disappeared, whilst several of his improvements in the judicial and economical branches of his administration have remained. In

* Among the foreign writers who have spoken without passion or prejudice of the past and present condition of Italy, we may mention Valery, Maltebrun in his *Annales des Voyages*, Tournon, Artaud and Walsh. Of Italian authorities we may quote Cantù, Botta, Coracini, Bertolotti, Laugier, Coppi (*Annali d' Italia fino al 1819*), Francesco Forti, and articles in the *Antologia*, the *Progresso*, the *Annali Civili* of the two Sicilies, &c.

speaking of the progress of a country, we must judge by comparison. We hear a great deal about the *kingdom* of Italy, but few people seem to notice that this kingdom was not in extent or population more than one third of Italy. It comprised Lombardy and Venice, Modena, the Legations, and the Marches. Another full third, the lion's share, was incorporated with the French empire, which thereby stretched its frontiers to the north of the Po as far as Vercelli, and to the south of that river to beyond Parma, and again extended beyond the Apennines down to Terracina. Piedmont, Genoa, Tuscany, Parma and Rome, with about six millions of people, were transformed into French departments. The remaining third constituted the kingdom of Naples, which retained its old frontiers, and an outward show of nationality under one of Napoleon's prefect-kings. Such were the unity and nationality of Italy under Napoleon; one third of the country was merged into France, and the other two thirds were governed by his lieutenants. These two latter kingdoms however (Italy and Naples) had at least each a native administration, a central government and a native army; they figured as distinct nations, though politically dependent on France. These advantages Naples has retained by the restoration, and in a greater degree than before; for, certainly, whatever influence Austria may be thought to exercise over that kingdom, it cannot be seriously asserted to have assumed the character of barefaced direct dictation which Napoleon once exercised over the same country. Naples by the restoration has also been re-united to the important island of Sicily. Under the name of the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, it now figures as the first in population and resources among the second rate powers of Europe, immediately after Prussia and Spain.

The kingdom of Italy, on the contrary, was considerably diminished by the change, having lost Modena and the northern Papal provinces, in consequence of which its present extent and population, under the name of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, are not more than two thirds of what they formerly were. It has lost much of its outward splendour, for the Austrian viceregal court and administration are less pompous and more parsimonious than the former; it may also be said to have lost its fine army, as the actual Italian regiments, ten in number, are not kept together in one body, but are doing duty separately in other parts of the Austrian monarchy. Its dependence upon Vienna in civil matters is also greater and more direct than it was formerly on the cabinet of Napoleon. But has the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom lost likewise in its industry, in its judicial and economical administra-

tion, in its system of instruction, in its internal prosperity? All these offer points for a comparison, which we should like to see fairly instituted and grounded upon authenticated facts. Looking to the statistical journals, we see many signs of material prosperity in Lombardy. If we examine the works that come from the presses of Milan and other cities of the same state, we see evidence of mental progress, and often a freedom of sentiment which we should look for in vain in the works published under Napoleon. The public, and especially the elementary, instruction appears to be fast spreading. On the liberal side, we have seen vague and often inconsistent assertions of individual cases of hardship which look like exceptions, a great deal of ridicule cast upon the alleged stupidity or blundering of some of the Austrian functionaries, and much invective and declamation. The Austrian code of laws is by some represented as far inferior to the French: other authorities, by no means partial to Austria, give a different judgment on it. "The Austrian code," says one of these,* "civil, criminal and ecclesiastical, is the best on the continent, and superior by far to the boasted code of Napoleon. It was begun by Joseph II. and has been continued down to the present time; it bears the name of *Codex Francisci I.*" The Austrian penal code is very mild, some say too mild, *except always in what regards political offences*. But with regard to these, Napoleon's code, and still more his practice, were also far from mild. It is true that the awe inspired by his power, the total subjection to which he had reduced the people's minds, and the hopelessness of resistance, made conspiracies and revolts very scarce in his time; still there are instances of dreadful severity against several who were rash enough to make the attempt. Without going back to the atrocities of the first revolutionary invasion, to the massacres of Pavia, Binasco, Lugo, Arezzo, Terracina, &c. we may mention the fate of the commune of Crespino on the Lower Po in 1806, and the military executions at Mantua in 1810, for political offences. Napoleon's state prisons, whether in France or Italy, were far from empty, as the records of Fenestrelle,† Chateau d'If, Compians, Ham, Vincennes, Joux, &c. can prove.

With regard to those fine and extensive Italian provinces which were violently incorporated with the French empire, they

* "Austria as it is," London, 1827. See also Mr. Russel's *Tour in Germany*, a very candid writer. His sketch of the Emperor Francis and of the Imperial family, as distinct from the Aulic Council or Cabinet, we would recommend to those who may feel curiosity on the subject.

† Of the numerous state prisoners confined at Fenestrelle, Cardinal Pacca gives a list in his *Memoirs*. They were men of various conditions, ecclesiastics and laymen, from various parts of Italy, besides Spaniards. See *Foreign Quarterly Review*, No. XXI. p. 68.

have by the restoration recovered their old nationality; the restored governments, whatever their deficiencies may be, are Italian, the rulers and the ruled are countrymen, they speak the same language, understand each other's manners and habits; the money raised by taxes is spent in the country; the offices are filled by natives. The young men are no longer snatched from their families and their pursuits, and sent by thousands every year to a foreign depot, or a foreign camp beyond the Alps, never to return, and after a few years, perhaps months, of a life of hardship and privations, to die a miserable death by the hand of a Spanish guerrilla, or in the swamps of Poland, or the snows of Russia, in order that the dynasty of an upstart might become "the oldest in Europe." Captain Laugier, in his spirited *Letter to the authors of the Ephemerides Militaires de France*, published in 1819, calculated from the lists of the conscription, that not less than 100,000 Italians, natives of Piedmont, Genoa, Parma, Tuscany and Rome, (which number was constantly kept up by fresh conscriptions,) were serving scattered in the ranks of the French army from 1808 to 1814, independently of the army of the "kingdom of Italy," amounting to 80,000 men, and of the contingent of the kingdom of Naples. The 100,000 men, however, above mentioned, were considered as Frenchmen, and drafted into French regiments; and they had not even the satisfaction of being commanded by Italian officers, or of having their deeds commemorated in the bulletins as Italian soldiers. These are facts which it is well to remind people of who talk about Italian independence in those days.

Of the Italian states which have been restored to nationality, the dominions of the king of Sardinia constitute the most important.* With four millions of people, an active, spirited and industrious race; a country rich in native productions; with a fine army, a large tract of sea coast, which rears up 40,000 of the best seamen in the Mediterranean,† possessing one of the finest islands in that sea, the Sardinian monarchy holds a respectable

* Rome, Tuscany and Parma are the others. Of Rome this journal has spoken at length in No. XXI. With regard to Tuscany, we do not think we can refer those who wish to have a correct idea of its actual social and civil state, to better information than that contained in an article in the *Journal of Education*, No. 5. They will find there that the people of Tuscany are in fact happy, as far as that word can apply to a whole population. Of Parma we hear little, but that little is not of a kind to make us believe that the government of Maria Louisa is harsh or oppressive.

† Genoa and its Riviera have now 5000 merchant vessels, and about 40,000 seamen inscribed on the maritime lists. The arrivals in the port of Genoa in the year 1832 were 2857, of which 2283 were under the native flag, and out of these, 427 from the Black Sea, 100 from Egypt and the Levant, 607 from ports of the Atlantic, and 41 from America. The exports were sixty millions, and the imports seventy-two millions of francs.

rank among the second rate powers of Europe. Its flag navigates all the seas in perfect security. Its subjects have a national name of which they need not be ashamed. The Piedmontese, it is well known, have a strong spirit of nationality. Their neighbours and fellow subjects, the Genoese, sprung from the same Ligurian stock, are thriving in their maritime commerce far more than at any other period of their history. They have not the monopoly of the Levant, as they had in the 13th century, but they still carry on a great part of that trade, and they have besides a fast growing commerce with South America. What was the trade of Genoa under Napoleon? and what was the trade of the Genoese republic before Napoleon, when the Barbary corsairs carried off its vessels in sight of its very coast?

An intelligent young traveller, who visited the Sardinian states in the course of last year, gives us the following plain unsophisticated account of the condition and spirit of the population.

After speaking of the restoration in Piedmont, in 1814, which, although attended by no violent reaction or persecution of any sort, replaced things as they had been before the French occupation of 1798, and by virtue of which the superior ranks in the army, in the administration, and in the law, have been filled almost exclusively by the nobility, which is very numerous in that country, he adds:—

“The clergy, however, retain considerable influence, the throne is supported by the altar, and as the spirit of the population is generally religious, this support is not here as illusory as it has proved elsewhere. Among the other classes there is no doubt a vague discontent, which, however, does not go so far as to favour revolt, and this has been proved by the fact, that the masses have nowise joined in the attempts at military revolution which have taken place of late years. Recent examples have also proved that the French propagandists will find no support here from the mass of the people. Most of the inhabitants of Piedmont are proprietors, and therefore attached to material order. They have not forgotten our invasion; they can appreciate the just value of liberty brought in at the point of foreign bayonets; and they are also aware that constitutions transplanted from one country to another seldom take root. I have conversed here with several enlightened liberals, men who are enabled by their social position to form a correct idea of the opinions of the generality of their countrymen; they have all assured me that they expect no good either from a French intervention, or from a revolution, but that they hope much from time, and the impulse of general causes. These liberals, whom I call *progressive*, in order to distinguish them from such as are merely *revolutionary*, are numerous in Piedmont, and they have many partizans in the ranks of the nobility. The only part of the French system which they regret is the equality before the

law, established by the Code Napoleon. To be impartial, however, we must allow, that abuses are not in this country so numerous or so crying as one might suppose from the arbitrary power the government is possessed of. Whether it be a natural moderation on the part of its princes, or that they have feared to inflame opinion by doing all that they could do, it is certain that their dominion has been far from oppressive; far from being so worrying as the Austrian dominion is in Lombardy. Turin enjoys a liberty *de facto*, of which Milan exhibits not a shadow. Many monstrous prerogatives which belong to the king remain unemployed, as a weapon which is never taken out of the scabbard."—*Voyage en Suisse, en Lombardie, et en Piémont*, par le Comte Theobald Walsh,* vol. ii. pp. 102—104.

The administration is orderly and economical, the court is regular and even exemplary in its habits, and there is none of that lavish expenditure, and that profligacy which have disgraced other absolute courts. There is an old saying in Piedmont, that the House of Savoy has never produced a tyrant.

"The bitterness of the invectives" (observes Count Walsh) "which are daily poured out against these poor despots, some of whom are personally the best people in the world, reminds me of a certain traveller, who, in noticing some African animal, speaks of it as 'very ferocious, for it defends itself against the hunters who want to kill it.' The troops are well fed and well clothed; they manoeuvre well, and soldiers as well as officers have a true military bearing and appearance. Charles Albert pays much attention to the army. The spirit of the officers, who are mostly nobles, is in favour of the government. In the last conspiracy (1833) very few of them were implicated. The privates, who are taken chiefly from the rural population, have no settled opinions, and in any case are not hostile to the government; but among the non-commissioned officers there exists a leaven of discontent, which has repeatedly risen into fermentation. Most of these men belong to the class of citizens; they have received some education, they see themselves debarred from promotion, and they know there was a time when it was not so. This explains the part the army took in the revolt of 1820. The object of that revolt was to drive the Austrians beyond the Alps, and to unite Northern Italy under a native constitutional sceptre."

The union of Lombardy with Piedmont is an old and cherished project of the Piedmontese. This accounts for several superior officers and noblemen attached to their king having at first joined in the movement. Victor Emmanuel, however, did not approve of the plot.

"The conception of the plan was grand and patriotic, but supposing it to have been executable, the plan was not yet sufficiently mature, and the populations had not had time to become associated with it. The sudden

* This book we shall probably notice more fully hereafter.

explosion of the Neapolitan revolution obliged the Piedmontese conspirators to precipitate theirs before they had collected all their means. The result was a mere military insurrection, insulated amidst the masses, and unable to cope with the superior forces of Austria. A great number of young men of the first families in the country were at the head of the conspiracy; the motives of most of them were pure and disinterested, as I have heard acknowledged by honourable men who had fought in the opposite ranks."—*Ib.* vol. ii. pp. 108—109.

No doubt, the idea of a North-Italian kingdom, extending from the Alps to the Apennines, having Milan and Turin for its capitals, and Genoa and Venice for its seaports, with a population of between nine and ten millions, and extending over one of the most fertile regions in Europe,—such a kingdom is a splendid vision, and, supposing the Austrians out of the question, might be realized without any great obstacles from localities, or from the various populations themselves. There is no natural frontier between Piedmont and Lombardy: the same great river waters both, and receives its affluents from both the Alps and Apennines; and Parma, Modena, and the Legations are natural parts of the same region. The idea of such a union is much more plausible than the startling one of melting down all the Italian populations, even unto Calabria and Sicily, into one great state, and that state a republic! Why, it would require a stern unbending despotism of a quarter of a century at least in order to amalgamate Neapolitans and Sicilians with the Milanese; Romans and Tuscans with the Piedmontese. The great cities of the south are interested against such a scheme. The climate, the localities, the character of the populations, are too essentially different. Naples has been for eight hundred years a kingdom by itself; its boundaries have never varied; during the two hundred years it was subject to the crown of Spain it suffered greatly, but its national character remained; the habits, manners, feelings, local institutions, are based upon its entity as a distinct country. With seven millions and a half of inhabitants, a splendid capital, which ranks the third in Europe, a soil rich in all the productions of the south, and an immense line of coast, the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, placed between Europe and Africa and on the threshold of the Levant, has within itself all the elements of prosperity, and a distinct political orbit assigned to it by nature itself. This, however, should not exclude a federal bond between it and the rest of the Peninsula.

Analogous reasons militate against the amalgamation of Tuscany and Rome with either Naples or North Italy, but there exists not the same repulsive force between Tuscany and Rome; they were both once in the boundaries of Italia proper, as far as the Rubicon.

Ever since the close of the middle ages, the political tendency of Italy has been to form great divisions; numbers of diminutive principalities and republics have gradually disappeared, by being incorporated with their neighbours. Out of these amalgamations, the Sardinian monarchy, Lombardy, Tuscany, and the Papal State have been formed. The same progressive course would point to the ultimate formation of three great Italian states, North, Centre and South. Each of these three divisions contains within itself sufficient elements of greatness, both material and moral; each has its own historical associations, and its own peculiar character, physical and moral, while the parts composing each have sufficient homogeneity. These are mere speculations concerning events still buried in the womb of futurity, but if people will speculate upon such things, they ought at least to reason according to probabilities, according to natural causes and effects and historical experience; they would thus produce a new idea of something satisfactory and plausible, to which the attention of men might turn itself in time.

Our notice of M. Dalpozzo's work, and "the celebrity (which it seems) we have thereby imparted to it," have impelled into the lists with him a volunteer champion of the liberal cause on this side of the Channel, to whose production we should have felt disposed to pay greater attention, had the author's facts, his arguments, or his eloquence (which last is eminently of the invective kind) been at all upon a par with his skill in calling names, in which he has attained a proficiency only to be ascribed to native talent or long practice. For the vituperation which he has bestowed upon ourselves we readily forgive him, seeing that the motives for it exist so completely in his own imagination. Of him we shall only say in return, that we believe him to be a sincere, however intemperate, partizan.

The object of this pamphlet* is directly opposed to that of Count Dalpozzo's book, and in entire conformity with the spirit and maxims of *La Giovine Italia*, to the editor of which it is dedicated; it is almost superfluous therefore to say, that the author preaches to his countrymen eternal war with Austria—that he advocates the union of all Italy under one government—and that government a republic. Of his style of reasoning an extract or two will enable our readers to judge.

After saying that "a republican government must rest on the

* "Strictures on the Publication of Count Dalpozzo with some Remarks on the Foreign Quarterly Review. By P. A." London, 1834. The author describes himself as an Italian—twenty-five years absent from his native country, during twenty of which he has been constantly resident in England: circumstances sufficient of themselves to deprive his testimony—if he had any to give, which he has not—of all weight whatever.

basis of genuine virtue, of which the annals of the world do not offer a single specimen," p. 72, after expressing his dread of a financial and commercial aristocracy, and his reverence for the aristocracy of rank in England; after abusing in good set terms the people of the Stock Exchange, and showing a liberal contempt for "bakers, stationers, cheesemongers, *et hoc genus omne*, who have laid out part of their rapidly gotten fortunes, not in assisting charitable institutions and founding new ones, not in improving the city of London, but in obtaining a title (!)" the writer decides that republican institutions are not suited to England, and, *à fortiori*, still less suited "to the volatile French nation, where the unquenchable thirst for sensual pleasures—the *esprit de bagatelle* which presides over all their most serious pursuits, and their (the French) conscientious subserviency to the tenets of Rome (!) form the counterpart of the sobriety, firmness of purpose, simplicity of manner, and stern morality of genuine republicanism." —p. 79. And all these requisites, which are wanting in the French and English, are, it would seem, met with in Italy, among the abstemious, platonic, self-denying, primitive populations of Milan, Venice, Turin, Florence, Genoa, Bologna, Rome, Naples, Palermo, &c.—among the ascetic loungers of the Corso or Toledo, the disinterested frequenters of the Porto Franco or Piazza Banchi of Genoa, or the Via Grande at Leghorn. There is no taste whatever for sensual pleasures in those places; no desire of making money; no personal ambition, *ambizione di primeggiare*, which poor Bossi has pointed out as a characteristic of the Italians, time out of memory; no luxury, no epicurism: a Spartan-like simplicity pervades the land. This is the inference we must draw, as our author concludes that a republic, the qualifications for which he has just stated, "appears to him the most suitable of all governments for the Italians."—p. 81.

But we had forgotten another qualification for this republican government: "No religion at present exists in Italy, (so at least this Italian asserts), a consequence of the too long prevalence of a sanguinary sect; but there exists in the minds of the Italians a sincere, nay, an impatient desire to adopt Christianity as it came from the mouth of its divine founder." Does he really mean that the masses of the various people of Italy, the agricultural populations, the industrious classes in the cities, the inhabitants of the Apennines, or the seafaring people of the coasts, does he mean that they are ready to abjure catholicism and turn evangelicals? And this same writer had said above, that the French are conscientiously subservient to the tenets of Rome! Verily, he seems to know the one of the two nations as intimately as the

other. His motto is, *delenda est Roma!* and he thus addresses his countrymen:—

“Swear an eternal uncompromising hatred to the Church of Rome, the only source of all the evils which for centuries past have desolated your fine illustrious country. . . . Be convinced—that liberty and papistry are irreconcilable enemies. . . . Do not grant your oppressors any other peace than the peace of the grave. Our swords are our plenipotentiaries, our hatred to tyranny our counsellor, the spirit of the age our ally, revenge our leader, our historical character the trustee of our hopes, Providence our supreme guide. The struggle may be long, the events of various vicissitudes, the decimations of our citizens immense, but Greece, Spain, and Portugal have bled profusely, and their veins are now filled with a renovated and vigorous blood.”—p. 62.

Now these are precisely the sentiments, this is the political enthusiasm, some would call it fanaticism, which we have said we doubted, as we still doubt, whether they would find an echo in the breasts of one thousandth part of the people in Italy. We even doubt whether any very considerable number of Italian liberals would assent to such sentiments and views. It is now well understood, that the *exaltados* of Spain in 1822-3 did not represent the feelings of the Spanish people. Our position as writers in an English journal places us far from the heated atmosphere of foreign political clubs and coteries, and makes it our duty to tell our readers that which we, after mature investigation, believe to be the truth; this requires us to listen to the reports of the different parties, without relying implicitly upon any of them; to compare conflicting statements, weigh authorities, discard exaggerations, and discriminate between authenticated facts and vague surmises. This we have endeavoured till now conscientiously to do with regard to the various political questions which we have had occasion to discuss. On the subject of Italy we have stated our *opinion*; our *wishes* are out of the question in such a case. We think that all arguments concerning that country which are based upon the position that Italy is but one nation—which it never has been—and ought to have but one government, must lead to vague and unprofitable discussion. It is judging of things in *esse*, from an assumption of things in *posse*. One might as well judge of Prussia, Saxony, Hanover, Hesse, and Würtemberg all in the lump. That because Italy is not united, all its governments must be bad, is not a self-evident proposition; neither is it by any means clear that, because its governments are bad, supposing them to be so, the union of all its provinces under one rule is the only remedy for its misgovernment. At all events, it is necessary to prove, first, that all its governments are bad, and this can only be

done by examining them separately, and with respect to the wants and wishes of their respective populations; and secondly, that the condition of each would be improved by melting them all into one, a thing we very much question. Some people affect to look with disdain upon such small states as Tuscany, Rome, Sardinia, and Naples, as if they could not support an honourable and independent political existence. And yet Holland has not so many inhabitants as the Papal State; Denmark has not one third more population than Tuscany; Portugal and Sweden are neither of them so populous as the Sardinian monarchy, and not one half so populous as the kingdom of the Two Sicilies; and yet Sweden, Portugal, Denmark and Holland have all maintained their independence for ages, and acted a not inglorious part in history. We think that the Italian States might be very happy and prosperous as separate states: we think that some of them are now as happy and prosperous as most other countries in Europe, and that they ought to avoid above all to endanger their national existence by meddling with foreign powers, or giving them a pretence for interfering in their affairs. M. Dalpozzo hints, and only hints, at the possibility of Central Italy forming one kingdom with Lombardy under the crown of Austria; we did not support such a speculation in our former article, nor do we at present. It is a mere *projet*, which we think neither practicable nor advantageous. But that which Dalpozzo chiefly insisted upon, is, that the actual Italian subjects of Austria, the people of Lombardy and Venice, might have added to their material comforts, had they for the last twenty years met their government in a spirit of cordiality and frankness, instead of ineffectually plotting and conspiring against it. We see no chance at present of Austria being compelled to give up Lombardy, nor do we conceive that the Italians of other states feel under any positive obligation to wage a "war to the knife" in order to compel her to do so. It appears to us that any threat or attack of this kind would only afford, as it has already afforded three times, a pretence to Austria for interfering in the internal politics of the other states. But our business is to correct statistical fallacies, rather than to speculate upon future political contingencies.

As a sequel to his late production, and also to show his readiness to hear the other side of the question, M. Dalpozzo has, we see, recently published a prospectus, offering a prize of a gold medal of a thousand francs value for "the best treatise either *for* or *against* his late work, or which may point out the best and most practicable means of securing the happiness of the Italians." The treatises must be written either in Italian, French, or English, and

delivered before the end of March next at his house, No. 1, Rue St. Croix d'Antin, Paris. The decision upon the merits of the essays will be entrusted to some academy or literary society, or to a jury of five or seven members of unexceptionable character and reputation. We suspect the author of the English pamphlet we have just noticed will not have much chance of obtaining the prize. In the notes accompanying this prospectus, M. Dalpozzo refutes several attacks of the liberals, and complains of their intolerance. One of his former friends wrote to him, "that he had not read his work, because the title alone was enough for him to condemn it," and at the same time reproached him with "having trampled upon the most sacred sentiments of the Italians, with having insulted justice and truth, &c." M. Dalpozzo must know that his is not the first book that has been condemned without being read. Some of the French journals have, it seems, judged his production upon similar grounds. Another friend writes to him from Milan, that a great difference of opinion prevails about his book; that those who judge without passion find much truth and sound sense in it, but that it will have no effect, because the advice which Count Dalpozzo gives to the Austrian government will not be adopted, as the Aulic Councillors follow their old state maxims, and are opposed to all innovation. "French writers," continues M. Dalpozzo's correspondent, "call the Aulic Council *vermoulu*, "worm-eaten," but this worm-eaten council still maintains itself, whilst other cabinets and administrations spring up and fall like the insects of a summer's day, which example, probably, induces our Aulic Councillors to persevere in the same path they have always trodden." Count Dalpozzo exposes also a perversion of the text of the famous Austrian Catechism, which has gone the round of the liberal journals. He quotes the words of the text in their proper order, which modify considerably the servile meaning that has been ascribed to them.

- ART. IV.—1. *Eloge de M. le Baron Cuvier.* Par C. L. Laurillard, Conservateur du Cabinet d'Anatomie au Museum d'Histoire Naturelle de Paris. 1833. 8vo.**
- 2. *Notice Historique sur les Ouvrages de M. le Baron Cuvier.* Par G. L. Duvernoy, D. M. P. &c. &c. 1833. 8vo.**
- 3. *Eloge du Baron Cuvier.* Par M. E. Pariset, Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie Royale de Médecine. 1833. 8vo.**
- 4. *Mémoires sur le Baron Georges Cuvier, publiés en Anglais* par Mistress Lee, *et en Français* par M. Théodore Lacordaire. 1833. 8vo.**

No private death within our recollection occasioned a more deep, general, and permanent concern than that of the eminent person to record the particulars of whose life the above works have been written. For a time after it occurred, a feeling was left in men's minds as if the very course of natural science must be arrested by it; and vain as such a feeling must be—for the course of science can never wholly depend upon any individual, however wonderfully endowed—it not unnaturally arose out of the impression which so capacious an intellect as that of Cuvier made on the age in which its manifestation was permitted.

A long cessation of the rude excitements incidental to a state of war has left men more open to such impressions, and to the true glories of science an undisputed claim. Our enthusiasm now waits on the merits of the improvers of knowledge, and the fact speaks well for the age of which it embodies the character. To follow with eagerness the unavoidable devastations and outrages of conquest, to peruse with savage wonder the daily reports of all that legal carnage and unrestrained physical force can effect upon mankind, is no longer the accustomed occupation of a large part of the thinking world. After a quarter of a century of military glory, nations have leisure to ask to what end their triumphs have led, and what increase of happiness, what social blessings, have been purchased by so much bloodshed. The conquests which now excite our interest are those achieved in the fields of science, where victory scatters flowers and fruits—is not followed by exactions and sorrows that wring comfort from human hearts, but by happiness and pure delights. The force of which we now contemplate the prodigious effects, is that of the instructed mind of man. We applaud, whilst he lives, the philosopher who reads the heavens and the earth; and we grieve for him when death removes him from the world he improved. We weave the brightest wreath and costliest crown for those who benefit their fellow-creatures, and the fresh leaves adorn their memory unspotted by cruelty and crime.

Certainly, of all those of whom enlightened nations have had to mourn the loss in this age, none was more deserving of their attachment, none did more for them, none performed his duty upon earth more efficiently and with more marked effects, none more advanced the thoughts of the philosophers of his time, or left the influence of his labours more visible on the labours commencing when his own were ending, than Cuvier. He not only lives in his works; his spirit is yet with us: even in death he is in the front of those who are advancing, and his very remains lead them on to the rich rewards of new discovery.

The journals of science and of literature throughout all Europe have shown the anxiety of different classes of writers to do justice to his greatness. His various acquirements, equally vast and minute; his multiplied labours; his elevated views; his private virtues, have furnished to each admirer so many topics of just eulogy. The naturalist, the moralist, the orator, the statesman, have each acknowledged the sympathy which binds them all to a man in whom every variety of merit seemed to be united, and whose eloquence equally adorned and enforced the philosophy of science and of life. His attached friends, and the pupils who revered and loved him, have felt that the contemplation of such a character charmed and elevated their own, and have lingered over reminiscences, before which all that was mean, or indolent, or unintellectual, fled away. The publications before us are but a few of the offerings laid upon his tomb, but they are sincere and precious. M. Laurillard, the Conservator of the Cabinet of Anatomy in the Museum of Natural History of Paris, was a co-operator with Cuvier in several of his most important investigations, drew many of the figures which illustrate his works, and is entrusted with the publication of some of his manuscripts. M. Duvernoy is the professor of natural history at Strasburg, and deems no means so powerful to excite a noble enthusiasm in his pupils as that of setting before them Cuvier's example. M. Pariset is a distinguished physician of Paris, who has often been honoured with important public commissions, and whose attainments and eloquence render him a proper organ for the expression of admiration and gratitude on the part of a profession to which the labours of the naturalist had presented many valuable facts and opened great generalizations. Mrs. Lee's book, already well known in our own language, is the record of an accomplished friend, who, exhibiting in her appreciation of the writings and public services of Cuvier, a delicacy, a discrimination, an extent of information, and a modesty, most honourable to her sex, has also painted him as he was in private life, and in the bosom of his family, amidst the tranquil occupations of his study,

or when sustaining as became him the domestic griefs which in his later years overshadowed him; and she has done this with a fidelity and a pathos to which we think the sympathy and tears of many readers must have borne an unsuspicious testimony.

From these publications might be collected ample biographical materials, which would be read with much interest; but these, for the most part, have already been laid before the English reader. Their perusal has, however, reminded us of Cuvier's claims to be commemorated, not only by those who love science, but by all to whom intellectual excellence, or even the pleasures of an elevated literature, afford any gratification. When death has put a period to the efforts of exalted individuals, exposed even by that exaltation to some misrepresentation, we may reflect, not without profit, on their earliest efforts, on their maturer performances, and on the hopes and thoughts which animated them until death extinguished all that mortal efforts can reach, or left the least perishable results to be transferred to successive minds for slow and complete development. We shall only mention such particulars of Cuvier's life as cannot be separated from a view of his intellectual progress. He was a native of Montbéliard, then the chief town of a principality belonging to the dukes of Würtemberg. His parents were not in easy circumstances, his father being a half-pay officer, who, after forty years' service, was unable to afford to his son more than the common advantages of provincial school education. At fifty years of age he had married a young and accomplished woman, who became the mother of George Cuvier, and by whom his early years were guarded with affectionate and judicious care. Her more than parental solicitude for his mental improvement justifies us in adding the instance of Cuvier to the many examples of distinguished men who, perhaps, owed a considerable share of their greatness to the attainments and character of a mother of superior understanding. History presents us with numerous instances of this nature, and they seem the more curious when contrasted with an equally well established fact, that the children of very eminent men have seldom been distinguished for ability, and have frequently proved either feeble in mind, or of precocious talents and a fragile and unenduring frame. In many families rendered illustrious by one great name, the father and grandfather of the distinguished member of the family were men of good understanding, without being brilliant; but after the great man, the line has immediately and sensibly declined. The physiological hypothesis may be, that the offspring of men devoted to the pursuit of fame in arduous paths, are necessarily of imperfect organization; or that there is some law which, permitting an ascending scale of intellect to render fami-

lies eminent in a generation, checks their vain aspirations after perpetuity of influence, by withdrawing the gift when it has reached a certain elevation, leaving the proud edifice of their fame, which once they flattered themselves would reach the heavens, a mere unfinished monument. However this may be, Cuvier's mother was worthy to bear such a son. She watched over his infirm infancy with the tenderest care, and she saw and directed the development of his wonderful faculties. "The joys of parents," says Bacon, "are secret;" and great, although it may have been unexpressed and inexpressible, must have been the joy of such a mother watching such a son. He was singularly diligent and thoughtful, and when no more than ten years old was not only a delighted reader of Buffon, but faithfully copied all the plates, and coloured them according to the descriptions which he read. Accustomed as we are to speak of Cuvier as the great interpreter of the animated parts of nature, it is a pleasure to read that his affection for this admirable parent was cherished by him to the latest period of his life, and that nothing gave the great philosopher and harassed minister more delight than when some friendly hand had placed in his apartment the flowers which his mother had taught him in his youthful days to love.

An injustice done to his boyish merits caused him to abandon Tübingen, the first place selected for his education, and the church, to which he was then destined. With happier auspices he was sent to the Académie Caroline, under the more especial patronage of Charles, Prince of Würtemberg. This prince, after wasting some years in a vain imitation of the extravagances of Louis XIV., devoted much of his time and attention to the promotion of education, and founded the above-mentioned academy at Stuttgard, which, although commonly called the military school, and placed under a kind of military regulation, was in reality a school of public functionaries and statesmen. The young Cuvier's various talents, or rather his vast capacity, which had already become perceptible, were diligently exercised in a wide range of studies, including every subject connected with social and political economy; and to these it was doubtless owing that in after life, when he entered upon so many and such diversified public duties, he was found to be well acquainted with all that he undertook. The pupils of the academy, instructed in every branch of knowledge that was especially useful to men destined to govern or direct the affairs of communities, became in many instances the ministers of the various courts of Germany, and even of that of Russia. Cuvier had acquired an equal knowledge of state affairs; but at Stuttgard, as before and ever after, his chief attention was given to natural history. He read the best authors,

collected specimens, and drew and coloured insects, birds and plants, in his hours of recreation.

Yet he was again to be the sport of accident. Injustice had alienated him from Tübingen, and the limited circumstances of his family made it necessary for him to remove from Stuttgart before he could be appointed to any public situation. In these circumstances he took what appeared to his companions the desperate resolution of becoming a tutor in a private family (that of the Count d'Héricy) in Normandy.

But as injustice could not prevent the development of his talents, so neither could any combination of unfavourable circumstances condemn them to indolence or obscurity. As a poor tutor in a retired part of Normandy, at the age of twenty-one, he laid the foundations of that fame which was to fill the ear of the world. The residence of the family, of which he had the charge of the only son, was not distant from the sea, and the study of marine animals became a part of his occupation. Even then he was enabled to make the fossil remains found in the neighbourhood, no longer mere objects of wonder, eloquently instructive, revealing something of the ancient history of the mysterious earth. He compared the living species of sea-animals with those found in digging the earth; and the dissection of a species of cuttle-fish led him to study the anatomy of molluscous animals. Whilst making diligent records of knowledge for his own use, he was actually rectifying the mistakes or oversights of naturalists of the highest name, and reducing the classification of the lower forms of animals, heretofore in confusion, to lucid order.

We can only pretend to trace the leading events which favoured the development of M. Cuvier's talents, and would refrain, with whatever difficulty, from encroaching on the task of his biographer, to whose pages we must refer the reader for innumerable particulars highly deserving of perusal and reflection. Among the relaxations of his situation, M. Cuvier, thus devoting some years to tranquil study, whilst all France was agitated with intestine commotions, gave some of his attention to a society established at that period at Fécamp, not for political discussions, but for the encouragement of agriculture.

About the same time, at the end of 1794, the venerable author of the articles on Agriculture in the *Encyclopédie Méthodique*, desirous to escape the tyranny which persecuted him, took upon himself the duties of physician-in-chief of the hospital at Fécamp, according to M. Pariset; but by Mrs. Lee's account, those of a regimental surgeon, to avoid the discovery of his obnoxious title of Abbé. Hearing that a society was formed in the place for the promotion of his favourite science, he attended one of its meetings,

and took a part in the discussions. Cuvier recognized the opinions and expressions which he had read in the *Encyclopédie*, and at the termination of the sitting, advancing to the new speaker, took his hand and saluted him as M. l'Abbé Tessier. The alarm of M. Tessier was considerable, but uncalled for, for in Cuvier he had found a generous admirer and a friend. Becoming acquainted with the various acquirements of his new acquaintance, and with his performances, M. Tessier wrote concerning him to the celebrated Jussieu in the warmest terms of admiration. "At the sight of this young man," he said, "I experienced the delight of the philosopher who was thrown on an unknown shore, and saw traced there the figures of geometry. M. Cuvier is as a violet which was concealed among common herbs. He knows much; he draws figures for your work. I have begged him to give botanical lectures this summer; he has agreed to do so, and I congratulate the students of your hospital that he consents, for he demonstrates with much method and clearness. I doubt your finding a more able person for comparative anatomy. It is a pearl worthy of being gathered by you. I contributed to draw M. Delambre from his retreat; help me to draw M. Cuvier from his; he is made for science and the world."

These were warm and kind expressions, very honourable to M. Tessier's feelings, not less so to his discrimination, and amply justified by the event. The immediate results were the transmission of some of M. Cuvier's papers to Paris, and his adoption, as a corresponding member, into the Society of Natural History of that city. Thus, observes M. Pariset, before visiting the capital, Cuvier belonged to it by the ties of knowledge and of friendship.

In a few months afterwards, being then twenty-six years of age, Cuvier removed to Paris, and soon became the colleague of M. Mertrud in the newly created chair of comparative anatomy at the Jardin des Plantes, which locality was from that time his home, and the spot in which he advanced to immortal celebrity. It was in the few months' interval which passed between his arrival at Paris and the obtaining of this appointment that he read several papers to the Philomathic and Natural History Societies on the anatomy of the mollusca, of insects, and of zoophytes; papers which caused him at once to be ranked with the most distinguished naturalists, and led to his obtaining the appointments to which he subsequently did so much honour. These papers were but the commencement of a long and brilliant career, created solely by his genius and industry.

"When his first writings made their appearance," says M. Laurillard, "probably no naturalist conceived that zoology could still give lustre to any name. It seemed, in fact, as if Linnæus, by his precise and easy

method, and Buffon, by his animated descriptions, his bold views, and the conjunction, before unknown, of science with eloquence, had exhausted the subject: but to the man of genius nature is an exhaustless source of study and meditation. By applying the principles of the natural method to the classification of animals, M. Cuvier ran a zoological career not less brilliant and extensive than that of those two great men.

“Up to his day comparative anatomy, although it had occupied the attention of Camper, of Blumenbach, Hunter, Daubenton, and Vicq d’Azyr, had been little more than an object of curiosity, or of dissertations of more or less ingenuity. M. Cuvier contrived to make it a science which became in his hands the basis of natural history, and the abundant source of physiological truths.

“The labours of Saussure, of Deluc, of Pallas, and of Werner, seemed to have carried geology to as great perfection as it could attain: M. Cuvier, by the discovery of a species of monuments which living nature had left in the interior of the globe, created a new order of ideas in this science, of which the fertile results have changed the character of its philosophy.”—*Eloge*, p. 6.

M. Cuvier’s contributions to natural history in this early period of his Parisian life, remarkable as they were as proofs of industry, were so much more so as indications of profound sagacity, that the most accredited systems tottered to their base. Even that of Linnæus was found to be incorrect in its first classes, and utterly erroneous in that of insects and worms, when tried by the test of the natural method, already applied by Jussieu to the science of botany.

On looking back at the career of men who have risen by successive performances to the highest distinction, the obstacles against which those performances were achieved are so faintly seen amidst the splendour which they produced, that part of the lesson is lost to subsequent aspirers, who, feeling the pressure of difficulties of all kinds, and seeing the temple of fame shining afar off, on a steep all but inaccessible, forget, or do not know, that those whose names adorn that temple once felt all that now harasses their minds, or clouds the prospect before them. Many professed lovers of natural history resign themselves to inactivity, because they live in the country, and have no coadjutors, or no collections, or few, to resort to. Such persons should remember how much Cuvier accomplished in Normandy; that he became acquainted with all the fishes of that coast, and all the shells, in years of early obscurity, and without pecuniary resources; that a collection having been fortunately made by a resident of Fécamp, every specimen it contained was carefully drawn by him; and that these were in reality the foundations of all that has since given imperishable lustre to his name. Great as was the reputation which Cuvier lived to enjoy, no characteristic of him is more striking than

his early and high distinction ; for it is evident that before he left the retirement of Normandy, he had already taken a very extensive view of the animal creation ; and had read, with the eye of one destined to be the master of that science, the works of all the greatest naturalists. His letters, written from that retreat, exhibit the first outlines of great designs ; and before he became personally known to the philosophers of Paris, he had arrived at those profound views which first guided his classification of the lowest classes of animals, to the exclusion of the most prevalent systems of the day. Thus when he appeared in Paris, it was but to be everywhere heard with delight and conviction, and honoured with applause and appointments. In the midst of these triumphs, however, his frame was frail and sickly, the exertion of lecturing wearied him, and everything led to the apprehension that his brilliant course would be prematurely concluded. At the same time, the state of his circumstances was far from satisfactory. He had no private fortune, and the government of France was so unsettled, that the stipend attached to his appointments, and on which he and his aged father depended for support, was not regularly paid. " Do not imagine," he says, in one of his letters to his friend Hermann of Strasburg, who had congratulated him on the advantages he enjoyed in Paris, " that Paris is so much favoured. Twelve months' arrears are due to the Jardin des Plantes and to all the national establishments of instruction of Paris, as well as of Strasburg ; and if we envy the elephants, it is not because they are better paid than us, but because, if they live, like us, upon credit, they at least know nothing about it, and escape the chagrin it occasions us. You know they say of the French that they sing when they have no money. We *savans*, who are not musicians, apply ourselves to science instead of singing, and it comes to the same thing. Believe me, my dear friend, this French philosophy is worth as much as that of Wolff, or even that of Kant ; and you are even better able to profit by it than we are, as you can still buy fine books, and even artificial anatomical models, which are in this way articles of luxury." The allusion in the latter part of this extract is to the acquisition by the University of Strasburg of the work of Poli, entitled *Testacea utriusque Siciliae*, accompanied by illustrative models in wax, of which he adds there was at that time only one copy in all Paris. It is doubly useful to quote these instances of the difficulties which beset even the brilliant path on which Cuvier entered from the moment he reached Paris ; for his manner of noticing some of them, and perhaps the worst, shows that if he were not insensible to their pressure, he knew where to find their most certain alleviation.

Natural history may be said to be altogether a science of mo-

derm creation. The great name of Aristotle stands almost by itself among the Greeks in this department, and even the spectacle of the rare animals of Asia and Africa, which graced the gorgeous conquests of Rome, failed in exciting the Roman philosophers to the study of their forms and nature. Pliny, alone, made, with little success, the ambitious attempt to classify animals, as well as the other productions of nature. A long interval in the history of man is to be passed over, before, arriving at the age of Redi, of Swammerdam, of Lister, of Willughby, and of Ray, we see natural history taking the form of a system. Linnæus, when yet a young man, conceived the bold design of arranging anew all natural productions. His genius was equally profound and exact; he advanced to his great task with the devout feelings which should always accompany and elevate those who presume to interpret the works of nature, and he pursued his exalted studies, unshaken by the numerous and even malignant invectives which were directed against him. Availing himself largely of the labours of the celebrated men whose names we have just mentioned, in his hands natural history assumed more of the form of a regular science. His enthusiastic pupils carried the fame, and something of the spirit of their master, throughout Europe, and numerous institutions arose for the promotion of the science, of which he had made them the zealous cultivators.

Buffon, his brilliant cotemporary, lent to science the rare attractions of a lively fancy, which sought to clothe its images in expressions so eloquent and so felicitous, that not even the superior exactness of his successors or rivals was proof against their power to move and to enchant. Without the minute correctness of Linnæus, his mind embraced wider, perhaps sublimer generalities; whilst the defects associated with this cast of his mind were supplied by the laborious accuracy of his coadjutor, Daubenton.

Not pretending to enumerate every intervening labourer in the same track, which many celebrated names now began to illumine, it may be strictly said, that the general arrangement of natural objects by these two great men was the one commonly followed when Cuvier first appeared in Paris, and that the silent labours which preceded that appearance had already prepared the way for an improved classification, so philosophical and just as to be at once and universally adopted.

It had happened (we believe we may use that expression) that the attention of Cuvier, when in Normandy, had been directed precisely to those parts of zoology which the inquiries of preceding zoologists had left the most imperfectly investigated—the mollusca, vermes, and zoophytes. All these were included in one class by Linnæus, the class of *vermes*, consisting of five orders, the intestina, mollusca, testacea, zoophyta, and infusoria. This

arrangement, dependent chiefly on that which had been the basis of Ray's classification, the differences in the respiratory and circulating systems, was materially modified by Cuvier, who based his distinctions of animals principally on their properties of sensation and motion, the most marked attributes of animals. He was the first to show the intimate and general relations subsisting between the respiratory function, the motive powers, the forms of the skeleton and muscles, and the sensations and digestion; relations comprehending the totality or *entirety* of their properties, and leading to a true natural method of arrangement. Seeing that systems founded on any single organ, or on the most conspicuous varieties of external form, were insufficient to the arrangement of animals, according to their degrees of affinity, he applied to zoology principles analogous to those of the natural method, then recently introduced into botany, and which consisted in the distribution of the facts of a science into propositions so graduated and subordinate in their generalities, that their totality was the expression of the real relations of the objects. Thus proceeding, he established, as it were, the subordination of the respiratory and circulating systems, with all the properties implied by their amplification in different orders of animals, to the nervous system, in which the primary character of each living creature is written. These views had caused him, at the period of life of which we are now speaking, and in the very beginning of his career, to remove the mollusca from the class of vermes, where Linnæus had placed them, to the head of the animals destitute of vertebræ, to which place their superior organization entitled them. Observation subsequently taught him, that certain species of the mollusca which had been indiscriminately denominated white-blooded, had red blood, and a circulating system; he collected them into a distinct class, the *annelides*; still correctly included, in conformity to his general view, among the invertebrated animals, although previously both incorrectly classified and designated. The best proof of the correctness of the principle of M. Cuvier's classification is, that in the progress of his observations it became confirmed by a wider application, and the principle of the masterly arrangement of his great work on the Animal Kingdom. The *Tableau Élémentaire* announced the principles kept in view in the *Règne Animal*, and their further elucidation in his projected work entitled *Grande Anatomie Comparée*, (for which all the previous labours of his life were but a preparation,) was only prevented by his death. He caught an early glimpse of a great truth which illumined all his inquiries, and throughout all his researches he ever kept it in sight.

His discovery of the red blood of the leech, and the other ani-

mals which he grouped in the class *annelides*, was made in 1796; and in the year following he read his celebrated memoir on the nutrition of insects, in which he showed the manner in which respiration was carried on by tracheæ, and absorption by imbibition, a necessary consequence of their want of circulation, which memoir led to the subsequent separation of these from the other articulated animals.

Whilst he was advancing, by these contributions to knowledge, to the fame of a great naturalist, it may be observed, that he evinced no wish to throw into ungrateful obscurity the great reputations which his own was eventually to transcend. In proceeding to treat of any of the great subjects which occupied him, his first care seems ever to have been to set before the reader the merits of his predecessors: he shows what they performed, and how far all who succeeded were indebted to them. Throughout each of his works his frequent acknowledgments of the aid derived from the observations of others show the candour of a great mind, zealous for truth, and truth alone.

The epoch of his removal to Paris was precisely that in which the arts and sciences, and social order, were beginning to be re-established after the convulsions of the revolution; and although the military prowess of France for many years afterwards continued to occupy the thoughts of the population of that country, yet institutions arose favourable to science, and the cradle of great philosophers. The National Institute, one of the noblest societies of Europe, in which three of the previously existing academies were merged, was founded in 1796; M. Cuvier was one of the original members, and for more than thirty years held, among the great men who assembled in it, no undistinguished rank. His appointment in the Jardin des Plantes had now fixed him in the midst of those objects to which his life would have been devoted by inclination; and from the day of his appointment to the day of his death, his labours were devoted to forming and completing the collections of which it can now boast, and which, when considered with regard to their arrangement, as well as extent, may be pronounced unrivalled. Of the innumerable travellers who have walked through the museums of the Jardin des Plantes, during the last twenty years, the number of those prepared by previous studies to appreciate the treasures there thrown open to them, has not been, perhaps, very great in proportion to the mass; but those who have, with something like a systematic observation, traced the objects contained in those fifteen rooms, and have examined the specimens in the anatomical department, according to their arrangement, and with reference to physiology, are alone enabled to form some estimate of the life and labours of

Cuvier. The view of these specimens, opened to the gaze of travellers after the peace of 1814, broke up the slumber of many old institutions; caused the venerable dust to disappear from among neglected specimens in almost forgotten cases in other countries; and gave origin to many new societies, now contributing to spread a love of natural history through all ranks of the people. Nor should it be forgotten, by those who despair of emulating such a collection, that the museum of comparative anatomy, when Cuvier first undertook its superintendence, consisted of but a few skeletons, tied up like so many faggots, and put away in obscure places; on which foundation he soon so far advanced the collection, that its further enlargement was carried on without opposition.

Many circumstances favoured the rapid increase of the specimens. Wherever enterprise or the love of glory led the warriors of France, it was their pride to collect whatever might enrich the growing collections of their beloved Paris; and, under the directions of Cuvier, the numerous contributions thus received were arranged according to the system which his eloquent lectures explained. By labours which knew little intermission, and with the help of these daily increasing stores, he was enabled, observes M. Laurillard, to lay the foundations of comparative anatomy; to make the discovery of ancient zoology, and to introduce a reform throughout the whole series of the animal kingdom; a reform commenced in the outline of his lectures at the central school of the Pantheon, and finally completed in his great work entitled *Règne Animal*.

“In these works, setting out from these principles, (now, thanks to his perseverance and to the influence which his ideas have acquired, generally known,) that the natural history of a being is a knowledge of all its relations, of all the properties of that being, and that the whole of its organization should serve to assign it a place in a methodical arrangement; he concluded that anatomy and physiology should form the basis of zoology, and that the most general and constant fact in the organization should determine its grand divisions, and the least general and most variable facts the secondary divisions. He thus established a subordination of characters which ought to be, and alone can be, the principle of a natural method; that is to say, of such a method of arrangement of beings that the place occupied by each of them gives a general idea of its organization and of the relations which connect it with all the others; a method which he regarded as science itself reduced to its most simple expression.

“Thus examining the modifications of the organs of circulation, respiration, and the sensations throughout the animal kingdom, instead of the six classes of Linnæus, namely, quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, and worms, M. Cuvier established four great types,—vertebrated animals, molluscous animals, articulated animals, and radiated

animals, which he calls *embranchemens*, and divides into classes of nearly equal value with those long established among the vertebrated animals.

“ This was very much to raise the importance of the inferior classes ; but already, since the time of Linnæus, it had become understood that neither size nor utility should enter into the computation in scientific distributions ; and the justness of the reasons by which M. Cuvier supported his views caused them to be generally adopted. Hardly a murmur was heard in favour of the old classifications. We have, indeed, so little knowledge of the views of the Author of Nature, that the animals which appear to us to be of small importance with relation to ourselves, are perhaps as necessary to the general plan of the Creator as those which we place at the top of the scale of beings.”—*Laurillard*, p. 12.

Cuvier had not been more than four years at the Jardin des Plantes before he commenced his *Lectures on Comparative Anatomy*, a work which had become indispensable to his numerous pupils ; and in the course of five more years that invaluable work was brought to a conclusion. These lectures were delivered from notes, and with a persuasive eloquence quite unrivalled. His skill in delineating forms was so great, and the representations thus rapidly produced from memory were so exact, that it seemed to his pupils as if, instead of drawing, he had called the objects into an actual existence. It was with the assistance of M. Duméril and M. Duvernoy that these admirable lessons assumed the more durable form of a published work ; and it was whilst preparing these lectures, in which, instead of considering the anatomy of each animal separately, every organ of the whole series of animals is examined in succession, that he devoted himself also to the formation of that museum of comparative anatomy which remains amongst the noblest monuments to his memory. The method of following each organ through all the series of animals, in order to deduce a general theory of their functions, evidently prepared him, and more especially in the contemplation of the vertebrated animals, for the discovery of an order of facts illustrative of the theory of the earth, upon which he threw, as is well known, at a subsequent period, so brilliant a light. By this route he attained to that impressive conclusion, not reached by previous naturalists whose attention had been directed to fossil bones, that these remains of animals belonged to extinct races, differing from those which now exist ; and his researches further led to establish the fact, before unsuspected, that the differences between fossil and existing animals increase with the age of the strata in which they are discovered ; and that these differences constitute a kind of chronological table of the different earths. Every geological student knows with what interest that study has been invested by these discoveries, to which indeed it owes much of its present popularity.

The fossils found in the most ancient layers had previously

attracted attention, and served to feed the fancies of speculative observers with vague theories of their origin; but the fossils of later origin, which were the most likely to dissipate some of the obscurity attending the more ancient deposits, had attracted inadequate notice. It was only by the combination of mineralogical observation and the sciences relating to organic structures that the successive eras of the earth were made more clearly apparent. Surveyed with these helps, the most superficial strata became the most instructive; and they have been subsequently rendered familiar to us, not only by the labours of Cuvier and Brongniart, but especially by the accurate and interesting descriptions of Professor Buckland, who has done more than any other geologist in this country to render this branch of study generally interesting. The diluvial deposits of mud and clayey sand, mixed with round flints, transported from other countries, and filled with fossil remains of large land animals, for the most part unknown, or foreign to the countries in which they are found—these vast deposits which cover so many plains, and fill the bottoms of caverns and clefts of rocks, deposits which took place when the hippopotamus, the elephant, the rhinoceros, the horse, the ox, and the deer were the prey, even in our climate and soil of England, of the hyena and the tiger—have been carefully distinguished from the alluvial deposits containing the remains of animals common to the country in which they are found; and are now regarded as the most convincing proofs of an immense and ancient inundation. The alternate fresh and salt water formations between this diluvium and the chalk have been accurately discriminated; and more particularly the great fresh water deposit, the gypsum, in the neighbourhood of Paris, in which, besides complete skeletons of many species of birds, entire genera of land animals have been discovered which have been found nowhere else; and which, as well as the trunks of palm trees and other productions of a tropical climate, with the bed which envelopes them, repose on a marine formation no less productive of shells, chiefly of unknown species. Bones of reptiles lie beneath this marine layer; of crocodiles and tortoises: but the mammiferous remains do not occur, and at the era of this layer did not exist, at least in that situation. Beneath this last fresh-water formation lies the chalk. But it is above this chalk formation, and between it and the era of the general deluge, that the explanation of the earth's history has been sought and found. Far beneath the chalk have been found, and chiefly in England, the remains of gigantic reptiles, crocodiles, pterodactyli, the ichthyosaurus, the plesiosaurus, the megalosaurus, and others of the lizard tribe, the remains of an ancient era equally distinct. Lower than these are laid the vast deposits

of former vegetables, coal retaining the impressions of palms and ferns, which show that even at those depths there once was dry land and vegetation, although no bones of quadrupeds are found there; whilst lower still the naturalist traces the first forms of existence, the crustaceous animals, zoophytes, and mollusca of a world yet almost inert and lifeless.

This department of inquiry is one in which Cuvier reaped an undisputed fame. A long line of distinguished naturalists, down to our own Hunter, had prepared the way for his arrangement of the individuals of the animal kingdom; and his claim to the highest honours as a systematic naturalist may be, and has been disputed; but the particular mode of surveying the composition or structure of the subjects of that extensive kingdom, the persevering research pursued in conformity to that mode, and its application to the fossil remains which had before been little more than objects of marvel, opened a new and rare volume to the reader of nature—a book sealed until his time—hieroglyphics solemn and instructive, but illegible until he surveyed them.

Before Cuvier, naturalists would seem to have been deterred from the attempt to classify the fossil bones of quadrupeds by the extreme difficulty attending it. The remains of other forms of animals, and the remains of vegetables, were less incomplete and less repulsive; and it was seen and acknowledged that they belonged to species either now unknown, or unknown in the regions of the earth in which the fossils occurred. So much concerning them Leibnitz had established; and this knowledge was by Buffon wrought into sublime but premature conjectures. Cuvier advanced to the subject more calmly, well aware of all its bearings, and of their importance, but only therefore so much the more impressed with the necessity of making every step in the investigation of it secure before advancing farther.

From the imperfect fragments of fossil quadrupeds he thus elicited striking testimony of the early changes of the earth's surface, and materials for the history of its first and darkest periods: those periods concerning which even great philosophers had been content before with the wildest speculations. The large deposits of marine fossils, with which observers were previously familiar, did but prove that the surfaces whereon they were found were once the bed of the sea, which tranquilly allowed their accumulation. The discovery of a fossil quadruped in any layer proved the more important circumstance, that that layer must once have been the surface of a firm land, and indicated more and greater changes than a mere retiring and subsidence of waters. Cuvier addressed himself to the arduous task of arranging and describing, or rather of interpreting these quadruped remains, always

less perfect than the marine fossils, presenting faint traces of the original forms to which they belonged, and, even when most complete, being still nothing more than the osseous portion of the structure of animals of which the characters were in other respects as varied as are those of the species now living. Attaching himself to one great principle, the natural *relation* of forms in organized beings, he conceived that by careful examination each fragment might be made to indicate the whole to which it belonged, and with the system of which it would always be found to have a correspondence. If, he reasoned, the intestinal structure of an animal is prepared for the digestion of flesh, and that recently killed, its jaws must be so constructed as to devour, and its claws so formed as to seize and tear it, and its teeth to cut and divide it: all its structure must be adapted to pursuing and catching its prey, and its perceptive organs must be fitted to discerning that prey afar off. Such must be the general character of carnivorous animals. As the general characters are connected with these general arrangements, so also for the particular characters by which their subdivisions are distinguished, there will still be found suitable arrangements; and the class, the order, the genus, and even the species may thus be determined, although the observer has never seen the animal entire. A jaw of a certain force must have a suitable articulation and a sufficiently large temporal muscle, indicated by the hollow formed in the bone for its reception, and by the convexity of the strong zygomatic arch. An animal which carries off its prey must have strong muscles to raise the head, and the form of the vertebræ or of the muscles attached to them, and of the occiput, must correspond with the intention. Similar reasonings were extended by him to the structure of the teeth, of the claws, of the extremities, of the foot or hoof. The foot-mark became an indication of the structure of the teeth of the unknown animal, of its jaws, its vertebræ, and its general form and frame.

It would be difficult to point out a more beautiful or more successful application of the principles of scientific observation. The results were proportionable to the excellence of the method. Its correctness, from a sense of which Cuvier never allowed the seductions of imagination or the love of mere system to lead him astray, was first and frequently tried on portions of known animals, and afterwards applied to fossil bones, and in both with a success so remarkable as to appear to justify the term infallible, which, cautious and philosophical as he was, he felt himself warranted in applying to it. His associates of the Institute heard, we are told by M. Pariset, with surprise and doubt the first enumeration of some of these results, and their credulity sometimes only gave way to the accidental discovery of some qua-

druped, of which Cuvier had adventured the description on the basis of a few fragments.

His extensive, we might perhaps say his universal, acquaintance with the diversities of animal structure actually existing, would have given to the merest conjectures of Cuvier concerning the remains of extinct animals a great degree of weight; but he was not of a disposition to be satisfied with conjectures. He applied to these reliquæ of an unknown era of the globe the same faculty of close attention, the same industrious research, the same severe comparison, which he had already exercised on the perfect forms of animal existence presented to the senses, and thus assigned to each dim remnant its place in frames no longer seen in perfection, and to each frame or structure, thus rebuilt, its place in nature and its habitation. Thus he became the great antiquary of the earth. He learnt the characters of that obscure time when first this planet became the abode of locomotive organizations; and established an order of facts bearing a date anterior to that of the history of man, and far before the half hidden ages of those ancient empires which have themselves become as much the domain of fable as of history. From the burial of many centuries he called up the forms of things unknown, and made them familiar to the men of the present time, who for once were constrained to admit the evidence of one to whom might almost be applied the designation of the "witness of the deluge."

The results of the investigations instituted by M. Cuvier were twofold. The description of one hundred and sixty-eight fossil vertebrated animals, forming fifty genera, of which fifteen were new, comprehending animals belonging to every order with the exception of the quadrumana, was the addition thus made to zoology. What light was also thrown on geology during these researches is briefly and well stated by M. Laurillard:—

"The strata called primitive, on which all the others repose, containing no remains of life, teach us by that circumstance that life has not always existed on our planet. Whether it was that the temperature of the globe was too elevated to permit it, or that the materials necessary to the support of organic existence were not yet prepared, there was a time when physical forces alone acted on the land and on the sea, in which all the wonders of organization were subsequently developed.

"All organized existences were not created at the same time: vegetables seem to have preceded animals; molluscous animals and fishes appeared before reptiles; and reptiles before the mammalia.

"The species which formed the ancient animal population have been destroyed and replaced by others; and the actual animal population is perhaps the fourth series.

“ Geology at length possesses a guide to the obscure labyrinths which it is obliged to tread, and a new method of determining the nature of strata, often established with difficulty by chemical analysis or the order of superposition.

“ Besides the general facts which naturally flow from these discoveries, which M. Cuvier discusses with the logical power and intelligence which were characteristic of him, in the Preliminary Discourse of his work, science soon obtained results positively important. For almost as soon as geology had found this guide, it became demonstrated that the stratified layers of the globe's crust were divisible into two classes, one formed by fresh water, and the other in the waters of the sea. This distinction, which could only be effectively made by geology, led to the demonstration of a fact not less curious ; namely, that several parts of our earth have been alternately covered by the sea and by fresh water.”—p. 20.

In the prosecution of the inquiries which led to these conclusions, now, we believe, generally admitted by philosophers, M. Cuvier was indefatigable. No personal labour or sacrifice was spared. Of the large collection of fossil remains, crowded into one of the rooms in the Museum of the Garden of Plants, many were presented to him, but many were bought, and at no small expense, and placed by him in the public collection without reserve. Surrounded by these collections, he deciphered their characters, and, that the sceptical might in all countries satisfy themselves of the correctness of his descriptions and his views, he caused casts of the principal specimens to be made and sent to the different European Museums, from which similar representations of rare specimens were received in exchange.

Whoever, yet a student, burns with the noble desire of emulating such services to science, should carefully peruse the details which M. Cuvier gives in the course of his works of the means by which he achieved them. The care with which he traced every fact, the progress of his ideas from suggestion to conviction, the perseverance, the candour, the modesty of the great inquirer will present the most useful lessons. If the quarries of Montmartre, with their fossil treasures, seem to have been made for him, the diligence with which he explored them affords an example which all may follow in proportion to the opportunities they possess ; and still was no more than he already, with no mean reward of scientific truths, practised on the solitary shores of Normandy. His senses, naturally accurate and faithful in the highest degree, and his judgment, equally calm and profound, had yet been exercised with perseverance on many natural objects before he attained that perspicuity and power of combination which enabled him to construe the smallest traces of animal or-

ganization, embedded in blocks of gypsum, and rescued from the destructive operations of the workmen, into the full outline of animals, which his genius thus almost brought back out of the oblivion of ages into freshness and life.

To any one who indulges his solitary thoughts with the hope of enriching any part of the wide domain of natural history, an object eminently worthy of rational and contemplative beings, we would recommend the diligent perusal of the introductory essay of the great work in which the fossil remains are described; known to the English reader as a *Discourse on the Revolutions of the Globe*. Cuvier is there beheld, if we may so say, advancing to his great task with a full consciousness of its extent, and of the additions which would be made by future inquirers even to his own discoveries; but at the same time with the confidence of one who enters on a region which, although obscure and encumbered, he has carefully prepared himself to explore. He designs, from the first, to show the relation between the history of the fossil bones of terrestrial animals, and the theory of the earth; to expose the principles by which the character of those bones was decided; to show how far the species of the animals to which they belonged differ from existing species; to ascertain the influences of time and of climate; and thus to demonstrate that the differences must have been connected with extraordinary events as their causes. On these observations he builds up a new system of the ancient earth, not the offspring of fancy, but the result of philosophical induction from facts carefully established; and which will bear the test of comparison with all the civil and religious records of man.

From remarks made on phenomena common to all localities, but described by him with singular clearness and grace, he leads the reader to the view of the most stupendous movements which the earth has undergone. He shows that these changes must have been numerous and sudden; that some took place before there were living beings on the globe we inhabit, and some after it was inhabited. By an examination of the causes now in operation effecting changes in the earth's surface, he went far to show that none of these could have produced such changes as the structure of the earth proves it to have undergone. Briefly reviewing previous theories, he points out the great error of them all; the omission of some facts, the assumption of others, and the consequent fallacy of the conclusions. Doing no injustice to the great geologists who had already surveyed the mineral character of the earth with such admirable care, as Saussure and Werner, the first of whom had studied it among the sublime illustrations of the primitive and secondary layers afforded by the

Alps; and the latter in the oldest mines, where were less confusedly written the laws relating to the succession of layers; he points out that neither of them had determined the fossil organic remains in each variety of layer with sufficient exactness; whilst the naturalists, who had paid more attention to the remains and described many of them, had neglected for the most part to consider the general laws which regulated their position, and the relation of certain fossils to certain layers.

To accomplish this, indeed, required a combination of kinds of knowledge not often possessed by one individual; a power of comprehending almost infinite details, and of taking the most enlarged survey of their relations; the observation of a naturalist in the widest acceptation, and the profound meditation of a mind of the most philosophical order.

After explaining the importance of fossils in relation to geology, and of the fossil bones of quadrupeds in particular, the application of which to the subject we have already noticed, he enters with much learning on an inquiry respecting the probable existence of species on the earth at this time, resembling those of which we possess the fossil remains; and leaves the reader in no degree of doubt that all the large animals of the old continent which are now known were known to the ancients; and that those which, although described by the ancients, the moderns have never met with, were fabulous. Proving that all the great animals of the old world soon became known not only to the people of the interior, but to the inhabitants of the coasts, he puts aside the expectation that the recesses of the vast continent of the new world contain very large species yet to be discovered, resembling, for instance, the megatherium or the mastodon. If, therefore, he observes, it be proved that the fossil remains of the great species of quadrupeds are not similar to any species now living, it is not to be said that the species resembling them are yet hidden in deserts, but must lead to the admission that this diversity arises from some great general cause worthy to be studied.

We have in the previous part of this article mentioned some of the results of the method of inquiry followed by Cuvier; the discovery of many new species, several of which belonged to new genera. Of the new species, about a fourth were oviparous quadrupeds, the others mammiferous, and more than half belonging to non-ruminating hoofed animals. But that which Cuvier himself considered of much more importance, as throwing light on the theory of the earth, was to ascertain the layers in which particular species were found, so as to reach the general laws of their position. For the details which show these laws clearly and convincingly, the reader must be referred to the work on which we

have dwelt with so much pleasure, and which must always be referred to with a new delight.

The curiosity of readers, whatever may be their pursuits, who look into treatises relating to the vestiges of the antediluvian world, is ever naturally directed to inquiries respecting the existence of any remains of their own species. Knowing, from the sacred records, that man existed on the earth before the great deluge, the inquirers have reluctantly believed that among the numerous fossil remains discovered in different parts of the earth, no bone of man has ever yet been found; that no human remains have ever met the eye of the fossil geologist. It neither lessens the difficulty of the explanation, nor consoles the vanity of man, to know that the same deficiency exists as regards the bones of the monkey tribe; that the whole tribe of the quadrumanous animals, as well as the single bimanous animal, are excluded from the antiquity implied by the fossil remains of so many animal forms.

That portion of Cuvier's preliminary discourse on fossil remains which relates to this particular inquiry is not the least convincing proof of the author's philosophical method of investigating an obscure subject. It is evident that he first satisfied himself that no human remains had ever occurred in any regular stratum; and that those which had been asserted to be such, as the famous *Homo Diluvii Testis* of Haerlem, and the skeletons discovered at Guadaloupe, were either, as in the first instance, the remains of an animal, or, as in the second, occurred in the recent depositions in the clefts of rocks, or in the soil of caverns, with no pretensions to an antediluvian date. But not content with this negative evidence, he applied himself to collect evidence of a different nature. The question may be said to be one of extreme interest; for it points to the successive stages of that mighty work recorded by Moses, and to that time, to us inconceivable, when "there was not a man to till the ground," and man was formed out of the dust, and the breath of life was breathed into his nostrils, and he became a living soul. We have no intention of straining any points to show how far philosophy agrees with the Mosaic record; but no student of modern geology can fail to perceive certain striking coincidences between the order in which the fossil remains occur and the recorded order of the creation. It was not, we presume, the intention of Moses to teach all at once that natural science the gradual acquirement of which is a constant source of human industry. But as the earliest traditions of man were scanty, and likely to be lost as human evidence, it does appear as if Moses had taken pains to preserve

them. His narrative is remarkable for a force and sublimity of expression worthy of the singularity and greatness of his subject. Where he is fully understood, can it be said that geology contradicts him? does not rather the progress of that science throw unexpected elucidation on his record, and encourage the belief that when we know more, we shall read those primary annals of the globe in a more enlightened spirit? As it is, they certainly seem to speak of the earth's antiquity compared to the age of man; of man's infancy compared to the age of the earth on which he was from the first destined to live. Geology speaks the same language. The primitive layers attest the earth's first desolation. The transition lime-stone renders up the remains of the lowest forms of existence, of species now unknown save in those buried strata; the chalk and clay offer their fishes, their reptiles and their quadrupeds, the beings of a former order of things, all of which have disappeared from life. No fossil remains present perfect analogies with living species; but the actual type is gradually approached in the layers of least antiquity. But still, among the fossil remains no vestige of man or his works appears. Again and again the workmen of Montmartre announced the remains of man; but, submitted to the inspection of Cuvier, the pretended wonder vanished, and the true relation of the fossil in dispute was established with some lower species. All the evidence to be derived from an inspection of the structure of the earth, and the oldest written records, concur to prove that there was a time when, although this globe revolved as now it does, and day and night succeeded each other, the light of the morning roused no man to life, to pleasure, or to toil, and the light declined at eve with no human eye to regard it, and no human heart to be affected by it.

"There wanted yet the master-work, the end
Of all yet done; a creature who, not prone
And brute as other creatures, but endued
With sanctity of reason, might erect
His stature, and upright with front serene
Govern the rest, self-knowing; and from thence
Magnanimous to correspond with heaven."

Either man did not exist before several of the revolutions undergone by the globe, or his bones lie yet unburied at the bottom of the present seas; for the revolutions which have laid open the strata in which former revolutions had enveloped fossil bones, strata exposed in Europe, in Asia, and in America, have never yet disclosed a fossil bone of man. Yet that man existed

before that great catastrophe of which traditions exist in every part of the earth, we know from such universal traditions, and from the oldest record possessed by man. This record, Cuvier observes, bears the date of about 3300 years before our own time, and it places the deluge twenty centuries before its own date, or about 5400 years since. No tradition accords man an antiquity greater than that to which our antediluvian records lay claim; and it is only after the time of that great event that we perceive men collected into societies, and observe the birth of arts and of sciences. Of none of the nations of the West can the chronology be carried farther back than 3000 years. The nations of the north of Europe have no annals which extend higher than the period of their conversion to Christianity. The histories of Spain, of Gaul, of Britain, almost begin with the time when the Romans overran those countries. The Greeks were unacquainted with the art of writing until taught by the Phenicians, about thirty-three centuries ago, and their previous history, doubtful as it is, does not ascend more than three centuries higher. The largest credit given to the records of Western Asia will not give them a date older than forty centuries. Herodotus, the earliest extant profane writer, with the exception of the poets, lived but two thousand three hundred years ago, and the earlier historians whom he consulted were only one hundred years old. Homer was but five hundred years before Herodotus. The claims to a much higher antiquity on the part of some nations, as of the Hindoos, rest on authority of the least credible kind, and are contradicted by the most authentic of their own records. The astronomical monuments of the ancients, when critically examined, do not attest the very remote dates by some assigned to them.

To probable evidence of this kind drawn from civil history, in the collecting of which Cuvier displayed great erudition, and in estimating it great sagacity, he added some of a kind drawn from the calculation of the periods of certain natural changes actually known to be going on upon the earth's surface. Marking the heights of the beds of rivers above the surrounding country, as of the Rhine in Holland, and the Po and Arno in Italy, and the Loire in France, and the deposits at their mouths; changes effected by the progress of sands, as in the bay of Biscay, where the sand advances annually sixty feet, and must reach Bordeaux in about two thousand years: and again in parts of Egypt, once fertile, but now buried in sands brought by the winds from the sterile lands of Lybia, and which have already entombed temples and cities, even since the conquest of the country by the Mahometans, leaving the monumental tops of mosques and minarets still visible;

the formation of bogs and other alluvial changes, including what are called slips, or the falling of *debris* from the face of hills and rocks, of which Professor Jamieson adds the illustration, when translating this portion of the work, of the Salisbury crags near Edinburgh, of which the vertical face is not yet hidden by the annually increasing mass which falls from it to the base: all these, and many other circumstances are adduced as so many proofs of the probable date of the last great revolution, and, consequently, of man's recent existence upon the earth; a conclusion according with those which are perhaps considered by geologists as the least uncertain of any to which their science has yet conducted them. Everywhere, and however interrogated, observes Cuvier, nature speaks the same language, and tells us by natural traditions, by man's actual state, by his intellectual development, and by all the testimony of her works, that the present state of things did not commence at a remote period. He agrees, he says, with the opinion of MM. Deluc and Dolomieu, that if there be anything determined in geology, it is, that the surface of this globe was subjected to a great and sudden revolution, not longer ago than five or six thousand years: that by this catastrophe was caused the disappearance of countries formerly the abode of man, and of species of animals now known to us; that the bottom of the sea of that time was left dry, and upon it were formed the countries now inhabited; and that since that epoch the few of the human race who were spared have spread themselves over the world, and formed societies. But he also believes that the countries now inhabited, and which that great catastrophe left dry, had been at some former period inhabited land, the abode, at least, of land animals, which were destroyed by some previous deluge; and that they had even suffered two or three such visitations, which destroyed as many orders of animals.

Throughout the various discussions incidental to the great investigation to which the essay on the revolutions of the globe is devoted, we cannot but admire the unalterable patience and rare sagacity with which so many facts, collected from natural observation, or gathered from the stores of ancient and modern learning, or discovered by modern science, are compared together. M. Pariset justly observes, that neither the grandeur of the subject, nor the dazzling novelty of many of the phenomena elicited in its pursuit, led the severely philosophic mind of Cuvier into unguarded hypotheses. Everywhere we remark the simplicity of a great historian of nature; the tone, not of a prophet, or of one inspired to treat of a mighty theme, but of one who knows how elevated is that theme, and yet hears, and dispassionately balances, and unaffectedly relates all that his study and long meditation

have taught him. His mind is raised and excited by the great views that break upon him as he advances, but never discomposed; he knows the value and the greatness of the truths he discovers, but beyond them he sees other truths, to him and to his age denied, yet to be won by the research of those who shall begin where he, obedient to the laws which limit the range of the most powerful among mortal minds, knows that he must leave off. So strongly is this philosophical character imprinted on all that Cuvier has written, that the mere perusal of his writings seems for a time to withdraw the mind from less worthy pursuits, or the wandering course of unsettled studies, to a holy retirement, wherein some sage interprets the laws of the Great Creator, by pointing to his works, unregarded before, or not understood.

“The book,” says M. Laurillard, “which contains these profound researches, became, like his Comparative Anatomy, his Animal Kingdom, and his Anatomy of Molluscons Animals, classical from the moment when it appeared, and will, we think, remain so, as long as man shall seek enjoyment in the study of nature, and meditate on the questions to which such a study shall give rise. It will always remain a model of criticism and rigorous analysis, and a perfect example of that talent which consists in saying in a few words all that is necessary to be known; an art of compression or of summing up which only exists combined with extensive knowledge, and which M. Cuvier always shows that he possesses in a very high degree. There is nothing listless in his works; there are no digressions beyond the limits of his subject; and yet there is nothing of dryness, and there are no omissions. We have seen young naturalists reading his Anatomy of the Molluscons Animals with unfeigned pleasure, and also the osteological descriptions in his Researches concerning Fossil Bones; and we have known students recur to what he says of human anatomy in his *Anatomie Comparée*, for clearer explanations than they could find in the books of the schools. In short, if we survey all his writings, we everywhere find the unfailing marks of true science, profundity, clearness, and precision. His first lecture on Comparative Anatomy presents all that is known concerning organization, all physiology: his introduction to the Animal Kingdom offers the clearest analysis of its zoological distributions, and all that it is possible to say of arrangements; and, lastly, the Preliminary Discourse on Fossil Bones exposes with admirable exactness the principles of the harmony of forms, and all the theories respecting the formation and revolutions of the globe; and includes a complete summary of the historical documents on which are rested the claims of different nations to a high antiquity.”—p. 22.

It should not be forgotten, that in the prolonged task of interpreting and delineating the fossil bones, M. Cuvier had two most able assistants, and that one of them was M. Laurillard; the other was M. Rousseau, whose son at present holds an im-

portant office in the anatomical school of Paris. M. Laurillard does not speak of himself, and his merits need no eulogy of ours; they are sufficiently attested by the confidence which Cuvier placed in him, even to the day of his death, when he was charged with the publication of the Catalogue of the Museum of Comparative Anatomy, and of the drawings illustrative of it, executed by Cuvier or by himself; a publication for which all anatomists will look with impatience. This was part of the elaborate preparation for the great work on the Anatomy of Animals, on which Cuvier was occupied up to the hour of his fatal illness, to which he considered all his previous works but introductory, and the interruption of which was one of his latest objects of regret.

There was, perhaps, no finished undertaking of his laborious life, to which Cuvier himself attached more importance than his Researches into the fossil remains. It began with his discrimination of fossil and living elephants in 1796, and was never afterwards quite absent from his mind; whether in his study or on his journeys, he directed his observations to these remains, until he obtained a key to the perusal of the impressive story which they revealed; he spared no labour and no expense in this pursuit; he rejoiced over every new load of fragments brought from Montmartre to the Museum; he copied many with his own hand, and, at a time when to avoid expense was necessary to him, he had once determined also to engrave them all himself, and among the engravings of the third volume of the last edition some of these valuable plates are to be found. These M. Duvernoy informs us, which to most readers would seem additionally valuable, are marked CV.

And at the close of all his labour, he thus expresses himself:—

“ I have no doubt that in a few years the work which I now terminate, and to which I have devoted so much labour, will be but a trifling sketch, a first view (*un premier coup d'œil*) thrown over these immense creations of the ancient time.”

So, indeed, it may be. In the eternal chain of human discoveries, the researches of the most gifted minds do but form links, which lead on to other links to which they did not themselves attain, and to be prolonged through all the future ages of the present species. Already has it been made at least probable that a new reading may be given to the theory, the history and chronology even of the primary strata of the earth, and much that is superimposed on them, or which they have broken through. The history of animal life may yet have been restricted within too narrow bounds of time. It may be that, as regards *time*, “ the confines of the universe lie beyond the reach of human ken;” and that “ to assume that the evidence of the beginning or end of so vast

a scheme lies within the reach of our philosophical inquiries, or even of our speculations, appears to be inconsistent with a just estimate of the relations which subsist between the finite powers of man and the attributes of an Infinite and Eternal Being."* Yet, by the exercise of faculties evidently intended for such inquiries among others, man has attained to a few facts which appear certain; and whatever development the unwritten history of the globe may subsequently undergo from geological research, posterity will never forget its obligations to Cuvier, who translated so much of the obscure language in which many of the secrets of the early earth were hidden, and so many are perhaps yet to be discovered.

The conclusion of his work on Fossil Remains was but the prelude for the commencement of his great work on Fishes, of which the copious account given in a recent number of this journal (vol. xiii. p. 355) dispenses with our saying more in this place.

The four works to which our preceding observations have been confined, namely, his Comparative Anatomy, his work on Fossil Remains, his Animal Kingdom, and his Natural History of Fishes, are of such extent, and required such research, that any one of them would have conferred upon its author a very high rank among natural philosophers; yet these formed but a small part of the wonderful labours of Cuvier. His writings are, indeed, so numerous, and the subjects of them so various; they are many of them so intimately connected with his history, and were so entirely called forth by the offices he had undertaken in the state of which he was a subject, as well as in the republic of science, that his biographer has been satisfied to give an accurate list of them, with their dates; and the enumeration of titles alone extends to several pages. We can but mention a few of them. One, to which he attached much importance, and to which he had devoted many days and nights, was his Anatomy of the Mollusca, published in 1817, which contained many new and interesting facts respecting a neglected class of animals, to which he had assigned a higher place than former naturalists. This work was illustrated by fine engravings, after his own drawings. He unravelled the structure of these animals in water, displayed their delicate parts, and fixed them by means of pins on pieces of wax; a method which has, we believe, greatly facilitated the examination of such minute subjects. Of this work it was his intention to publish a new and enlarged edition.

Among the subjects which at different times occupied his attention was that of the organ of voice in singing birds. The introduction of this subject at the Institute was attended by a

* Lyell's Principles of Geology.

curious illustration of the propriety of investigating it. Physiologists, Cuvier observed, were not agreed concerning the mechanism of the human voice, which some compared to a wind instrument, and others to a stringed instrument. This observation was not allowed to pass uncontradicted. A celebrated anatomist, who was present, declared that it was a mistake to consider the question undecided, for it was generally agreed that the human voice was a wind instrument. Another anatomist immediately exclaimed that this was quite erroneous, for the organ of voice was a stringed instrument, and thus, much to the amusement of the audience, confirmed M. Cuvier's first assertion.

His Memoir on the Nutrition of Insects we have already mentioned among his early productions. In it he established their claim to separate classification, and explained the real object of the singular disposition of their respiratory organs, as well as their peculiar mode of nutrition; showing that the nutritive molecules, separated by the alimentary canal, are exposed immediately to the action of the atmospheric air, which penetrates to them by means of canals or tracheæ, ramified through all their parts, and are thus rendered fit for the support of existence. The observation of these arrangements very probably suggested, as M. Duvernoy remarks, those ideas of the relations of the circulation and respiration, and of the quantity of respiration in the different classes of animals, ever in direct proportion to their muscular force, and the quantity of movement of which they are capable in a given time—ideas which prepared the foundation for his general arrangement of animals. Certain it is that he always attached a high importance to the minute anatomy of insects; to which, when on one occasion an ardent but inexperienced student of anatomy came to him to announce a supposed anatomical discovery, he referred the young inquirer, as at once the best preparatory exercise and test of his exactness. The test, it is added, proved satisfactory, convincing the too hasty student that his first conclusion, and his consequent discovery, were but pleasing delusions.

That in addition to the philosophical researches which we have enumerated, Cuvier should have found time to be a most laborious public functionary, and in more than one department, would scarcely be deemed credible, if he had not left indisputable proofs of it, and of various kinds. Yet nothing indicates that by undertaking so much, any thing was neglected. Follow him where we may, we trace him by works worthy of his genius and his accomplishments. His duties, as one of the secretaries of the Institute, were in themselves arduous and difficult, demanding extensive knowledge, which he showed that he possessed, whilst he threw over it all the attractions of language and manner. In ad-

dition to the ordinary routine of the weekly sittings, of which the two secretaries kept exact minutes, an annual account of the proceedings, including succinct notices of innumerable scientific communications, was a part of their duty at the great annual meeting, when also were pronounced those admirable *Eloges Historiques* of the most distinguished deceased members of the Institute, both native and foreign, in which he displayed a most varied acquaintance with science, and a noble and touching eloquence. He also partook of the ordinary duties of the section to which he belonged, particularly of that of reporting concerning papers presented by authors, a task demanding not only great knowledge, but a correct and impartial judgment. In the performance of this task, his power of conveying the peculiar views of the different writers with clearness and order was so remarkable, that the authors not unfrequently acknowledged how much they were indebted to him; while in the justice of his observations, even on subjects involving some of his own opinions, he evinced the dignified modesty and rectitude of a great mind. During the consulate, Napoleon was elected President of the Institute, and was thus brought into frequent communication with Cuvier, whose powers so acute an observer of men's capabilities could not fail to appreciate. He appears to have honoured him with his entire confidence, of which the result was, not unfrequently, some additional duty imposed upon him by one accustomed to find individuals ready to obey every command.

"All my labours," says Cuvier, in a letter written to M. Duvernoy in 1808, "are almost arrested by a work which the emperor has required of the class, and which has been assigned to me, for the most part, as secretary: it is a history of the march and progress of the human mind since 1789. You will easily judge how complicated the business is as regards the natural sciences; and although I have already finished nearly a volume on the subject, I am far from being at the end of it: but this history is so rich, and so abundant in fine discoveries, that I have become interested in it as I proceeded, and perform my labour with pleasure. I trust that it will be a striking piece of literary and philosophical history. Above all, I endeavour to point to the true views by which ulterior researches should be directed."

The work here referred to he afterwards continued and completed up to the year 1826, under the title of the *History of the Progress of the Natural Sciences, from 1789 to the present time*; and in that shape it forms an invaluable addition to the immortal labours of Buffon. His annual reports, read before the Institute, beginning with 1812 and continued up to the time of his death, comprehending an analysis of the labours of its Physical Class (subsequently denominated the Academy of Sciences), contain a

clear exposition of the progress of physical science, and the discoveries made in it by the members of that illustrious body, and by learned foreigners, who were in correspondence with it. These analyses embrace meteorology and general physics; chemistry and physics properly so called; mineralogy and geology; vegetable physiology and botany; anatomy and physiology; zoology; travels connected with the advancement of the natural sciences; medicine and surgery; the veterinary art, and agriculture.

The *Eloges* alone would furnish subject-matter for very extended remarks. Singularly eloquent, but composed in a style remote from the inflated models of the agitated period which had just passed away, each of these discourses contains simple and elegant details, yet most instructive and even profound, of the labours of the individual of which each is commemorative.

Of his public lectures we have hardly spoken; yet they demanded, no less than his other undertakings, the exercise of all his acquirements, and of the rare qualities with which he was endowed as a teacher. Whether lecturing at the Pantheon on the Elements of Natural History, at the Jardin des Plantes on Comparative Anatomy, at the College of France on the History of Natural Philosophy, or at the Lyceum or Athénée on subjects selected for a cultivated audience, accustomed to the eloquent literature of Laharpe, he was never superficial and never tedious. His vast comprehension seemed for the time to be communicated to his hearers, and he led them, without fatigue, to the most elevated views.

“ His Lectures on Comparative Anatomy, at the Jardin des Plantes, attracted a most numerous auditory to the immense amphitheatre. Every ear was attentive to catch the oracles which he pronounced concerning organization and its laws. The mind was captivated by the wonders which he related, with that strong sonorous voice, which penetrated in all directions to the extremities of that large lecture-room. His easy elocution, expressing what a just and rapid conception had discovered, and with equal simplicity and clearness, shed intelligence over minds of every description; and numerous preparations from the Museum, exhibited to the hearers, rendered his oral demonstrations additionally luminous. These means of conveying instruction were wonderfully multiplied by sketches which he drew with inconceivable rapidity, and as it were without any interruption of his discourse; a term which would seem to have been created to express the character of his lectures, which were indeed connected discourses, although delivered extemporaneously, from brief notes. His ideas were unfolded in perfect order, without the slightest hesitation, or the least repetition: the proper word was always employed, without formal effort, or any other design than that of instructing. But the wonders of organization, so well displayed by his genius, gave an interest to his instructions, and excited an enthusiasm,

which still reanimates one who, more than thirty years ago, had the happiness to hear them, and who would vainly wish to make those partakers of it, who have been deprived of such an advantage."—*Duternoy*, p. 73.

His lectures at the College were no less attractive; and the last which he delivered there, only the day before he felt the first symptoms of the fatal malady which put a period to his life within the same week, was a Review of the Progress of Science, from the first formation of Societies, a subject which he treated in a manner so masterly and with so much sublimity, as to impress his hearers at once with the idea that they heard a second interpreter of God's creation, and with the solemn and affecting idea that they were listening to him for the last time. We do but employ the language of others, and if it appears exaggerated, the cause is to be found in the deep effect unquestionably produced by this last grand discourse, concerning which all the testimony is the same.

A life of thought and toil had made its impression on Cuvier, although his constitution was apparently robust in his latter years. He had also been subjected to one of those trials, which more than years or toils advance men into the woes of age. His only daughter, young, beautiful, and highly accomplished, worthy, in short, of her father, and most affectionately beloved by him, died of consumption within a short period of her marriage. It is a sad and oftentimes repeated story in human experience.—“*O triste plane, acerbumque funus! ô morte ipsa mortis tempus indignius! Jam destinata erat egregio juveni, jam electus nuptiarum dies, jam nos vocati. Quod gaudium, quo mærore mutatum est!*” Such were the terms in which it was deplored two thousand years ago; and still such griefs fall heavily upon the human heart, even though sustained by the highest philosophy and resignation. The blow had been severely felt, and perhaps Cuvier never wholly recovered from its effects. His spirits, his manner, his general appearance might show something of it, and it is so natural to be quicksighted to danger threatening those whom we reverence or love, that slight signs, and circumstances hardly capable of expression, might awaken fears on which the fatal event, so immediately supervening, seemed to follow as on intimations almost prophetic.

In addition to all that occupied the life of Cuvier as a philosopher, an anatomist, a professor, and an author, he was early named to public appointments connected with popular education; and perhaps no individual in Europe entertained on this subject views at once so just and profound. In 1802 he was named by the emperor one of the six inspectors-general of the Lyceums, and in 1808 he became counsellor of the Imperial University: in 1809 and 1810 he was charged with the organization of academies for

the states of Italy, then united to the French empire. It is difficult to reconcile the idea of unmitigated tyranny which many writers have so carefully associated with the name of Napoleon, with the provision for popular education indicated by the selection of Cuvier for this duty. In 1811 he was sent on a mission of inquiry concerning the state of public instruction in Holland and in Lower Germany; and in 1813, although a Protestant, on a similar mission to the states of the church; with the design also of modelling the establishments of public instruction according to the system of the university of France. It was whilst on this journey of inspection that the emperor named him to the office of *maître des requêtes* in the council of state. During the various tours which these duties occasioned, M. Cuvier neglected no opportunity of increasing his knowledge of natural history and of fossil remains. His delicate and difficult duties as regarded the seminaries of public education were performed with as much feeling as judgment. He constantly strove to preserve what was valuable even in faulty institutions, and he felt the veneration of a great mind for places which great names had rendered sacred.

"Who," said he, in one of his Reports, speaking of the universities of Tuscany, "who would have the courage to interfere hastily with institutions founded and sustained by so many great men? And when we reflect that the teaching of civil law was established in Tuscany by Itrnerius and Bartholius; that medicine has possessed there a Vidijs, a Columbus, a Fallopius, a Mercurialis, and a Redi; that Galileo there demonstrated physical science; that Michellius and Cesalpinus there taught botany; that from those schools proceeded Dante, Petrarca, Machiavelli, and Guicciardini; and that their great artists, statesmen, and even princes, were as conversant with literature as their scholars by profession; are we not rather inclined to respect than to criticise, and ought we not above all things fear to propose a rash reform?"

Talents so eminent as those of Cuvier, united with so much dignity of character and so much experience, were indispensable to France under all the successive changes of government which happened during his lifetime. The Consulate, the Imperial Government, the Restoration, the Monarchy of July, did but anew direct public attention to the civil services of a man whose attainments and whose sagacity were for all time. Subservient only to good and great designs, worthy of his exalted intellect, he was a favourite of the consul, of the emperor, of the restored sovereigns, and of him whom the people elected; and yet independent; for what could governments or kings do for Cuvier? Undistracted by all the changes that befel his country, he was ever occupied with her best interests; ever laboriously endeavouring to diffuse that

mental and moral preparation without which he well knew the political rights she so urgently sought would prove the reverse of blessings. Accustomed to reflect on the great preparations by which Providence has preceded all important events in nature, he conceived that the moral world should imitate and conform to what was written in the natural world; and well knowing that all man's title to consideration depends on his moral and intellectual culture, he was not deluded by any of the specious theories or imposing names by which so many well-wishers to mankind were deceived.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, M. Cuvier was consulted regarding the direction of the University; and it was thought that some remains of prejudices, which the lessons of exile had not removed from the royal mind, alone prevented his being appointed to the office of Grand Master. He was, however, appointed president of the commission of public instruction; and when the office of grand-master was revived, Cuvier retained the influential post of chancellor. The dignity of counsellor of state, which Napoleon had intended to confer upon him, was bestowed upon him by Louis XVIII., and he was thus called upon to take a considerable share in the internal administration of the country, as president of the committee of the interior, an office which involved him in endless details of domestic administration. At this period of his life it is more than probable that Cuvier derived some advantage from the education he had received at Stuttgart, which was that of one destined for public duties. Like other official persons, he was often exposed to misrepresentation and sometimes to obloquy; but those apart from the political coteries of Paris will have little difficulty in believing that he continued in his ministerial offices to be as distinguished for his love of order and of justice, for sagacious views, industry, and pure intentions, as he had uniformly been acknowledged to be in affairs of science. Himself a Protestant, one of the most important of the functions imposed upon him was that of superintending the affairs of the non-catholic sects of France; and it is said that he meditated some religious modifications which would have proved of the utmost importance to his country. In 1832, he was created a peer of France by Louis Philippe, and he occasionally spoke in the Chamber of Peers, and with much effect. But concerning his life as a public man we must refer the reader to the various accounts of him published since his death.

A desire to know something of the private habits of men eminently distinguished is natural to readers of almost every description, and arises out of a better feeling than mere curiosity concerning particulars in no way connected with our own feelings or

pursuits. To whatever elevation a human intellect attains, its relationship to human intellects of inferior power is established by too many circumstances to admit of denial; and the humblest class of readers, as respects intellectual capacity, are comforted, as all the superior natures are encouraged, by tracing some lineaments of a common family likeness. In such recognitions, minds of the lowest order find relief from an insupportable sense of inferiority, whilst those that aspire more highly are led by them to believe attainments possible for which they might otherwise think the necessary struggles and sacrifices too great. Doubtless all cherish a secret hope of detecting in the biography of eminent persons some golden secret of their greatness, either in their modes of study or of labour; and are interested, more deeply than they love to confess, in tracing the manner in which great intellects have been kept in exercise; and by what relaxations, by what peculiarities even of toil or of leisure, they were marked from the crowd of aimless and undistinguished men. The wonder caused by what they found time to perform carries something with it that is humiliating: we think that we have less time than other men, and that they were more favoured by fortune or accident than by an organization of which the questionless superiority must be admitted.

The private life of Cuvier encourages none of these agreeable kinds of self-delusion. His vast and diversified undertakings prove that he possessed a brain of the most perfect organization, as much as its ample development, and the depth of its convolutions, and the absolute weight of its cerebral lobes. His habits of life show that his superiority to other men arose from the most diligent employment of his mind, at every possible interval that could be taken from public business, from social duties, and from needful rest. But so limited was the time that he could thus absolutely command, that we see beyond dispute that no mere plodding industry could have effected what he performed, and that the rapidity of his mental operations was no less wonderful than their power. We must let M. Duvernoy describe the minute traits of one whom he most intimately knew. We quote his Notice rather than the more ample account of Mrs. Lee, because no English reader should omit the perusal of one of the most elegant, judicious, and affecting pieces of biography that ever proceeded from a female pen.

“If I have entered into some details of his administrative career,” says M. Duvernoy, “and for an instant gone aside from my principal object, that of showing you the man of genius labouring for the advancement of science, it has been that you should know him thoroughly, and that every moment of his life has had its useful employment; and that time was his

treasure, of which he lost not the smallest part. I wished to place before you a striking example of the exertion with which existence might be filled by those whose constant desire it is to neglect none of these duties, however numerous such duties may be.

“ To be more convinced of this, let us follow Cuvier for a little while into private life, into his family, where he was seen to so much advantage, and where his constant activity, his extreme facility of composition, his prodigious memory, the universality of his acquirements, his exquisite judgment, the lively interest of his conversation, still more elevated this extraordinary man in the eyes of those who had the happiness to approach him.

“ He was never found without occupation; he never allowed any repose to his mind while awake; the only relaxation that he permitted to it was that arising from a change of the objects on which it was exerted. During his frequent drives through the city, or his longer journeys, he read and even wrote in his carriage, which was fitted up with a lamp, so that he might write as if in his study. No author ever composed so many original works at a smaller expense of time.

“ He rose between eight and nine in the morning, studied half an hour or an hour before breakfast, during which meal he looked over two or three newspapers, without, however, being inattentive to the conversation of those around him. He then received such persons as desired to speak with him, and went out at the latest at eleven o'clock, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, to the Council of State, or on Wednesdays and Fridays to the University. On Monday, the day on which the sittings at the Institute are held, his morning was prolonged to twelve or one o'clock. From these different meetings he commonly only returned to dinner; but if he returned so as to have only a quarter of an hour to spare, he availed himself of it to resume some composition, interrupted since the night before, on some scientific subject. This facility of study, and of directing all the power of his attention from one quarter of an hour to another, to very diverse subjects, was one of the circumstances in the great qualities of his mind which I most admired.

“ He dined between six and seven; and if he did not leave home in the evening, he immediately afterwards withdrew to his study to occupy himself there until ten or eleven: from eleven to twelve he had some literary or historical work read to him.

“ Thus M. Cuvier had no day but Sunday in which he could pursue one occupation during the whole day; and it is impossible to say how many books, memorials, reports, and historical notices he wrote on a day which is for so many persons a day of idleness or dissipation, and which he had more particularly consecrated to the task of revealing to the world the wonders of the creation.”—p. 86.

This is an extraordinary, and, we doubt not, a faithful picture, and which, although it leaves us impressed with an idea of that ceaseless mental toil which Napoleon said he made him his master of requests in part to relieve him from, is far from explaining the marvellous abundance and extent of Cuvier's performances.

One lesson, however, may be learnt from it by many who affect to deplore their unavoidable abstinence from intellectual delights, and who are merely suffering the evils that arise from neglecting the expense of small portions of time. The habit of being never idle, of being undisturbed by interruptions, of returning to unfinished labours as if no interruptions had occurred, if to be acquired by those who do not possess it, is shown to be so valuable as to deserve the strongest efforts of the mind for its attainment.

We close these biographical notices with regret. Of their interesting contents much remains to reward the reader, for we have chiefly sought to exhibit Cuvier as a man of science. But it is impossible to reflect on the character of so accomplished a person, one so intellectually and morally gifted, without being drawn away from his immortal works to himself, from the philosopher and statesman to the man and the father. To have seen and known Cuvier is what no one who ever had that privilege can wish to forget. We saw him not long after that cruel domestic affliction which deprived him of a daughter worthy of her name, and beneath which even his mighty heart had well nigh broken. His house was for a long time closed to the brilliant assemblies of the learned and the scientific who used thither to resort, and there to show of what the highest minds are capable in social communion.

At the time of which we speak, the stranger who was to be presented to him, in his spacious dwelling in the Jardin des Plantes, was led to the highest story, which appeared to be entirely devoted to books and study, and through several rooms, all fitted up as so many libraries, in some of which secretaries or amanuenses were writing, with books and engravings before them, and probably employed on some portions of the great work on fishes, which was then in progress. At length the study of Cuvier was reached, and the illustrious occupier was found deeply engaged among his papers; dressed in a grey dressing-gown and cap, and having an air of plain good sense and gravity, strongly enough contrasted with the vivacity of address of some of his brother savans of that time. He seemed to have the art or the habit of directing the conversation to circumstances most interesting to the individual who visited him, and to his English visitors he generally made it apparent that he was well acquainted with the constitution of our places of education, and with most of our countrymen distinguished for scientific acquirements. His manner was composed, without any approach to moroseness. His expression was mild and penetrating; the tone of his voice was very pleasing, at once firm and gentle; and there was an air of sincerity in everything he said which was particularly grati-

fyng. In the afternoon of the same day it might happen that those who had been honoured with such an interview, saw him again at the Institute in his capacity of secretary. Cuvier would then be dressed as became his station in society, and his cap being thrown aside left his very striking features and his noble head unconcealed. Mrs. Lee's *Memoir* has prefixed to it an admirable likeness of him; so admirable, indeed, that it can hardly be looked at by those who knew him without a kind of expectation of hearing again that voice of eloquence and wisdom which can be heard no more. The *Gallery of Portraits* also contains a likeness of Cuvier, of which every admirer of him should possess himself of a copy. M. Duvernoy's work contains a profile, which shows something of the classical beauty, but little of the expression of the original. M. Pariset has been unfortunate in not obtaining something more ornamental to his *Eloge* than a kind of caricature; and the same wretched engraving disfigures the French translation of Mrs. Lee's most delightful book; whereas her own book, in English, is adorned with an engraving which at least makes intelligible that memorable expression of Madame Cuvier, when surveying Mr. Pickersgill's generous present of her husband's picture, painted by the artist's own master-hand:—"It is he; it is his noble, pure, and elevated mind, often melancholy, but always benevolent and calm, like real goodness. It is the great man passing over this earth, and knowing that there is something beyond." To us this single exclamation conveys no inconsiderable eulogy of one whom it proves to have been, what unfortunately so few of the wives of literary or scientific men have been, a helpmate to her husband, and worthy of the warmest praise showered upon her by his admiring friends.

Cuvier's demeanour at the Institute was, perhaps, somewhat stately, not always without a slight admixture of impatience; sometimes, indeed, accounted for by the frivolities occasionally mixed up with the proceedings even of the most scientific assemblies, when they consist of numerous members; but sometimes a little too repressive, or to a foreigner appearing so, of the lively and intelligent sallies of young members who were yet not quite undistinguished. His tones, on such occasions, commanded immediate attention; and a few simple words from him seemed at once to settle points about to be vivaciously disputed; whilst his manner was very dignified, and that of one who strove, not without success, to repress a constitutional irritability; an irritability, compatible, it must be remembered, with such patient attention to minute details as few were capable of.

But a few years have gone by, and all this has passed away! and Cuvier, and many of the great men who then surrounded

him, like the emperor who once presided in that hall of science, have been removed like so many unreal and shadowy things; leaving their works for our contemplation, to be viewed apart from the radiance of false glory which was once shed over them, and judged by the simple standard of the good they effected.

To civilize large portions of mankind; to "lead the mind of man to its noble destination, a knowledge of the truth; to spread sound and wholesome ideas among the lowest classes of the people; to draw human beings from the empire of prejudices and passions; to make reason the arbitrator and supreme guide of public opinion," which are "the essential objects of science,"—we use the glowing words of Cuvier himself—*these* are, indeed, objects which, if they can only be fully effected by governments, can be promoted by men of science, and confer a true lustre upon all who seek them. Occupied with such grand objects, Cuvier passed his life in study and exertion, and he was still occupied in them when paralysis laid its iron hand upon him, leaving for a few days his noble mind untouched, and then, without violence extinguishing his mortal life. With the same calmness with which he had been accustomed to reflect on the plan and decrees of Providence in the regulation of all nature, did he resign himself to the inevitable laws which regulate the duration of the immortal portion of man in a mortal frame.

It is when we pause, after dwelling on the close of the earthly existence of such a mind, that the solemn but consoling belief visits us, that such activity has not all ceased, that such manifestations of the soul cannot all die. We follow with our feeble imagination the spirit departed into some higher sphere, where it receives further amplifications of perception and reason, that it may behold yet more of the vast design which it was even here occupied in contemplating, in interpreting; and to find a confirmation of the elevated faith which here it cherished, that every thing was created for good.

Some feelings of sorrow we must be affected by, some natural tears we shed, to see all that is best and brightest in what we call life so transient, and but the dream of a shadow, or a vapour. We may wish that a few more years had been accorded to Cuvier. But we should rather recall what his life had already permitted him to accomplish. He had not reached the years enumerated by the Psalmist, but his labours had been those of a century. Looking back to his vast achievements in the natural history of the earth and its creatures, wherein, if he began much, he had the rare happiness of living to bring almost every thing which he touched into order, if not to perfection; viewing his qualities of sagacity and enlarged benevolence in the high station of a minister

of state, especially entrusted with the advancement of the national mind; remembering the eloquence with which, in his undying *Eloges*, he conferred popularity, immortality, on much individual intellect and virtue; and seeing with what unstained purity he walked in private life;—what is there that could be desired more for Cuvier? A reputation more exalted than that of conquerors; a fame more extended than that of princes; the power of doing good, actively employed; a continual reference of the works which he studied to the great Creator, whom in his lowliest works he acknowledged; a life of patient and well directed inquiry; these, although but human glories, may irradiate the soul when the body's life is gone. To him, as to every industrious student, death might seem to come in the midst of inquiries unfinished, and undertakings incomplete. To others, considering what he perfected, and what he was intending, it more justly seems as if he were removed when his capacious mind had performed its allotted office in this world, and was aspiring, not presumptuously, but with high and searching thought, to explain that unity, and greatness, and perfection of nature, of which, although he pointed to it, none can feel a perfect comprehension in this state of existence. His latest thoughts were those which we may conceive to be continued after death. He had caught glimpses, only revealed to such minds, of some great scheme, which it is just possible that, if life had been permitted to him, he might have been able to convey a faint apprehension of to others. There is something sublime in this participation of a mortal mind in the knowledge of higher powers, not, as in the infancy of the world, by vain, forbidden, and impious attempts of disastrous consequence; not as in the visions of mythology, for the purpose of deciding some idle question connected with physical enjoyments; but to raise and purify man's thoughts, and to teach him his true position and his duties.

To do justice to the scientific merits of Cuvier, each of his great works should have been subjected to analysis. The view of them all, comprehending, as they do, forty years of his life, suggests too many general reflections: yet even such a survey may induce some readers to turn to his works, which are, perhaps, less known in England than they deserve to be, and others, attracted by his great example, to make some efforts to imitate it.

ART. V.—1. *Contes Arabes du Cheikh al Mohdy*, Traduits par J. J. Marcel. Paris, 1834. 8vo.

2. *Les Aventures de Kám-rúp*. Traduites de l'Hindústáni par M. Garcin de Tassy. (Printed for the Oriental Translation Committee,) Paris. 1834. 8vo.

“THE gorgeous East,” says an intelligent traveller, “the mother-country of the human race, of civilization, of literature, and of the arts, always excites a deep sympathy in the bosom of Europeans; we regard its mighty monuments as we should the tombs of our fathers, and receive accounts of its stereotyped customs as descriptions of the habits of our ancestors.” This feeling is considerably strengthened by the association of Arabian Tales with the fondest reminiscences of early youth. Dear, delightful Scheherazade! who is there that loves not to recal the hours of stolen pleasure, devoted to the stories with which, during a thousand and one nights, thou didst delay the stroke of fate, and change the stern resolve of the cruel Schahriar? The days are gone when we gave full credence to the marvels of Aladdin’s lamp and ring, when the voyages of Sinbad appeared as authentic as those of Ross and Parry; but we must confess, notwithstanding the hazard of incurring all the ridicule of this utilitarian age, that we still love to revel in these wild and wondrous scenes of oriental imagination.

“The weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.”

The translator of these tales, the Chevalier Marcel, was director of the French printing-office, established in Cairo when the French took possession of Egypt. He formed there a close intimacy with the Sheikh Al Mohdi, secretary to the divan at Cairo, and received from him the manuscript collection of tales, of which the translation is before us. Before entering on any examination of their merits, we must turn our attention to the translator’s interesting biographical sketch of the author, who acted no humble part in the several revolutions that seem now likely to work out the moral regeneration of Egypt.

Al Mohdi was a Copt and Christian by birth; these degenerate relics of the ancient people of the Pharaohs, like the Byzantine Greeks, rendered themselves useful and almost indispensable to their Mohammedan masters by their financial and diplomatic skill; they had the monopoly of all the administrative details of the government, and the possession of some lucrative arts, which in some degree compensated them for the civil and military degra-

clation to which they were subjected by their conquerors. It is a singular fact, that the Copts have preserved from time immemorial, exclusively, the secret of hatching chickens by artificial heat. The Turkish and Arabian proprietors of the ovens are obliged to have recourse to Coptic servants, and every attempt that they have made to break the monopoly has completely failed.

Al Mohdi's father was named Abifanius Fadl-Allah, a singular mixture of Greek and Arabic, not unusual in the names of those who are descended from the subjects of the Ptolemies and the Fatemite khalifs: Abifanius is simply the Greek *Επίφανιος* (Illustrious), and Fadl-Allah signifies in Arabic "divine virtue."

Abifanius held the office of secretary to Sulimán Kashef, the friend and companion of the celebrated Ali Bey; when his son had attained the age of thirteen years, Sulimán wished to have him enrolled amongst his Mamelukes, but Al Mohdi had little taste for the hardships of a military life, and entreated his patron to aid him in literary and scientific pursuits, so that he might become qualified for a civil office. Sulimán consented, and procured him admission to the celebrated Mussulman academy established at Cairo, in the *Jamí-al-azhar*, or "illustrious mosque," but which travellers more usually call "the mosque of flowers." His admission to this mosque was of course purchased by a change of his religion; but the boy had never the bad feelings of a renegade, and, during his entire life, the remembrance of the better creed he had left saved him from imbibing the bigotry and intolerance of Islamism.

During thirteen years Al Mohdi devoted himself diligently to study, and we find in his writings traces of his acquirements in European science and literature, as well as an intimate acquaintance with the poets and historians of the east. From his father he learned the routine of financial and diplomatic arrangements, and the hereditary secret of the Coptic race, while his acquirements in theology and Mohammedan law were so celebrated, that at an unusually early age he was dignified with the title of sheikh, and regarded as a high authority in matters of casuistry.

When Al Mohdi had attained his twenty-sixth year, Ali Bey had become the leading man of Egypt; Sulimán recommended the young sheikh to his notice, and Ali, a shrewd judge of talent, in a short time made him one of his secretaries. During the troubled but glorious career of Ali Bey, who, with inferior means and far less available opportunities, commenced reforms as extensive and perhaps more prudent than those that Mehemet Ali has effected, Al Mohdi faithfully supported his cause, seeking no reward in prosperity, making no attempt to escape in adversity. When Ali Bey fell by the treachery of those whom he trusted, Al

Mohdi became an exile in Syria; but after the lapse of two years he was recalled by Ismael Bey and restored to his former office. By consummate prudence he managed to continue neutral during the fierce contests that preceded the French invasion, and when Cairo was taken, the general voice of the citizens pointed out Al Mohdi as the person best suited to direct the administration of Cairo; Napoleon, with his usual wisdom, immediately ratified his appointment. M. Marcel soon became an especial favourite with the sheikh, but he tells us that the progress of his friendship was greatly accelerated by some bottles of excellent brandy, for which the sheikh, notwithstanding the prohibitions of the Koran, had a strong *penchant*. We were amused by a conversation between him and his translator on this delicate subject.

“ M. My worthy sheikh, has not your prophet, on whom be peace and benediction, forbidden expressly, in the Koran, the use of wine to the faithful ?

“ S. No : look to the book.

“ M. Here it is, read this passage in the second Surat. ‘ They will ask thee concerning wine and lots. Answer, in both there is great sin.’”

“ S. Continue the verse—‘ and also some things of use unto men.’

“ M. I will, in my turn, read on, ‘ but their sinfulness is greater than their use.’ Turn also to the fifth Surat ; ‘ O true believers ! surely wine and lots and images are devouring arrows, are an abomination of the work of Satan, therefore avoid them, that ye may prosper. Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred among you by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God, and from prayer.’†

“ S. Very well : but I never gamble, and in taking a cheerful glass with you, I feel that the bonds of our friendship are tightened—one glass more ! Here’s to your health, and the continuance of our friendship !

“ M. Thank you, but you have not answered me respecting the prohibition of wine.

“ S. This is not wine ; a small glass more.

“ M. Here it is. It is not wine, but it comes from it ; besides all the commentators and all the traditions join in prohibiting Mussulmans the use of strong liquors that intoxicate.

“ S. Oh ! this does not intoxicate me. One little glass more.”

The chevalier was fairly beaten, and left the sheikh master of the field.

But the wisdom and liberality of Al Mohdi were more conspicuous on another occasion, when the French general, either through carelessness or ignorance, had outraged the religious prejudices of the leading Mussulmans in Cairo. The general-in-chief invited to a splendid banquet the principal officers of his staff and the most eminent citizens. In the midst of the feast,

• Sale’s Koran, vol. i. p. 37

† Ib. vol. i. p. 39.

the servants placed before each of the guests a glass of excellent white wine;

“ Soon murmurs were heard, by degrees the whispers became louder, surprise and discontent were displayed in every countenance.

“ ‘ It is wine,’ said one.

“ ‘ Wine!’ shouted another. ‘ Wine to Mussulman sheikhs! and in public!’

“ ‘ It is an insult,’ said a third, ‘ artful means devised by vengeance to lower us in public estimation!’

“ ‘ Let us depart,’ exclaimed a sheikh, more exasperated than the rest, ‘ and proclaim to our fellow citizens the insult that has been offered to us, and through us to our religion and our holy prophet!’

“ The sheikh Al Mohdi had not lost any of these symptoms of irritation, and of those still more dangerous proposals, whose consequences were likely to prove deplorable in a city recently pacified, where a brand thrown at random might kindle a vast conflagration.

“ He had seen all and heard all, without seeming to pay the least attention, apparently plunged in that apathetic reverie, in which the Orientals are so fond of indulging. Suddenly he seemed to awake, and with a tone of surprise demanded, ‘ What is the matter?—what troubles you?’

“ They explained to him the subject of the general discontent, ‘ They have offered us wine to drink!’ ‘ Perhaps it is not wine,’ said the sheikh, calmly taking up his glass and looking at it; ‘ assuredly it is not wine; wine is never of this colour.’ The angry passions began to subside, and it was obvious that the minds of the Mussulmans would take the direction given them by their able chief, whose learning and orthodoxy were well known. After a short pause, he lifted the glass and swallowed its contents, saying, ‘ Let us see what it really is;’ then with a true epicurean smack of the lips, ‘ It is wine, my brethren, but it is delicious, and if it be a sin for me or for you to drink it, may the holy prophet cause the sin to fall on the Franks.’ He demanded a second glass, the sheikhs followed his example, and drank, exclaiming, ‘ Be the sin on them! be the sin on them!’ Discord fled from the table, harmony reigned in its stead, the festivity of the evening suffered no further interruption, and there was no insurrection in the city.

Like most of the Orientals, Al Mohdi was fond of punning upon names; Bonaparte he called *Bonna Bakht* (the edifice of fortune); Kleber, *Kalah-ber* (the fortress of the country); and Menou, *Men-hu* (what kind is he?). After the departure of the French, the sheikh was continued in his situation, and so universally was he respected, that when the Albanians broke out into insurrection and attacked the Frank quarter of Cairo, in July, 1804, the women and children found a safe asylum in his house, which even these licentious mercenaries dared not violate. He subsequently took an active part in the elevation of Mehemet Ali to the government, and was appointed chief of the sect of Shafái, one of the four orthodox sects of Islam. Mehemet

All, however, finding that Al Mohdi opposed some of his projects, treated him with coldness, in consequence of which he retired into private life, and died in the bosom of his family, at the advanced age of seventy-nine years, A. D. 1815.

The tales which Al Mohdi collected are divided into two unequal portions, the second being about double the length of the first; both are connected by the history of Abd-er-rahman al-Iskanderani (the Alexandrian), who is the Scheherazade of the work. The first portion, whimsically entitled by the author "The Present of an Unmarried Awakener, for the amusement of him who loves slumber and sleep," was translated and published some years ago under the title of the "Ten unfortunate evenings of Abd-er-rahman-al-Iskanderani." Its success induced M. Marcel to revise and improve it, and to add the second and more interesting portion, called "Conversations in the Moristân, or Revelations of the Lunatic Asylum at Cairo."

The plot of the main story is more ingenious but less romantic than that of Scheherazade and Schahriar. Abd-er-rahman being left in possession of a large fortune by his father, a wealthy merchant of Alexandria, devotes himself intensely to study, and makes a proficiency which he fondly deems unparalleled. Desirous that others should profit by his learning, he prepares narratives to read to his friends. Ten times he adventures as a story-teller; on each occasion his auditors are put to sleep, and some dread misfortune is brought on the hapless author's head. The tenth evening brings him to beggary, and consigns him to the Moristân, or Lunatic Asylum of Cairo.

On the first occasion, Abd-er-rahman began by assembling his slaves and reading to them a *resumé* of history, which, sooth to say, is not wholly destitute of soporific qualities. Before he had concluded they had all fallen asleep, leaving the doors and gates unfastened. The naïb or chief of police, discovering this negligence as he went his rounds, ordered his attendants to nail up the doors, and inflicted a very heavy fine on Abd-er-rahman, for thus affording temptation to robbers.

The unfortunate story-teller consoled himself by reflecting on the proverbial stupidity of slaves; he resolved to assemble a more enlightened auditory, and for this purpose invited his friends and acquaintances to a magnificent entertainment. After they had feasted on the richest dainties, Abd-er-rahman produced his manuscript, and read a very interesting narrative, showing the necessity of men reposing all their trust in God. But, alas! his auditors fell asleep once more; on looking round, however, he discovered four who had escaped the general somnolency, and he complimented them highly on their taste and love of learning.

They, in return, expressed so deep an interest in his narrative, that they wished to see the historical authorities on which it was founded. The delighted author went to seek them in his study; they were not easily found, and he was consequently absent for some time. When he returned, the four attentive guests had disappeared, and along with them had vanished all Abd-er-rahman's rich service of plate, with the exception of one salver, on which Al Harrami, the notorious robber, had written some lines thanking Abd-er-rahman for his entertainment.

The next morning Abd-er-rahman went to lodge his complaint before the aga of the Janissaries, taking with him the salver on which the robber had written his complimentary letter. He found the aga mounted on horseback, surrounded by a crowd of suitors, to whose complaints he could give but distracted attention. Abd-er-rahman stated his case and exhibited the salver; the aga heard little and comprehended less of the complainant's statement, but demanded that the salver should be handed to him for closer inspection. No sooner had he seen the robber's letter than he furiously accused Abd-er-rahman of being an accomplice of the gang, and without hearing his explanation, ordered him to be bastinadoed. The orders were instantly obeyed, while the surrounding multitude loudly cheered the prompt justice of their magistrate. Nor was this all: Abd-er-rahman was sentenced to pay a very heavy fine to prevent further proceedings before a superior tribunal.

The next audience to which Abd-er-rahman recited was composed of his relatives, whom he had assembled to celebrate his reconciliation with a cousin, who had been reduced to distress by a career of vice and profligacy in a distant land, but who represented his poverty as the result of inevitable misfortunes. Abd-er-rahman believed the tale, and by a romantic excess of generosity, lent him a large sum of money in private, while publicly he affected to entertain suspicions of his character. The third tale produced the same effects as the preceding, but the sleep was not immediately attended with any fatal result. However, such soon appeared; Abd-er-rahman had placed the bond given him by his cousin in the leaves of the book from which he read to his guests, whence it was easily abstracted by the fraudulent debtor, who laughed the unfortunate story-teller to scorn, when he went to seek for payment. A law-suit followed. Abd-er-rahman's case, of course, completely failed, and he had not only to pay all the costs, but a very heavy fine for having brought a false accusation before the tribunal; he had also to endure the bastinado a second time for perjury.

A bright idea now seized Abd-er-rahman; he resolved no

longer to lead a single life, but to obey the recommendations of the Koran, and take a wife. We spare our readers an enumeration of the learned arguments by which he fortified his resolution; one, however, deserves to be noticed.

“ Amongst the details of the interesting picture which my imagination formed of wedded joys—a husband in the arms of a beloved wife—a father surrounded by prattling children—I cannot venture to deny that there glided in, almost unconsciously, the image of a father and husband reading his histories to his wife and children—reading when he pleased, without fearing refusal or interruption: it seemed an audience ready prepared, always at hand, always attentive; and I was surprised that I had never thought of it before.”

The lady whom he chose was of illustrious birth; she was the daughter of a *sherif*, or descendant of the prophet; and though still young, she was the widow of another *sherif*, to whom she had been contracted in infancy. The nuptials were celebrated with great magnificence; but unfortunately, to enliven the marriage feast, Abd-er-rahman told a story, pointing out the folly of family pride, and the hazard of marrying ladies of noble birth. All went to sleep except the brother of the bride, and he, believing that the tale was told to insult his family, drew his sword, rushed upon Abd-er-rahman, and before he could make any preparations for defence, smote off his ear. The tumult awoke the guests, a tremendous uproar ensued, the police interfered, Abd-er-rahman fainted from loss of blood, and on his recovery found himself in prison. As the case related to *sherifs*, it came under the cognizance of the *nakib-al-ushraf*, or chief of the illustrious descendants of the prophet: he of course decided in favour of his relatives, and the unfortunate story-teller was not liberated until he had paid a very heavy fine.

Abd-er-rahman, however, found some consolation in the affection of Fatima, his noble spouse. She declared herself so anxious to make some compensation for the wrongs he had suffered from her relatives, that he ventured to request she would listen to one of his stories. Fatima long resisted, but was finally persuaded, and her husband inflicted upon her a narrative of greater extent than any he had yet ventured to relate. Of course she fell asleep; her gown swept over a chafing-dish which was placed in the room; it took fire; the flames communicated to the tapestry; and before the conflagration could be extinguished, Abd-er-rahman's mansion and furniture were consumed, and he was severely fined for negligence that endangered the safety of the city.

Fatima escaped with life, but no persuasions could induce her to become a listener a second time. Abd-er-rahman, therefore, resolved to take another wife, and he chose an old maid named

Alima. Two wives in one house naturally disagreed; Alima especially was jealous of the least attention shown to Fatima, and in order to cure her, Abd-er-rahman resolved to tell a story. Great was his delight when Alima not only expressed a willingness to hear it, but declared that she would remain standing all the time, in order to resist the drowsiness which had overcome his former auditors. But alas! before the tale was finished she fell down and broke both her arm and leg. The physician summoned to attend her displayed so little skill, that Abd-er-rahman refused to pay him: the case was brought before the *ulemas*, or doctors of civil law, to which respectable body the physician belonged, and Abd-er-rahman had to pay, not only the bill, but very heavy damages for having spoken disrespectfully of the learned professions.

"Though the ass may make a pilgrimage to Mecca, yet an ass he will come back," says a proverb quoted by our inveterate story-teller to excuse his perseverance. Abd-er-rahman took a third wife, a beautiful young girl called Lúlú, or "the pearl," in consequence of her charms, but which was changed into Zeinab, "the ornament of her father," from the fame she brought her family. But Zeinab was an idiot, and Abd-er-rahman searched among his histories for one that might awaken her ideas. He took the precaution of placing some slaves in the apartment, and to banish the danger of sleep, permitted them to interrupt him by questions and comments. Zeinab's questions were so absurd and childish that her husband soon ceased to answer them, and she and her slaves were quickly asleep. A terrific crash in the kitchen disturbed the party; Abd-er-rahman had delayed supper to the conclusion of his lecture; a strange dog, guided by the scent of the meat, found a way into the house, and tumbled down the plates as he made a spring at a tempting shoulder of mutton. The slaves hastened to punish the intruder, but the dog fled with his prey, and escaped into one of the city sewers. The noise attracted the notice of the police; some doubt was felt respecting the excuse assigned for the riot, the sewer was opened, and in it was found, to the horror of all true believers, a leg of pork, which the dog had probably stolen from some infidel's kitchen. Such a crime could not go unpunished; Abd-er-rahman was brought before the great council of the *ulemas* for the crime of having swine's flesh dressed in his mansion; the evidence was deemed conclusive before a tribunal already prejudiced against him; he had once more to endure the bastinado and pay a heavy fine.

A fourth wife, named Zahara, was taken by the inveterate story-teller, and the very second day after his marriage he read to her a new narrative. Zahara fell so fast asleep that she could

not be awakened, and as the tale recited to her had been one of *diablerie*, the slaves reported that their master had bewitched his spouse. Abd-er-rahman was thrown into prison, and before he was liberated had to undergo the torture several times. Zahara had, however, only counterfeited this supernatural slumber to have an opportunity of escaping with her gallant. When this was made known to the judges, they acquitted Abd-er-rahman, and he was allowed to return home without paying any fine.

He next purchased some slaves for his harem, believing that he could command more attention from them than from his wives. One evening he assembled them in a kiosk, or summer-house, which he had erected in his garden, and having trimmed his lamp and produced his manuscript, threatened them with the severest punishment if they dared to fall asleep. When he concluded, he found that all his auditors but one had stolen away, and she was buried in slumber. By a sudden angry movement Abd-er-rahman overthrew the table and lamp; the awakened slave fled with the speed of lightning; and Abd-er-rahman, pursuing her in the darkness, tumbled into a reservoir, which, luckily for him, was only half full of water. It was, however, so deep that he could not get out, and so far from the house that his cries could not be heard. There he remained until the muezzin ascended a neighbouring minaret to proclaim the hour of morning prayer, when his cries attracted the notice of this pious functionary. Abd-er-rahman was extricated, but was attacked by a severe fever, which almost brought him to the grave. Scarcely had he recovered, when he was summoned to appear before the priests of the mosque to answer for the crime of interrupting the muezzin's holy proclamation. The chief mollah, however, treated him leniently, sentencing him only to bestow a large sum in alms, as an atonement for his impiety.

Abd-er-rahman was now at his wit's end; but he resolved to make a final effort, and to have the tale read by his slave, in order to determine whether the matter or manner of his recitals had most share in producing his former calamities. A splendid banquet was prepared, a large company assembled, the feast was concluded, the reading commenced, and Abd-er-rahman was the first to fall asleep. When he awoke, he found himself alone with the reader; he went to search the house for his guests, and received ocular demonstration that he was plundered by his slaves, and dishonoured by his wives. Transported with rage, he attempted to take immediate vengeance, aided by some domestics that still remained faithful; a terrible scene of confusion ensued, the police rushed in to learn the cause, and the guilty parties with one accord proclaimed that Abd-er-rahman was insane. His violent

behaviour when brought before the magistrates gave credibility to the accusation, and he was sent to the Moristán, or Lunatic Asylum of Cairo. Here he continued ten years. When he was at length permitted to quit it, he found his house in ruins, his wives married to others, and all his property destroyed. Thenceforward he became a strolling story-teller, and gained a miserable livelihood by reciting his narratives to caravans of pilgrims.

The second portion of the work contains an account of what Abd-er-rahman heard and saw in the Moristán. He bore his lot with patience, and soon acquired the favour of his keepers. They soon permitted him to walk in the courts, along with some of the inmates whose mildness of demeanour justified such indulgence. Here he became acquainted with three persons who had, like himself, lost their ears and been lamed. After a short time he discovered that the resemblance was still more perfect, for each of them retained his senses. They were, however, worse disfigured than our hero, and he could not avoid expressing a desire to learn the cause of their calamities. It was agreed that each should relate his history. Abd-er-rahman soon after, with other supposed lunatics, came to listen to these narratives, and amongst the latter, he found his perfidious cousin, and his faithless wife, Zahara. The number of narrators was thus increased, and we should be sorry that any one of them withheld his history. As a specimen of these "Revelations of the Moristán," we shall extract, with some curtailments, the history of Rafîf, the squinting astrologer of Alexandria, both because it illustrates the customs and superstitions of the east more vividly than any other, and because it introduces us to Jezzar Pacha, one of our "ancient allies," who, assisted by Sir Sidney Smith, beat off Napoleon from Acre, and thus materially aided in frustrating the French expedition to Egypt. Rafîf excited the attention of his auditors by declaring that he came to the Moristán in consequence of a quarrel with the sun, moon and stars. Such a preface appeared to Abd-er-rahman an evidence of insanity, but seeing that the rest of the audience heard it unmoved, he took courage and invited Rafîf to go on with his history.

"I am a native of Smyrna: the circumstances of my infancy have left such a feeble impression on my memory that I can with difficulty recal them. Moreover I remember perfectly, that from my earliest infancy the first object that struck my view was a piece of red cloth, suspended from my little turban, which hung over my forehead in the shape of a tongue, falling so exactly between my eyes that the pupils were constantly directed towards it by an involuntary attraction. My mother, full of tender fears, had used this means as an efficacious talisman to ward off the danger of *the evil eye*, which might be turned upon me. I

did not lay aside this amulet until I was nine years old, when, being admitted into the congregation of the faithful, I had acquired a right to the protection of our holy prophet, and *the evil eye* could no longer injure one of whom our divine religion was the parent and guardian.

“ My father was secretary to the kadi of Smyrna. He designed me to be his successor, when age and education had qualified me for the place. He was especially anxious to instruct me in jurisprudence, and no sooner was I able to read than he placed in my hands the works of the most celebrated Mohammedan lawyers. I had no taste for the study thus recommended to me, and I confess that I preferred the sports of my youthful companions to dry studies on law and equity. Whenever I could make my escape, I went to sport with my comrades, sometimes in the fields, sometimes in the gardens that surround the city.

“ Detained all day in court by his professional avocations, my father was ignorant of my constant truancy; and my mother, who loved me with all the mistaken fondness shown to an only child, was careful to conceal my faults. In our meetings, each of my companions had a nickname; they called me, I know not why, *the squinter*, and I have been so accustomed to the title that I have kept it to this day.

“ I had reached my sixteenth year without troubling myself much about the future, when all my father's hopes were suddenly overthrown—the kadi, his protector, was disgraced, all his property confiscated by the Divan of Constantinople, and he was forced to resign his dignity to a successor sent from the capital. The new dignitary, though a Turk by birth, showed some regard for his predecessor, and seeing that the confiscation of his property had deprived him of all resources, he generously offered him the post which my father had hitherto occupied.

“ The old kadi was but too happy to accept an offer which came so luckily to extricate him from his difficulties; and my father becoming the chief victim of these double reverses of fortune, was so deeply grieved, that in eight days I followed him to the tomb. My mother, who had been ailing long before, did not long survive her husband, and I suddenly found myself an orphan, with no prospect but the deepest misery.

“ I knew nothing; I had no means of procuring the necessaries of life; my former comrades were too young to give me any assistance; I had only some distant relations, who cruelly refused me even a lodging. One of them, more compassionate than the rest, was pleased at least to give me some advice; he counselled me to address the new kadi, implore his pity, and solicit the lowest place in his household, the meanest occupation that could afford me the means of subsistence.

“ I hastened to follow this advice; want, which I now felt bitterly, permitted neither hesitation nor delay. I ran to the kadi's door, I solicited and obtained permission to appear in his presence. I found him seated on cushions in a corner of a large saloon, and in the opposite corner was the old kadi discharging the duties which were once performed by my father. The physiognomy of my future protector appeared favourable, and seemed to promise a happy result. I made my request, which I deemed it right to accompany with the most extravagant eulogiums, declaring him the most illustrious of all kadis, past, present and future,

the only man on earth capable of filling such an exalted office, eclipsing the glory of all his predecessors, and depriving his successors for ever of all hope of displaying similar merit.

“During my harangue, the expression of his countenance totally changed; by degrees his brow darkened, his eyes sparkled, and finally his voice was raised against me with all the fury of the most violent indignation. He fiercely reproached me with having been sent by his enemies to insult him at his own tribunal, asserting that my praises were addressed to the old kadi, towards whom he declared that my looks were constantly directed, though, as I have already said, he sat at a distance on the opposite side of the room.* He would not listen to any apology or explanation, and the only result of my audience was to be forcibly ejected from the mansion where I hoped to find a refuge, with orders to quit the city immediately, and never to return.

“In the course of the same evening the old kadi, who, as it seems, had made a similar mistake, sent secretly to thank me for the courage with which I had maintained his superiority over his successor, and displayed his gratitude by sending me some provisions and a small sum of money, adding that he would secure me a passage on board a vessel which was to sail the following morning.

“I had lost by some unforeseen error the protection I had sought, and I did not conceive it necessary, by confessing the truth, to reject the unexpected patronage which by the same error I had involuntarily procured. In fact, my design was, by praising the new kadi and exalting him far above his predecessor, to take vengeance for my father and myself at the same time, whose modest place he had usurped; and assuredly I was far from imagining that he would mistake this part of my address for flattery. But by some inexplicable fatality my designs were frustrated; my praise was mistaken for reproach—my reproach for praise.

“I made enquiries about the ship to which I had been recommended; she lay at the entrance of the harbour, and I instantly went on board. The captain had received notice of my coming, and employed me as his attendant during the trip. Our voyage was not long; our destination was Iskanderùn (Alexandretta), and in five days we reached that Syrian port without encountering any danger. I was engaged, as I have said, by the captain only for the trip. As soon as he had cast anchor, he informed me that he had taken me on board only out of complaisance to the old kadi, and directed me to seek a new master in the town which we had just reached. As I had no luggage, my disembarkation was easily effected; during the rest of the day I wandered through the streets and bazaars of Iskanderùn; no one spoke to me, and I did not dare to address any body.

“When evening came, I sat down sorrowfully at the end of the long pier which forms the harbour, reflecting on my sorrowful position; not knowing where I could procure shelter for the night, whose shades were

* The reader must remember that Raffi squinted.

thickening around me, nor food for my empty stomach, which was manifesting its uneasiness by audible grumblings. My glances were mechanically turned to my left over the long promontory which, extending into the sea, closed the gulph on that side and hid from view the summits of the lofty mountains of Kribrús (Cyprus). All at once I saw near me a tall, stiff, and meagre figure, which seemed to me a real ghost. This being, whose approach I had not observed, and whose presence froze me with horror, had two piercing eyes, a countenance of cadaverous paleness; his bones seemed ready to burst through a skin as dry as parchment; his brows were thick and beetling, and a long white beard hung in wild disorder below his chest; he wore a dark coloured robe, and his motions were as precise and regular as if they had been the result of machinery. His eyes were fixed on the starry heavens, and he directed his view successively to different stars, using instruments of curious construction, the like of which I had never seen.

"I felt assured that this strange being was a magician, practising some of his diabolical arts, and I expected that the evil genii would immediately assemble around him in obedience to his necromantic spells. Fear kept me motionless; I kept my eyes fixed upon him, attentively watching his movements; they were all new to me, and I expected momentarily to become their victim. My danger appeared to increase when I saw this mysterious and awful being lower his looks to me, and his glance met mine.

"After some moments of mutual and silent observation, during which drops of cold perspiration streamed from my forehead, he addressed me in a hoarse voice, whose tones however were not at all menacing. 'Friend,' said he, 'I see with pleasure that you share my tastes and pursuits; during the last half hour, I perceive that your looks have been directed towards that brilliant sky which extends its splendid canopy over the summit of Mount Taurus, and now your eyes, directed to the zenith, seem anxious to penetrate through the group of nebulous stars directly over our heads. Tell me, which is the constellation that has thus engaged your attention?'

"Reassured by hearing a human voice from this frightful body, which I had taken for some supernatural being that haunted this solitary place, I was about to reply, but he did not give me time. 'You may,' he continued, 'bless your fate and the constellations that protect you: I am the celebrated Abd-al-nejúm (servant of the stars), whose high acquirements in astronomy have procured him the surname *al Feleky* (the Celestial) Perceiving you just now with your eyes fixed on the starry heaven, I easily divined that you were impelled by some insurmountable impulse to my favourite study. I immediately observed with care the aspect of the heavens, I have found it favourable to you, and it has enjoined me to cultivate your taste for such exalted knowledge. Come then with confidence, my son; Abd-al-nejúm will in your company penetrate the palace of science; come with me, my house shall be your residence and your academy.'

"The astronomer then took me by the hand. Delighted by such an unexpected invitation, I permitted him to lead me in silence, dreading

that too speedy an explanation might lead him to change his benevolent purpose. We passed through several narrow streets in the meanest quarter of the town, and after several turnings stopped before a small house, whose appearance was far from sumptuous. Abd-al-nejûm opened the door himself; a circumstance which convinced me that he had neither slaves nor servants. Taking me again by the hand, he led me in the dark to a confined spot, where he desired me to sit down. Having lighted an old lamp, he turned to examine his new guest. He appeared surprised at the poverty of my dress, which the darkness had hitherto prevented him from noticing; his tone immediately changed, his kind proffers gave place to stern and imperious questions. Not being able to avoid a reply, I related without disguise the circumstances that had brought me to the place where he found me; and where my glances were vaguely directed over the surface of the western waters, instead of being elevated, as he supposed, to the brilliant sky of the east. I testified my gratitude for the kind offers he had made, but did not conceal that food was with me a more pressing want than lessons in astronomical science. . . . Abd-al-nejûm sat down on a wretched mat, which was almost the only article of furniture in his room, and resting his head upon his hands, seemed lost in thought. At length he proposed to take me into his service, on condition that I should ask no wages, but be content with bed and board, promising that if I proved faithful he would make me his heir.

"I lived with him very miserably for twelve years; when I asked him for instructions, he said that nature herself had forbidden me to become an astronomer. Every day he repeated that the stars promised him great wealth and length of life; but nevertheless, I found him one morning dead in his bed, and conformably to his promises I was his sole heir. The inheritance however was only some few articles of furniture, and his mathematical instruments. The owner of the house soon gave me notice to quit; I made a little money by the sale of the furniture, and carefully preserving the astronomical instruments of my deceased master, I sought another lodging.

"I obtained it in the house of an old woman who lodged in the suburbs, to whom I had sold some pieces of paper covered with figures, on which my master had written his scientific calculations, which she purchased as talismans, to increase the fertility of her pigeons and keep them from vermin. I had no difficulty in persuading her that I had inherited the knowledge as well as the instruments of my old master; and her neighbours of both sexes flocked to obtain the aid of my astrological talents. All my master's old papers on which he had scribbled figures were successively sold as talismans.

"Finding this new trade very successful, I resolved, like Abd-al-nejûm, to draw horoscopes, and predict future events from the stars. I had picked up from his conversation the names of some of the constellations, but I did not know what was their position in the sky; however, I hoped that I would easily acquire this knowledge by making use of the instrument. In vain I tried in every way to imitate what I had so often seen my master do; but somehow or other I could never distinctly see

through the telescope the stars that my master saw, or perhaps only pretended to see. I have always thought that he designedly injured the instruments before his death, for fear lest the fame of my science might eclipse his own. . . . My reputation increased every day, and unfortunately for me it extended too far. My fame reached the governor of the city. He was about to become a father, and summoned me to draw the horoscope of the unborn child. I went boldly, pretended to make some observations, drew some whimsical figures, made some idle calculations, and unhesitatingly declared that he would soon be the father of a boy. I did not know that my new employer had brought at a great expense another astronomer from Antakyeh (Antioch). He was posted in another part of the house, and announced that the child would be a girl. They brought us together, that we might compare our different horoscopes. I could make nothing of my adversary's scheme; he easily demonstrated that mine was composed only of figures drawn at random, calculations either absurd or insignificant, and marks that had no connection or relation. For want of good argument, I overwhelmed my adversary with reproaches, and he retorted as well as he could. From words we were about to come to blows, when we received a piece of news which put an end to our quarrel. The women who had been summoned to attend the lady announced that she was not pregnant, but dropsical."

Rafîf then relates, that being banished as an impostor, he fled to Syria, where he fell in with a band of robbers, who carried him bound to Acre, and set him at liberty on condition of his remaining in the city and presenting himself every evening at the great fountain which supplies the town with water. He obtained admission to the house of a Jew, by promising him an amulet that would protect him from the tyranny of the pacha, deservedly called Jezzar (the butcher). The Jew's daughter, who unfortunately was but

" A sign-post likeness of the human race,
That is, at once resemblance and disgrace,"

fell in love with the astrologer; but he rejected her advances on the plea that the stars prohibited their union. She accepted the excuse, and continued her kindness. During a fortnight Rafîf presented himself regularly at the fountain, but the weather continuing cloudy, his services were not required. At length, one fine evening, he met at the rendezvous the captain of the robbers by whom he had been seized, and we shall now let him continue the recital of his adventures.

" 'Here you come,' said a voice which I knew too well; 'I was waiting for you. If you have not your astronomical instruments, run and get them; and take care that you do not keep me long waiting.' Terrified and confounded, I hastened to execute his orders with all expedition, and speedily returned. 'Follow me,' said he; 'do not tremble thus: fear nothing; no evil will befall you, unless you bring it on your own head. Above all things, keep perfectly silent until you reach your

destination.' Then, without any further explanation, he began to walk towards one of the corners of the enclosure. I followed my mute guide without saying a word, endeavouring to persuade myself into reliance on the promise he had made.

"We soon reached a low and shabby-looking portal: it was opened without noise at a scarcely perceptible signal, and I was handed over by my guide to two other conductors as silent as himself. These new personages, who seemed to me either slaves or domestics, gave me in charge to two others in a second chamber; they again resigned me to a new pair in a third room, and thus I was transferred from the hands of one pair to those of the next, until I reached the presence of their master.

"I have said *from the hands*, but this is an inaccurate expression; not one of those whom I encountered in my passage had retained possession of his entire person. One had lost a hand, another a foot; this had been deprived of an eye, the next wanted a nose or ears. Among them there was not one complete man; they were rather 'the ruins of humanity'—ruins more or less mutilated and disfigured. No where could there be found such a collection of the halt and maimed; it seemed that a person in full possession of his limbs was incompatible with the arrangements of this extraordinary mansion. 'Great God!' thought I with a shudder, 'am I doomed to wear the livery of this miserable band?'

"These involuntary reflections were cut short by my admission into the last room. It was badly lighted by a single lamp, and the corners were shrouded in almost total darkness; the furniture was mean and scanty: but when I glanced around I beheld the glitter of scymetars, daggers and swords, and through the shade along the walls I saw about twelve soldiers perfectly motionless, standing in frightful silence. At the extremity of the room, in the corner farthest from the door, there was seated on a miserable carpet, supported by filthy and torn cushions, a man already old, of haughty and ferocious aspect. His eyes were sunk in his head, but light flashed from them through the thick and shaggy brows by which they were covered, like the glare of the hyena thirsting for carnage. His savage appearance, and his brows rigidly contracted, announced the violent passions of a merciless heart. His beard was in disorder, his turban of coarse stuff badly arranged, his dress soiled and worn. In his girdle there was a large dagger and two enormous pistols; before him lay a naked sabre, and several other instruments of destruction. He smoked from a pipe of common clay, whose stem was a simple reed. In the midst of the clouds of smoke that surrounded him, I seemed to see some fantastic spectre, and I thought for a moment that Eblis stood before me in his proper person. His eyes at length were fixed on me; a shudder of mortal terror shook my limbs; I discovered that I was in the presence of the cruel Pacha of Acre, the terrible Jezzar. . . . I then comprehended perfectly the cause of all the mutilations I had met since my entrance into his palace; I was in the lion's den. . . .

"Jezzar looked at me for some time in silence, without changing his position. Then raising his voice, and softening a little the tiger-like ferocity of his countenance, 'You are an astronomer,' said he; 'I have need of you.'

"These few words banished my fear, and restored my courage. I knew that these men, so cruel and irritable towards their dependents, often exhibit despicable weakness to those whom they deem necessary to them, and on whom they depend in turn.

"The pacha immediately rose, and ordered me to accompany him to one of the terraces of his palace. When we reached it, he pointed out a brilliant star of ruddy aspect, with whose name I am unacquainted, but which was on my right. 'There is my star,' said he; 'observe it, and tell me what it predicts.'

"I turned my instrument to the specified star, but soon the pacha asserted that my looks were turned to the side opposite that which he indicated, and that I was observing a star on the left, different from his. Twice he warned me, twice I assured him that he was mistaken, and even dared to add, 'I know what I see, and I would know it though I saw it not.' Scarcely had I spoken, when my third warning was a terrible blow of his scymetar, which deprived me of that part of my arm you see wanting."

Rafîf fell to the ground senseless. The servants of the pacha finding him in this condition, believed him dead, and threw him into the street. Luckily he was found by his Jewish host, who took him home and bound up his wounds. When he was sufficiently recovered to tell his story, the Jew expressed his astonishment at the mercy with which he had been treated, assuring him that he was the only person to whom Jezzar had ever vouchsafed two warnings. In spite of all the entreaties of the Jew, Rafîf resolved to leave Acre; and well was it for him that he did so, as he learned shortly afterwards that the pacha had seized the Jew, and condemned him to the horrible death of impalement. Rafîf came to Cairo, and soon obtained large sums by the sale of amulets and talismans. Intoxicated by success, he believed that he had somehow or other become really learned, and presented himself to be publicly examined in astronomy by the body of the ulemas. His blunders were so very extraordinary, and his blustering efforts to hide his ignorance so ludicrous, that the whole assembly believed him insane, and he was consigned to the Moristân.

Among the narratives that follow the history of Rafîf is one that seems designed as a parody on the story of Aladdin. It is more ingenious than the Four Facardins of Count Hamilton, because it never degenerates into caricature, and because the adventures, though very whimsical, follow each other in natural order. The outline of the tale may be told in a few words. Morad, a young Egyptian, becomes possessed of a talismanic ring, that ensures him the gratification of all his wishes; the genii, however, thus subjected to his sway, are malignant beings, who execute his behests literally, and thus place him constantly in the midst of dangers and diffi-

culties. He wishes to be removed from the desert to his uncle's house, and is plumped down in the midst of a dinner given to the household; of course he is soundly cudgelled for the destruction of the feast; he desires to be placed in the midst of Bagdad, and immediately finds himself swimming for his life in the Tigris: he sees the pacha's magnificence, and desires to share in it; the slaves, directed by a mysterious power, bring him viands, but scarcely has he had time to taste them, when the pacha's guards appear to chastise the slaves and the intruder; he wishes to be removed to a place of safety, and is placed in the lowest dungeon of the city prison, with some wretches about to be impaled; he desires to be rescued from the horrors of an impending execution, and is hurried to the centre of India, where he narrowly escapes martyrdom from some superstitious Fakirs. After many similar adventures, Morad at length wishes to be in his own country, and is placed, bound hand and foot, on the summit of one of the pyramids; he then wishes to be restored to his father, and is rolled down the pyramid to his father, who was below searching for hidden treasure. His wounds and bruises throw him into a dangerous disease, which is followed by mental alienation, and he is consigned to the Moristán.

The specimens we have given of the *New Arabian Tales* show that they differ essentially from our old acquaintances, approaching more nearly to the European style of romance; but the second work which we have placed at the head of this article is almost a repetition of Scheherazade's narratives, and goes far to establish the Indian origin of "*The Thousand and One Nights*." The distinct and clear testimony of Massoudi, one of the most enlightened Arabian writers, ought indeed long since to have settled this question; he states that the *Thousand and One Nights* and the *Voyages of Sinbad*, of which he speaks as separate works, were translated from the Persian, that is, the Pehlvi, in the reign of the Khaliph Al Mansúr, consequently about thirty years before the age of Haroun-al-Raschid, who is now the hero of so many of the tales. The additional stories published some years ago by Von Hammer and Trebutién confirm Massoudi's account. Those that are of a purely Saracenic origin can easily be distinguished from those that have been derived from a more imaginative people; even the change made in the catastrophe, which Trebutién regards as a restoration of the original narrative, is a humorous turn quite inconsistent with the gorgeous fancy that dictated these wondrous fictions. In Trebutién's edition, Schahriar, so far from pardoning Scheherazade for her skill in storytelling, declares that he will have her put to death by torture for having talked so much nonsense, and only spares her life because

he finds she has become a mother. Every reader must feel that this jest is an impertinence, utterly repugnant to the general character of the work.

"The Adventures of Kámrúp," translated from the *Hindoostanee* by Garcin de Tassy, are manifestly derived from the same original as the *Voyages of Sinbad*; for "the moving accidents by flood and field" recorded in both are in many instances perfectly identical. We trust that this will attract the notice of some Sanscrit scholars in India, and stimulate them to enquire after the original work from which both have been taken. A translation from a Persian abridgment of the *Hindoostanee* poem was published by Colonel Franklin some years ago, under the name of "*The Loves of Camarupa and Camalata*," and a comparison of this with Garcin de Tassy's work leads us to believe that *Sinbad's* narratives, delightful as they are, have been shorn of much of their lustre in their passage through Persian and Arabic. *Kámrúp* is sadly ill-treated by the Persian compiler, several of the most interesting details being omitted and others sadly distorted; but especially the historical and geographical allusions with which the *Hindoostanee* poem abounds have been wholly neglected by the translators. Still, "*the Loves of Camarupa and Camalata*" may be read with pleasure,—

"For sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned aside, is sunshine still."

The suspicion that *Sinbad's* translator may have omitted much that was excellent has frequently crossed our minds, for *Sinbad's* voyages are manifestly not designed to be received as mere romances. Hole, in his admirable dissertation on them, has shown that many of the most extravagant fictions they contain were received in Europe as authentic facts during the middle ages, and that the wildest of the narratives may be paralleled in the veracious pages of Sir John Mandeville. The *Tales of the Sheikh Al Mohdi*, and the *Adventures of Kámrúp*, taken together, supply us with a sequel and commentary to the *Arabian Nights*, deeply interesting to all who love imaginative lore. The former enables us to determine the nature of the frame-work in which the Arabians set the gems derived from more fanciful climes. The latter enables us to estimate the nature and value of the treasures before they were placed in the hands of foreign artists.

Al Mohdi's *Tales* are valuable for other considerations; they reveal to us the present state and feelings of the Moslem inhabitants of Egypt, and show us the effect produced upon them by European intercourse. Traces of liberal sentiment and of a

tolerant spirit are to be found in his collection, and fanaticism is only noticed to be condemned. There can be nothing more delightful than this appearance of dawning liberality in the lands that seemed for ever doomed to the darkness of bigotry.

Notes have been added to both these works by their respective translators; those of M. Marcel convey much curious and valuable information respecting eastern habits and customs; but we regret to say that M. Garcin de Tassy has given a mere philological commentary on the original text of *Kámrúp*, which he intends to publish on some future occasion. This arrangement seems every way objectionable: mere European scholars find a large portion of the book useless, and the future Hindoostannee student must purchase the translation as well as the original, if he desires to derive any advantage from the commentary.

ART. VI.—1. *Miscellaneous Works of William Marsden, Esq. F.R.S. &c.—On the Polynesian or East Insular Languages.* London. 1834. 4to.

2. *A Vocabulary of the English, Bugis and Malay Languages, containing about 2000 words.* Singapore: printed at the Mission Press. 1833.

3. *Abrégé de Géographie, rédigé sur un nouveau plan, d'après les derniers traités de paix et les découvertes les plus récentes.* Par Adrien Balbi. Article, *Description de l'Océanie.* Paris. 1833. 8vo.

4. *Verhandelingen van het Bataviasche Genootschap van Kunsten en Wetenschappen.* 13^{de} Deel. Te Batavia, ter Lands-Drukkerij. 1832. *Idem*, 14^{de} Deel, 1833. 4to.

5. *Malæische Spraakkunst*, door den Hr. W. Marsden, in 1812, te London fedrukt; en nit het Engelsch vertaald door C. P. J. Elout.—*Grammaire de la Langue Malaie*, par M. W. Marsden; publiée à Londres en 1812; et traduite de l'Anglais par C. P. J. Elout. A Harlem, chez Jean Enschedé et Fils. 1824. 4to.

6. *Voyage autour du Monde, par les mers de l'Inde et de la Chine, exécuté sur la corvette de l'état La Favorite, pendant les années 1830, 1831 et 1832, sous le commandement de M. Laplace, capitaine de frégate. Publié par ordre de M. le Vice-Amiral Comte de Rigny, Ministre de la Marine et des Colonies.* Paris: Imprimerie Royale. 1833-4. 2 tom. grand 8vo.

WE propose to furnish the reader, as far as this can be done within the brief limits of an article, with a rapid view of those

curious and extensive countries which the continental geographers, justly considering as wholly separate and distinct from the old divisions or quarters of the globe, have with some propriety designated as a new division or quarter, under the name of Oceania. It is not our object at present to describe the colonies or conquests of European nations within the region in question, (which may form the subject of a future article), but to confine ourselves to what relates to its natural productions, and more particularly to the native races which inhabit it, their affiliations, and their languages. The countries included under that denomination have within the last twenty years, and as they well merited, attracted a considerable share of European notice: before proceeding to give our own sketch, we shall shortly refer to the acquisitions to our knowledge of them which have been effected by the studies and labours of cotemporaries, English, French, Dutch and Germans.

Of our countrymen, the first in merit, as in time, is Mr. William Marsden, whose most recent work stands at the head of our article. The reader will not be displeased if we give him an outline of the valuable and laborious life of this gentleman, which, indeed, had we room to go into it, would at the same time, be the history of the discoveries which have been made regarding the Polynesian people, their languages and literature, for more than half a century back. Mr. Marsden, by birth a native of Ireland, proceeded to Bencoolen in the civil service of the East India Company, in the year 1771, and there, during a residence of about nine years, laid the foundation of his extensive knowledge of the Malays, the most noted nation of the Eastern Archipelago. He returned to England at the close of the year 1779, and three years thereafter, published "The History of Sumatra," the first accurate, faithful, philosophical and detailed view of the Polynesian nations which had yet been given to the European public, founded on a comprehensive knowledge of the people he described, and on a critical acquaintance with their language and institutions. His work has reached a third edition, the last, much improved and enlarged, published in 1811; and it has been translated into the French and German languages. It gained for Mr. Marsden the high station among literary men to which he was so well entitled, and which his future labours sustained and improved. Through the discriminating friendship, we believe, of the late Earl Spencer, Mr. Marsden was in due course appointed Assistant Secretary to the Admiralty, and became Chief Secretary to the Board in 1803, under the vigorous and economical administration of Earl St. Vincent. In 1807 he retired from office with the usual pension of his rank, £1,500 a year,

which two years ago he voluntarily and patriotically relinquished. The journals of the day described it as "a good example, which would not be imitated;" and they predicted correctly, for, with exceptions minute and few, he has had no followers.

After an interruption of many years, Mr. Marsden, as soon as emancipated from the toils of office, renewed his Polynesian studies, and, as an earnest of his success, published, in 1811, his *Grammar and Dictionary of the Malayan Language*. This work, published thirty-two years after quitting India, is clear, accurate and comprehensive, and considering that it was composed without any native assistance, and with no aid from living cotemporaries, affords a singular proof of what a clear head, a sound judgment, and intense diligence are capable of effecting. The author, at an advanced age, but in sound health, is at the present moment, as we understand, preparing a second and enlarged edition of the *Dictionary*. Both have been translated into the Dutch and French languages, and the *Dictionary*, with some additions, has been republished at Batavia as an *original* work, by a Dutch author, who proclaims by this act that he possesses neither the candour nor the diligence of Mr. Marsden. Besides the works now described, Mr. Marsden published, in 1818, a translation of the celebrated "*Travels of Marco Polo*," with notes at least as valuable as the original work itself; and in 1823 and 1825 appeared his "*Numismata Orientalia Illustrata*," a description of oriental coins, ancient and modern. He has also contributed many valuable papers, chiefly on oriental literature and science, to the *Transactions of the Royal Society*, of the *Asiatic Society of Calcutta*, and of the *Society of Antiquaries*.

Mr. Marsden, at an interval of many years, was imitated and followed by Sir Stamford Raffles in his "*History of Java*," and by Mr. Crawford in his "*History of the Indian Archipelago*;" and these authors, again, have been followed, and, at least in practical acquaintance with the languages of the Eastern Islands, surpassed, by several of the English missionaries. Among these, the most remarkable progress has been made by Mr. Thomsen, an English Missionary, but by birth we believe a Dane. One of his publications is at the head of our article, (No. 2,) and we shall have occasion to refer to it as we proceed. Mr. Thomsen has made himself thoroughly acquainted with the language and literature of the Malays, and also with those of the Bugis, the third, if not the second, nation in rank and numbers in the Eastern Archipelago, and in point of commercial activity and general enterprise, by far the first. At the new and prosperous settlement of Singapore, he has established a printing-press, where works are

published in the Chinese, Siamese and Bugis characters, the two last being the first attempts of the kind ever made; and what is better, they are successful ones. Mr. Thomsen is understood to have engaged to translate, for the Oriental Translation Society, some original works from the language of the last named people, the Bugis, or principal nation of Celebes.

The Dutch, who, in reference to the science and philology of the East, had been half asleep for the century which preceded the termination of the war of the French revolution, have been actively and successfully engaged in researches into the natural history and philology of the Eastern Islands, ever since the re-occupation of their colonies in 1816. The Baron Vander Capellan, the first governor of the Dutch possessions after their restoration, bestowed a most enlightened, active and successful patronage on the studies of natural history, antiquities and languages. Among the most successful cultivators of philology may be named Mr. Elout, a military officer, and the son of the commissioner-general and minister of state of the same name, himself an active, intelligent, and spirited public officer. M. Elout is the translator of the Grammar and Dictionary of Mr. Marsden into the French and Dutch languages. The same gentleman is the author of a Grammar of the Javanese language, the copious and rather difficult dialect of five millions of an industrious, docile and amiable people.

The French, since the return of peace, although having no possessions in the Eastern Islands, have applied, with their usual activity, intelligence and industry, to inquiries into the arts, manners, languages and geography of the distant nations and tribes which inhabit them. Since the restoration, four voyages of discovery, embracing the countries under review, have been undertaken by the French government, under the respective commands of Captains de Freycinet, Duperrey, Dumont-Durville, and Laplace, all of which have contributed to extend the sphere of our hydrographic and geographical knowledge, and made large contributions to the science of natural history; but they have effected little, as might be expected from casual visitors, in improving our acquaintance with the human races inhabiting these countries. In Paris, among other branches of oriental study, the languages of the remote islands of the Eastern Archipelago have not been forgotten; and we find a zealous Parisian philologist, M. Jacquet, directing his attention with success and ingenuity, even to so obscure a subject as the alphabet of the Philippine Islands, now almost obsolete, being superseded by the Roman, through the activity of the Catholic missionaries. M. Adrien Balbi, the author of

the "*Abrégé de Géographie*," published last year, although an Italian by birth, must be mentioned as a French writer, since he publishes his work in Paris, and in the French language. M. Balbi's work is the completest Abridgment of Geography extant, but our business is with that portion of it only which regards Polynesia and Australia; in so far as this is concerned, we have great pleasure in expressing it as our opinion, that, while it is a spirited, well-arranged and laborious compilation, it affords, with the exception of the India Gazetteer of the late Mr. Walter Hamilton, which is less comprehensive, the only general view of the countries in question that can be relied upon.

The Germans, who have applied to the study of other branches of eastern learning with a success and assiduity not easily imitated, even by nations more auspiciously circumstanced for following such pursuits, have not forgotten the study of the arts, languages and literature of the Oceanic nations. The most successful student of them is the celebrated Baron William Humboldt, the elder brother of the illustrious philosopher and traveller. The distinguished diplomatist and the liberal minister of state is, with the characteristic diligence of his countrymen, laboriously prosecuting his researches into the Polynesian languages, and the wide scope of his design comprehends the innumerable tongues which begin with Madagascar, near the eastern coast of Africa, and end with Easter Island, not very distant from the western coast of South America. From his pen the public may shortly expect an ingenious, a learned, and a philosophical treatise on the affiliation of the languages in question.

The geographical region or quarter which has been designated Oceania, or *Océanie* in French, extends from about the 95th degree of east to the 110th degree of west longitude, and from the 25th of north to the 50th of south latitude. Within these limits, stretching ten thousand miles in every direction, we have a vast ocean, with a profusion of islands scattered over it, one of them rather a continent than an island; five or six more, each equal in magnitude to almost any in the world; and one peninsula of great size. The great mass of the land lies between the 95th and the 105th degree of east longitude. Beyond the tropics, we have about two-thirds of Australia and the whole of New Zealand. All the rest of this region is strictly tropical, and by far the larger portion of it lies within ten degrees of each side of the equator. The total superficies of the land has been estimated at 3,100,000 geographical square miles, making this division of the globe therefore larger than Europe, although greatly smaller than Asia, Africa or America. A more distinct notion,

however, will be conveyed to the reader by giving the superficies of a few of the principal countries composing it, as follows:—

Australia	1,496,000 square miles.
Malayan Peninsula	48,000
Sumatra	130,000
Borneo	212,500
Java	50,000
Celebes	55,000
New Guinea	213,500
Mindanao	25,000
Luconia	30,600
New Zealand	150,000
	<hr/>
	2,410,400

Besides these, nearly 100,000 square miles may be added for many considerable islands, varying in size from 1000 to 9000 square miles; so that the total area, exclusive of a vast multitude of isles and islets, which not only cannot be measured, but cannot even be counted, will be upwards of two millions and a half of square miles. Here are countries, then, greater in extent than China and Hindostan put together. Australia itself is more extensive than the Chinese empire; Borneo three times the size of Great Britain; Sumatra larger than Great Britain and Ireland put together; while Luconia, the principal of the Philippines, is equal in size to the last named island.

M. Balbi, in his geographical description of Oceania, has, with considerable success, classed it into three great divisions, viz. Malaisia, Australia, and Polynesia; and each of these he has described by groups and archipelagoes, selecting generally a principal island to distinguish the name of each, as the Group of Sumatra, the Group of Celebes, &c. Of these there are no less than forty-five, necessarily of very unequal magnitude and importance.

The geological formation of lands so extensive, so scattered, and so widely spread, is, of course, exceedingly various; but the primitive, and trap or volcanic formations prevail. To the first belong the Malayan peninsula, Borneo and Celebes. In those where granite is the principal rock, gold abounds; while the Malayan peninsula, with some islands adjacent to it, contains, besides that metal, the richest and most extensive tin formation in the world. The basaltic, or volcanic formation embraces the whole chain of islands from Java to Sumbawa inclusive, and comprehends most of the islands lying between Celebes and Papua, famous for the production of the clove and nutmeg. The basaltic islands are remarkably deficient in metals, but are more than

compensated for it, in the majority of cases, by an incomparable fertility of soil. Of the mixed primitive and volcanic formations are composed the island of Sumatra, and the principal islands of the Philippine group. In these gold is found, but less abundantly than in the countries of purely primitive formation; but they are at the same time of a soil more fertile. Australia, as might be expected from so extensive a country, comprises almost every variety of geological formation, primitive, secondary and volcanic. It abounds in mineral coal, which is also to be found in Sumatra, Java, and some of the smaller islands. The diamond is found in Borneo only. Copper is found, but not wrought, in Sumatra, Luconia and Timor. Lead is found in Luconia; and perhaps the most abundant ore of antimony in the world, and which now supplies the European market, is found in Borneo. Compared with other countries, iron may be considered as scantily produced everywhere, but particularly in the volcanic islands. Enough has never been produced for the consumption of the inhabitants, and this metal is, therefore, largely imported.

Even in Australia, contrary to what might be expected, there are no rivers of long course, or of great magnitude; and the smaller islands are of course deficient in them. Number, however, in some degree, makes up for the want of size. The high mountains of those within the torrid zone pour down a perennial and abundant supply of water, and there are no countries in the world consequently less subject to drought than these.

No region more abounds in mountains. The highest are found on Sumatra, Java, and some of the islands immediately to the eastward of the latter. These are of an elevation varying from ten to fifteen thousand feet. A great many of them are volcanoes, of which Java is thought to count not less than fifteen, Luconia four, and Sumatra five. The eruptions of some of these, even in our times, have altered the very face of the lands in which they exist, and been accompanied by a vast destruction of life and property.

With the exception of New Zealand and the larger portion of Australia, which enjoy a temperate climate, the rest of Oceania is in the torrid zone; but the climate is tempered by a rich covering of vegetation, frequent and abundant rain, and the insular character of the whole region. A portion of Australia alone is within the region of variable winds; the rest within the influence of the trade-winds, or monsoons. From Sumatra to New Guinea, and even thirty degrees further east, although more uncertain, the latter extend. To the north of the equator, the wind blows half the year from the south-west, and half the year from the north-east, uninterruptedly; and to the south of the equator, half of the

year from the north-west, and the remainder of the year from the south-east. In these tropical regions the season of continual rain generally does not exceed three months. Here the distinctions of summer and winter, of spring and autumn, and the changes in the vegetable creation, by no means however very distinct, alone proclaim a change of season.

Of the varied vegetable productions of these countries it would be in vain to attempt even the barest outline. The greater portion of the country is, down to the present day, unaltered by the industry of man, and as it came from the hand of nature, covered with primeval forests of rich foliage, with very trifling exceptions, in one uniform and perpetual verdure. The useful vegetable products of these islands, indigenous or exotic, are numerous and various. Some of the chief indigenous plants of the greatest utility, are rice, a variety of palms, but chiefly the cocoa-nut, the sugar-cane, the clove, the nutmeg; and among fruits, several cucurbitaceous plants, the shaddock, the bauana, the delicate mangosteen, perhaps the most exquisite of known fruits, and the durian, unquestionably the most rich and luscious. Among exotics, but long and thoroughly naturalized, may be named many pulses, maize, cotton, pepper, coffee, tobacco, the mango, and the pine-apple.

Animal life is nearly as vigorous and varied as the vegetable itself. In the tropical portion of Oceania the greater animals are confined to the greater islands. The elephant, of the same species as the common Asiatic, is known only on the Peninsula, Sumatra, and a small portion of the north-east part of Borneo. Two species of rhinoceros, distinct from those of Africa and Asia, are confined to the Malayan peninsula, Sumatra, Borneo and Java; and the two first named afford the tapir, an animal of the same family, and long supposed to be peculiar to the American continent. The tiger is never found in these countries in any small island, even when that island is in the immediate vicinity of a large one abounding with it. This animal, and many others of the feline tribe, abound in all the large islands to the westward, but seem to disappear as we advance to the eastward. In the forests of the great islands also are to be found the wild ox and buffaloe, the originals of those that have been domesticated. Deer are found chiefly in the great islands, and these of many varieties, differing in size from considerably smaller than an ordinary rabbit, up to that of the elk. The hog is nearly universal, and as abundant as it is widely spread. When we get into the Moluccas and approach the shores of New Guinea, we find a remarkable species of this animal, to all appearance equally partaking of the hog and the deer, and fairly called by the natives the Babi-

rusa, or hog-deer, of which this is the literal interpretation. The number and variety of the monkey tribe, all, or almost all, differing in species from the same family in Europe, Asia, Africa and America, is prodigious; and they are almost as widely disseminated as they are various and numerous. The Oroung-outan, or man of the forests, so called by the natives themselves, seems confined to Borneo and Sumatra. Notwithstanding a certain resemblance to the human form, this is one of the dullest and least intelligent of the race. The feathered tribe becomes the more remarkable as we proceed eastward. Here they are of singular forms, and their plumage is of resplendent beauty. It is here we find the most remarkable of the parrot family, the louris, and the cockatoos, names that are slight corruptions of native terms. Here are to be found the whole family of the birds of paradise, and the magnificent crown-pigeon, nearly equal in size to the American turkey. Here also the kangaroo begins first to present itself. In the narrow and temperate seas of this region it may be expected that fish should abound, and this is found to be the case, particularly where extensive banks exist, as the Streights of Malacca, a kind of Mediterranean Sea; the northern coast of Java; the shallow bays which indent Celebes, and the group of the Philipines. A few of these fish are not inferior in flavour to the best of the northern seas. Seals do not present themselves till we get beyond the tropics; and whales are comparatively rare within the equatorial region. The cod, the herring, and the salmon, so familiar to Europeans, are unknown. The abundance of fish, and the facility of taking them, has rendered the fisher, instead of the hunter state, the prevailing condition of most of the rude tribes.

To the sketch now drawn, the zoology of the South Sea Islands, and especially of Australia, offers well known exceptions. Animal life is there comparatively scanty in amount, and the few which exist, although singular for their forms, are for the most part mean and low in the scale of beings, as compared to the lower animals of the longer known portions of the globe.

We come now, however, to the most important part of our subject, and that which, conformably to its importance, it is our intention to treat most in detail, namely, man himself, or the inhabitants of the regions which we have sketched. M. Balbi, who has furnished a table of the population, makes it amount to 20,300,000, being at the rate of $6\frac{1}{2}$ to the square mile; this, he observes, makes it twice as populous as America, and nearly as much so as Africa, but only one-fourth part as populous as Asia, and one-tenth part as Europe. We are disposed, however, to consider this estimate as greatly beyond the mark. The English population of Australia, and of our settlements in the straits of

Malacca, together with that of Java, and of the Spanish portion of the Philippines, are all that have been ascertained by actual enumeration. The population of the British possessions is at the utmost 150,000; that of Java six millions; and that of the Spanish possessions nearly as M. Balbi has given it, or 2,640,000. This makes in all 8,790,000, or under nine millions. The countries thus stated are by far the most populous; Java gives a ratio of 120 to the square mile; and Luconia, which has a million and a half of inhabitants, gives near 50. These are the only countries that in reality have a considerable population,—from whence then are to come the eleven millions and a half, wanting to complete M. Balbi's number? The only other countries of considerable extent which are tolerably populous are Sumatra and Celebes; as the greater part of these are still covered with forests, if we reckon them as being equal in ratio to one half of that of Luconia, they will give us an addition of 4,625,000, which will raise the whole to 13,415,000. Borneo is, with the exception of a patch here and there at the mouth of a navigable river, either in a state of nature, or sprinkled with a population of savages, less numerous than the apes in their own forests. The Malayan Peninsula, and the great island of Mindanao, are pretty nearly in the same predicament. A few of the smaller islands, as those of the Lubeck group, Amboyna, and Ternate, are tolerably well peopled. If we give, in short, a million and a half to the whole of which we have not attempted a separate estimate, we shall make the total population of this region amount to fifteen millions, which is unquestionably its utmost extent, and there will be a necessity for curtailing M. Balbi's estimate by at least five millions.

The native inhabitants of Oceania consist of two, indeed most probably of three, distinct races of men. The first and most important of these, both in numbers and civilization, is a yellow or brown complexioned race, with long lank hair, scanty beards, high cheek bones, large mouths, and short noses, with wide nostrils. In their persons they are squat, somewhat robust, and deficient in agility. Their general stature is greatly less than that of Europeans, and also much below that of the Chinese, of most of the Hindoo nations, the Turks of Asia, and the Persians. They are even shorter than the Birmans and Siamese, whom they most resemble. This race constitutes the entire native population of Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, and the greater number of the South Sea Islands, and forms the great mass of the population of the Malayan peninsula, the Philippine islands, the Moluccas, &c.

The second race are Negroes, and Mr. Marsden very properly adopts for them the name of *Negritos*, or little negroes. Although negroes, however, they are a totally different race from

any of the negroes of Africa. They have thick lips, flat noses, a sooty complexion, and wool-like hair. In their persons they are smaller and slenderer than the yellow race, and upon the whole are among the most diminutive, puny, and ill-favoured of the human species. They present themselves for the first time, (unless we except the inhabitants of the Andaman islands, in the Gulf of Bengal, which seem to be precisely the same people,) in a few scattered families or tribes in the mountains of the Malay peninsula. In Sumatra, Java, Borneo, and Celebes, they are not ascertained to exist, although this has been sometimes vaguely asserted to be the case. They appear for the first time, in considerable numbers, in the Philippine group, as wandering savages in the mountains of the principal islands, and constituting the entire population of some of the smaller. In the great island of New Guinea, they appear to constitute the mass of the population, such as it is, and here for the first time they are seen with some approach to civilization. The same race constitutes the population of almost all the islands from New Guinea to the Feejees inclusive, extending over fifty degrees of longitude. The yellow complexioned race, then, once more appears, and occupies all the islands to the east, north, and south, except New Holland and Van Diemen's Land, which are peopled by the Negritos.

The third race has been considered as the result of the admixture of the yellow and negrito races. But for making this assumption, there appears no justifiable ground. In this race, the lips are thick, the hair not woolly or lank, but crisp and curled, and the complexion darker than that of the first, but less intense than in the second race. In strength and stature they seem equal to the first. These present themselves, for the first time, as we proceed eastward, in the island of Ende; we have them again in Timor and the neighbouring islands, and they constitute the entire inhabitants of Tanna, New Caledonia, and the Feejee group.

The existence of these three distinct races of men, inhabiting one and the same country, is a strange and singular phenomenon. It is as if the European, the African, and the Hindoo races were huddled together, and inhabiting the same countries of Europe, the strongest driving the weakest into the mountains, or into remote and inaccessible quarters.

There is a wide difference in the degrees of civilization attained by the different tribes and nations of the vast region which we are describing. Some of them cannot count above four, and others have made a respectable progress in all the useful arts of life. Those who have attained the highest degree of civilization may, not unfavourably, be compared to the continental nations of Asia of the second rank, such as the Birmans and the people of

Siam, Lao, and Camboja, whom indeed they greatly resemble in person, manners, and acquirements. They have made advances far beyond what had been attained by the most polished nations of America before the Spanish discovery. The nations which have acquired this extent of civilization are the Malays, Rejangs, Achinese, Lampongs, and (although occasionally acting the cannibal,) the Battas of Sumatra, the Javanese and Sundas of Java, the Bugis and Macasars of Celebes, and the four principal nations of the Philippine islands. Some minor tribes may indeed with safety be added, as the people of Bally, Lombock, Suluk, Ternate, and Mindanao. Among these nations there are *four* that stand pre-eminent, viz. the Malays, the Javanese, the Bugis, and the inhabitants of Luconia in the Philippines.

The following brief view of the acquirements of these people will corroborate the assertion which we have made respecting their advance in civilization. Their agriculture is equal to that of any people of continental Asia, the Chinese alone excepted; but for some share of this they are perhaps considerably indebted to a favourable soil and climate. From time immemorial they have tamed and used most of the animals which are used by the nations of Asia and Europe, and are fitted for the peculiarity of their climate, such as the horse, the ox, the buffaloe, the dog, the hog, the cat, and the ordinary descriptions of domestic poultry. They have long cultivated the cotton plant, and weave and dye cotton fabrics with considerable skill. They have for ages been in possession of the useful and precious metals, and used money in their commerce. They have possessed the art of writing for a great many ages, and this art apparently sprang up among themselves, for there arose among them, as will afterwards be shown, no less than seven distinct alphabets, all of which, to appearance, are original and unborrowed. They possess a calendar, or divide time systematically, so as to regulate with considerable accuracy the common transactions of life. Their political institutions go a great way towards preserving order, and securing life and property, and their religion, for the most part, does not appear to have been accompanied by any bloody or cruel rites. Wherever the culture of grain is understood, and it is so among all the principal nations, civilization has most advanced. Where the people live on the produce of the sago-palm, and bread fruit, they have made less progress, and are found universally ignorant of the use of letters. Where fish is the chief subsistence, they are in a still lower state; and they are always savage when they live upon the casual produce of the forests, honey, wild-roots, and game.

The minor nations are in a very different state of society. A

few of the yellow coloured race apply to some extent to agricultural pursuits; but the greater number lead a wandering life, living on the casual produce of the forests, rivers, or sea-coasts. Some are cannibals, and most of the tribes live in a state of perpetual warfare with each other; one of their strongest passions being that of hunting for the skulls of their enemies, which they pile up in their dwellings from generation to generation, as honourable trophies and heir-looms. With the exception of a few of the Negritos of New Guinea, who appear to have made some small progress in the arts, this race will be found more abject, miserable, and mischievous, than the lowest of the yellow race.

What is the origin of these different races? From whence did they migrate, if they migrated at all, or are they indigenous? Is the language spoken by these different races one and the same primitive tongue, originally spoken by one nation, and split into many dialects by the dispersion of its members? or, is each of the multitude of tongues now spoken, itself the distinct language of an original tribe? These are questions as curious as they are difficult of solution, and in the usual absence of historical records on such subjects, can only be answered, if, indeed, answered at all, by a critical examination of language. This has been attempted by the late Dr. Leyden, by Mr. Crawford in his *History of the Indian Archipelago*, and more fully and carefully by Mr. Marsden in the publication under review. Upon this interesting question we propose entering at some length, and therefore must intreat the reader's attention for a few pages.

Civilization seems to us to have sprung up at particular favoured spots of our globe, and to have been distributed by the race with which it originated, with more or less of its language, to a greater or a smaller distance, according to its own power, and as circumstances were more or less favourable to its propagation. A good climate, a productive soil, and a situation free from woods and marshes, so as to admit of ready culture to a rude people, appear to be circumstances indispensably necessary to the origin of such civilization; and when they were united, the appearance of a man of talent as a leader would be alone necessary to the commencement of the work. The circumstances necessary to the spread and propagation of civilization from such a focus, would consist in facility of intercourse, but above all, in identity of race. Examples we think are abundant. In this manner the Chinese type of civilization, which has spread itself to Japan on one side, and to Cochin-China on the other, both inclusive, probably had its origin in the temperate and fertile valleys of the great rivers of China, which lie between the 30th and 35th degrees of latitude; and the nations who have received it, namely, the Ja-

panese, the Coreans, the Tonquinese, are of the same race or family with the inhabitants of the different provinces of China itself, who, for the most part, each speak their own dialect, independent of the more general tongue. As soon as the race becomes distinct, the influence ceases. The Chinese civilization, and its instrument, the Chinese language, have produced little or no effect upon the Hindoo-Chinese nations, the Siamese, the Birmese, and the people of Lao and Camboja, although their immediate neighbours, because these are of a wholly distinct race from the Chinese stock. Still less impression have the Chinese, although settled in great numbers and for several centuries in them, produced upon the inhabitants of the Indian islands, a still more distinct race than the one first alluded to.*

Proceeding westward, the next distinct race that we meet with, and the next point where a spontaneous and independent civilization appears to have sprung up, embraces what have been called the Hindoo-Chinese countries, beginning with Camboja to the east, and ending with Arracan to the west. In physical form, the whole of the nations and tribes existing between these wide limits bear the same general resemblance which the different European nations do to each other, and are clearly one race, distinct from the rest of mankind. They are shorter and darker than the Chinese, and although in complexion and form bearing a very close resemblance to the yellow-complexioned and lank-haired Oceanic race, they are a good deal taller, and on minute inquiry will be found as different from them as Asiatic Turks are from Germans. They speak languages which, although differing radically from each other, agree very uniformly in their genius and grammatical structure. These languages are not, like the Chinese, purely monosyllabic, but from their very commencement at the eastern boundary of the race are mixed up with polysyllables, and these polysyllables increase as we proceed westward, until they become numerous in the neighbourhood of Hindostan, of which all the languages are polysyllabic. The identity of race has here pro-

* It may strike the reader as a remarkable fact, that the people of the Chinese Empire, united for so many ages under one government, and having the same manners and institutions, should not, as happens with other civilized people long united, speak one and the same language throughout, but that, on the contrary, each province should have its own separate dialect. This seems to have been produced by the existence of the pictured character of China, which, with some convenience, but many inconveniences, is applicable to every language, whether Chinese or foreign. A written language of such a character dispensed with the necessity of acquiring, by the provincials, the language of the dominant party. Had an alphabet existed, the language of Kyangnan, vulgarly called the Mandarin language, (and which is now spoken beyond the province which gives it name only by the court, the polite, and the learned, in the same manner that French was spoken with us for some ages after the Norman conquest,) would in all probability have in time swallowed up all the rest,

duced a close resemblance in manners, institutions, and civilization; it has even admitted of the dissemination of one form of worship, with singular uniformity; and all this too, notwithstanding the implacable hostility which has ever reigned among the different nations, their never having been united under one government, and the radical difference of their languages. The particular focus from which this civilization spread it is not easy to point out, but one or other of the fertile valleys of the Camboja, Menam, or Irawaddi, was most probably its seat.

Hindustan is another remarkable quarter, where a spontaneous, early and dominant civilization sprung up. Its original seat, we are disposed to consider to have been the upper portion of the valley of the Jumna and Ganges, between the 28th and 30th degrees of latitude, and the nation with which it originated and of which such locality was the seat, we make no question was the same of which the vernacular language was what is now called Sanscrit. Wherever the Hindoo race existed, that nation extended its language, institutions and religion, and always in proportion to the facility with which distance, and the absence of geographical and physical difficulties admitted of their dissemination. In no case however did the Sanscrit obliterate other languages and substitute itself for them, and in no case does it form the actual groundwork of any living Indian language. It has only mixed itself up with them in proportion to its opportunities, and consequently we find each Indian nation down to the present day speaking its own tongue. In the same manner as the Greek, the Latin, the Hebrew, and the Pali, it has itself ceased to be the living speech of any existing nation. The same tongue, or a dialect of it, has been spread far and wide to races of men in the neighbourhood of Hindostan, essentially differing from the Hindoos, and from these again occasionally by various channels to some of the most distant nations of the earth. Thus it extended to the inhabitants of the great table land of Tibet to the north; and to the east to the Hindoo-Chinese nations, where, without interfering with the native genius of the languages of that portion of the world, it has left a considerable impression. Upon the purely monosyllabic dialects of China, Japan and the neighbouring countries, it has, as might be expected, produced no effect whatever; although it be a well ascertained fact that the religion connected with it penetrated even as far as Japan, as is testified by the recent discovery that the priests of Buddha in the last named country read their prayers in Sanscrit, possess the Dewa-Nagari alphabet, and some treatises on Sanscrit grammar.* Among

* This discovery was made by Dr. Siebold, physician to the Dutch Embassy to Japan, about ten years ago.

the nations of Polynesia, whose languages are all polysyllabic, the Sanscrit has made an impression, greater or less, in proportion to their opportunities of receiving it; the nearest and the most polished languages having adopted it to the greatest extent. The distant and the semi-barbarous have rejected it altogether. To the north-westward, the same language extended itself to the Persians and Turks of Trans-Oxiana, in whose tongues it is found in very considerable abundance. From these again, in all human probability, it was diffused by means of emigration and conquest, directly and indirectly, among all the languages of Europe, dead or living—an event which must have taken place many ages before the era of history or even tradition. Upon the Semitic languages, viz. the Hebrew, the Arabic, the Syriac, &c., the Sanscrit is known to have produced no impression whatever. The genius of these seems to have been repugnant to its reception, and there was neither continuity nor contiguity of territory to admit of its propagation.

The next point where we discover an independent civilization springing up, is in the countries lying between Hindostan and the Caspian, and the Sea of Aral, and the Ocean to the north and south. These countries are inhabited by one distinct race of men, whether under the name of Turks, Turcomans, Persians, or Afghans, differing most essentially in physical character from the Hindoos to the east, the Mongol races to the north, the Semitic races to the north-west, or the Caucasian or European races to the west. It is from this quarter that the conquerors of Europe and Southern Asia in almost all ages have proceeded. It was by them in all probability that the Sanscrit language was disseminated in Europe, in ages far beyond the reach of history. It was they who conquered the Greek and Saracen empires, and who twice over conquered Hindostan.

A fifth focus from which an independent civilization emanated, relates to the Semitic nations. Its original seat was the countries watered by the Tigris and Euphrates, and the particular locality that which has been the site, in different ages, of Nineveh, Babylon, Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and Bagdad. One original race inhabits these countries, whether under the name of Syrians, Assyrians, Arabs, or Jews, and their languages have the same general character. The extension of this class of civilization is an affair of modern history, and dates little more than twelve centuries back, when the Arabs, under Mohammed, commenced their career of conquest and conversion. The Arabic language, like the Sanscrit, has nowhere substituted itself for another, but has been widely disseminated in proportion to its opportunities, and has largely incorporated itself with many of the polysyllabic languages;

while not one of the monosyllabic languages has adopted a syllable of it, notwithstanding that both the Jewish and Mohammedan forms of worship have found their way into China, and the latter to the Hindoo-Chinese nations. We find distinct traces of it in the Spanish, and among many of the negro languages of Africa, and we find it incorporated with those of the Philippine and other eastern islands.

We have next the peculiar civilization which sprang up on the banks of the Nile, among the distinct race inhabiting Egypt, but which perhaps, unless in the way of example, never materially extended itself beyond the precincts of that country. We have then the distinguished civilization which arose in Greece, in Etruria, and in Latium. The country of Tibet may be stated as another quarter where a peculiar civilization sprung up. This puny plant has scattered its seeds thinly over some of the most considerable of the nomade tribes of Tartary, as the Mongols and Mantchews, who have borrowed its alphabet, its literature, and the religion connected with them.

In the New World, the only points in which civilization appeared were the genial climate, the open plains, and the fertile soil of the table lands of the Andes in the South, chiefly in Peru, and in the North, in Mexico; the rest of the inhabitants of that great continent having had perhaps neither time nor opportunity for emancipating themselves from the savage state.

It is strictly analogous to what has happened among the other races of mankind, to suppose that an independent civilization had sprung up in some part of the Oceanic region, from which it was spread to the other nations of the same race. The table-land of Sumatra, the rich, elevated and open valleys of Java, and the great island of Luconia, which possesses open plains, a fertile soil and a favourable climate, appear to us to be the most propitious—indeed the only probable—spots for the *foci* of such a civilization. One thing is quite certain, that the civilization of the yellow coloured race is indigenous and not foreign, as everything material to it is indicated in the native languages, while the influence of the Sanscrit, and, in particular, of the Arabic language, may easily be shown to be extrinsic and adventitious, and comparatively unimportant and modern.

In stating these facts, and making these general observations on the origin of the first civilization of mankind, we by no means mean to deny the possibility of a distinct civilization springing up at several different points, simultaneously, amongst the same races. But we think it infinitely more probable that one nation preceded the rest, and, by such priority, acquired a predominant influence over the whole. The existence of distinct languages, dis-

tingt alphabetical characters, and distinct nations, in many of the countries alluded to, clearly shows, that although priority belonged to one race, civilization, in reality, sprung up at many different points. Thus, among the Hindoo-Chinese nations, there were probably not less than four distinct points, and in Hindostan probably not less than ten, as Bengal, Orissa, Telinga, Tamil, Karnata, Mahratta, &c. Even in the Oceanic region there cannot be estimated less than seven.

In an examination into the languages of the yellow coloured race with lank hair, it will be observed that, however radically these may differ among themselves, they as strictly agree in their grammatical structure, genius, and idiom, as the Chinese dialects, the Hindoo-Chinese, the Hindoo, the Turkish, the Semitic, or the European languages, do respectively among themselves. Mr. Marsden gives the following accurate and judicious description of them :—

“ The words in their simple state are for the most part dissyllables, with the accent on the first syllable ; but monosyllables are not unfrequent. They are conveniently distinguished into primitive and derivatives, the latter of which are formed by the application of particles prefixed or affixed, or both, to the primitive words ; many of which (as in English) do not belong to any particular part of speech, but, in conversation especially, are understood to be noun or verb, substantive or adjective, by their position with respect to other words in the sentence. In writing, however, their grammatical sense is more correctly denoted by the particles applied. Neither genders, number, or cases are expressed by any inflexion or declension of the noun ; these accidents being rendered quite intelligible by the use (as with us) of unconnected particles or words, having the force of our prepositions and adverbs.”—p. 19.

There is not to be found throughout the whole of the Oceanic languages, one of complex structure, like the Sanscrit, the Greek, the Latin, and the German, in which the genders, numbers and relations of names, and the tenses and modes of verbs are formed by inflexions or varying the terminations of words ; and, most probably, there never existed such a language. Still, preserving a close affinity, however, there are some of which the grammatical structure is a good deal more complex than that of others. In the language of the Philippine Islands there is a dual number, and the verb is of considerable complexity in its form. The same observation applies in both respects to the languages of the rudest people of all, those of the continent of Australia. The construction and the rules of syntax of the languages of the South Sea Islands also differ very materially from those of the great tribes of the Eastern Islands, from whom Mr. Marsden's general description is taken.

In the languages of the Malayan or yellow complexioned race, there exist a great many words, which, in a greater or lesser degree, are common to almost all, and considering the state of society which belongs to even the most civilized of these nations, it is truly remarkable to what an extent this identity of particular words and terms pervades. It has been discovered to exist, in a manner which leaves it quite unequivocal, in the language of the people of Madagascar, not above two hundred and fifty miles from the coast of Africa, and in that of the people of Easter Island, not above fifteen hundred miles from the coast of South America. The distance of these two points cannot be less in any way than ten thousand miles. The degree in which identity of words can be traced is greatest among the more civilized nations, and, excluding Madagascar, which will be afterwards considered, decreases as we proceed eastward from Sumatra and Java. It wholly excludes many of the Negrito tribes, but not all, as will afterwards be shown. To account for this striking and interesting fact in the history of man and language, it has been argued that all the languages from Madagascar to Easter Island inclusive, the Negrito dialects excepted, were originally one language, and that the difference in them now discovered is simply the result of the dispersion of those who spoke it,

“It is enough,” says Mr. Marsden, at the conclusion of his instructive dissertation, “if I have succeeded in giving a more clear and methodical exposition than has been hitherto done, of the intrinsic evidence that the languages spoken throughout this vast intertropical region (with certain stated exceptions) belong to one common stock; their existing varieties being the natural and unavoidable result of early dispersion.” —p. 79.

With unfeigned respect for Mr. Marsden's acquirements, experience, and sound judgment, we are disposed to consider this theory as untenable. In the first place, it appears to us to be contrary to all our knowledge and experience of the history of languages. Languages are many when people are savage and rude, or semibarbarous: in proportion as men become civilized, and communities become extensive, they become few in number, the smaller and ruder dialects being gradually absorbed or violently exterminated by the prevalence of the more polite, improved, and consequently more useful. We are unaware of the existence, in ancient or modern times, of any one language widely disseminated and extensively spoken by many rude tribes, disconnected by locality and without the knowledge of letters.*

* The Celtic language is said to have been universally spoken in Spain, Gaul, and the British Islands, and the German language equally so from the Rhine to the Baltic; but of this there is no proof, and we are disposed to dispute a fact which is contrary to all authentic analogy in other parts of the world.

The whole world seems to us to abound with illustrations of the opposite truth. In China, as Du Halde observes, "every province, every great city, nay, every town, and for that matter, every large village, has its peculiar dialect, which is the reigning language, for every body speaks it, the learned as well as the common people and women. But then the women and the common people can talk no other." This arises from the obstacle already alluded to. Notwithstanding this, the Mandarin or common language is the general vernacular language of the inhabitants of the province of Kyang-nan, a population amounting to no less than seventy-two millions of people, a greater amount than that of the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, Holland, and the Peninsula put together.* In the Hindoo-Chinese countries, there exist at least twenty different languages, yet the great bulk of the people speak but six only. In Hindoostan there are probably not less than forty distinct languages, yet the great mass of one hundred and twenty millions of people use but eight, the remaining inhabitants, (a mere fraction, and consisting of the rudest of the whole,) having more than thirty languages amongst them. In Europe we see the most civilized and numerous communities speaking one language, as the German, the Italian, the French, the English, and the Spanish, while many tongues become numerous as we enter the barbarous parts of it, Russia and Turkey. In France, and in the British islands, the rude Celtic, to the great benefit of society, is in gradual progress of extinction, and even the Anglo-Saxon dialect of the Scotch is rapidly giving way to the more polished and useful English. In America, before the Spanish conquest, there existed but two or three tolerably polished languages, each of them spoken by a pretty numerous population. In that continent, although several have disappeared, it is known that there are still spoken upwards of four hundred distinct languages, with not less than two thousand dialects, by the indigenous population, who, at the utmost are not reckoned above ten millions in number, whilst the Anglo-Americans, who speak but one language, are themselves alone more numerous.

According to our view, there is no region which so closely resembles native America in this respect as the Oceanic. Mr. Marsden gives us specimens of eighty-four different languages of the latter, and we are well satisfied that were the list completed it would not fall much short of the four hundred of the American continent. We have in our own possession several tolerably complete vocabularies not even named by Mr. Marsden, besides notices of no less than forty-six languages, spoken by as many dis-

* Companion to the Chinese Kalendar. Canton, 1832.

distinct nations or tribes to be found in one corner of the island of Borneo alone, that composing its northern promontory. A few of these tribes are partially converted to the Mohammedan religion, and have made some progress in the arts; but the greater number are in a very savage state, and for protection against enemies congregate in houses containing from fifty to two hundred persons. The notes of the author of this article, written ten years ago, when he obtained his information, contain the following observation respecting these tribes. "Every district, and sometimes every village, is a distinct nation, having a separate language, not understood by its neighbours."*

Mr. Marsden's argument in favour of *one* primitive language, drawn from the general agreement of grammatical structure and idiom, appears to us to be inconclusive. It proves, as in other situations, identity of race, and nothing more. It might as well be argued that all the modern languages of Europe, whether Greek or Latin, German or Slavonic, had originally been one tongue, because there is a common accordance between their grammatical forms and idioms, certainly not less remarkable than that which pervades the Oceanic languages.

But Mr. Marsden's principal argument is derived from the identity of particular words. He has given examples of thirty-four words out of about fifty languages; and, agreeing as we do entirely in the correctness of his analysis, and the care, ingenuity, and success with which he has identified words which to a careless observer would appear different, we disagree with him in the conclusion which he draws from his too narrow premises. The words taken by Mr. Marsden are the first ten numerals, and the terms,—“man,” “head,” “eyes,” “nose,” “hair,” “teeth,” “hand,” “blood,” “day,” “night,” “dead,” “white,” “black,” “fire,” “water,” “earth,” “stone,” “swine,”

* The state of society in Syria and Palestine, at the period of their invasion by the Jews, on their departure from Egypt, seems to have borne no inconsiderable resemblance to that which exists at the present day in the Oceanic region, as well as to that of America before its conquest and colonization by Europeans, due allowance being made for the differences of climate, soil and locality. In Palestine there appear to have been not fewer than thirty distinct nations, speaking as many languages, and governed by kings or independent petty chiefs innumerable. Of these nations, two or three were more numerous, powerful and civilized than the rest. The Jews, who were more numerous than any of the invaded nations—imbued probably to a considerable degree with the civilization of Egypt—hardened by a long apprenticeship in the school of toil and adversity—full of religious enthusiasm, and not wanting in ferocity—appear to have had nearly as great an advantage over the tribes they subdued or extirpated, as the Europeans of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had over the native Americans. Besides the numerous languages of ancient Palestine now referred to, there were the distinct languages of the Egyptians, the Arabians, the Syrians, the Persians, and the Armenians. Many of the Jews, from their eventful history, were familiar with several of these tongues. See Nehemiah, xv. 23, 24; 2 Kings, xviii. 26; Genesis, xlii. 23.

“bird,” “egg,” “fish,” “sun,” “moon,” “stars.” Now, our objection to these specimens, independent of their being too few, is, that they are not of the class that testify to the common origin of different tongues or dialects. They are most of them nouns, and those that are not strictly so according to our notions, may be, and indeed constantly are, so used in the Oceanic dialects. In fact they are not radical and essential words, but such as may be, and actually have been borrowed, by one language from another in every part of the world. To begin with the numerals; if we suppose, in accordance with what has happened everywhere else, that one tribe or nation had made a start in civilization, and long headed all the savage tribes near it, and, among other useful discoveries, had discovered the art of counting as far as one thousand, (which in reality is the extent of native Polynesian acquirement in this matter,) what can be more natural than that this convenient invention, for such it strictly is, should be adopted by neighbouring tribes, and that these neighbouring tribes should gradually have communicated the discovery from one end of the Oceanic region to another, or, at least, to such tribes as had not themselves hit upon the invention, or were not so rude, ferocious, and intractable as to be impenetrable to knowledge of first utility. It was on the same principle that several of the Oceanic nations adopted, first the Hindoo, and afterwards the Mohammedan calendar. Some of them had no calendar of their own, and to these the adoption of a foreign one was dictated by utility and necessity; those who had one, and adopted the other, did so from religious motives, and because it was more perfect and therefore more convenient than their own.

For *five*, for *ten*, for *hundred*, and for *thousand*, there is not an universal, but certainly a very general agreement in all the languages of the eastern islands from Madagascar to Easter Island, in so far as the yellow complexioned race is concerned. There is, however, no such general accordance in the lower numerals from one to ten. Thus, in the Malay language, one of the principal, the terms for seven, eight, and nine differ entirely from those generally prevalent. In the language of Sunda, or Western Java, the term for six, and in the language of Bali the term for eight, bear no resemblance to what is found in the other languages. In the language of the Biajuks of Borneo, the terms for six, eight, and nine differ, while the rest agree. In the languages of the South Sea Islands, generally, while the other terms are obviously the same, the numeral *four*, which is nearly the same in all of them, disagrees with the north-western dialects. Among the people of Mangari, in the island of Flores, the first four nume-

als are peculiar, and so is the term for six, all the rest being the general ones. But then, again, in the very heart of the principal countries, there are examples of the general numerals not having been adopted at all. Thus, the people of Timbora in the island of Sumbawa have not adopted one of the Malay numerals, yet these people are not, as Mr. Marsden suspects, Negritos, but of the yellow complexioned race, as we are enabled to say from having frequently seen them, and their state of civilization is only second to that of the principal nations. The general numerals have been equally rejected by the people of Ternate up to twenty, yet these people constitute the principal nation of the Moluccas, and, on the first acquaintance of Europeans with that part of the world, had acquired a considerable degree of power and civilization. The Negritos, like the yellow complexioned race, have, when circumstances have been favourable, adopted the general numerals; that is to say, they have adopted them when they have been civilized enough to see that they stood in need of them. Thus we see them existing in the language of New Guinea, where the Negritos appear to have made greater progress in civilization than anywhere else, in consequence of the commercial intercourse which they have long held with many of the civilized tribes of the west.

What is the deduction from these statements? Not surely that all the languages are dialects of one tongue, and that the differences pointed out are the natural effect of progressive emigration and the lapse of time. We conceive the numerals to have been first borrowed from one nation, from which they were immediately or mediately propagated, each rude tribe adopting them wholly or in part, or totally rejecting them, according to its necessities. Those who had already invented terms for the numerals throughout, would reject them at once, as not standing in need of them. Those who had learned to count as far as four, or ten, or twenty, would adopt the terms respectively higher than these only, and those who had no numerals of their own, or, at least, a very imperfect scale, would adopt the easy and convenient one presented to them. In all this, a good deal would, as in every instance of the sort, depend upon accident and caprice. While the new scale in general would be adopted, particular terms of the native language might still, from habit, be retained, as in the instance of the Malay, the Sunda, and others already alluded to. Even in adopting the general terms for numbers, we discover some anomalies, which can only be considered as evidence of the weakness of the human understanding among a barbarous people. In some of the languages, for example, instead of adopting the common terms for six, seven, and eight, they say clumsily, *five*

and *one, five* and *two*, and *two fours*. In so far as respects the integrity of the words of the original or prevalent language, it will be found most perfect among the more improved nations, and chiefly among those possessed of an alphabetical character; but, in so far as concerns the whole scale, the departure, in general, will be found least among the more rude and distant tribes; or, in other words, among those, who, having no numerals of their own or extremely limited ones, adopted the foreign ones in a mass, as humble imitators.

To what nation then did these numerals originally belong? We should be disposed to answer, with considerable confidence, to the civilized nation with whose terms there appears to be the most general accordancy throughout; and also to hazard a conjecture that this nation was the Javanese, for of all the civilized languages, that of this people presents the most general accordancy with the numerals throughout. Let the reader take the few following examples in support of this hypothesis:—

English.	Javanese.	Bugis.	Mangari.	Otabeite.	Easter Island.	Mada-gascar.	Malay.
One.	Sa.	Sedi.	Sa.	Tahi.	Tahi.	Issa.	Satu.
Two.	Loro.	Duwa.	Sua.	Rua.	Rua.	Rue.	Dua.
Three.	Telu.	Tolu.	Talu.	Toru.	Toru.	Telu.	Tiga.
Four.	Papat.	Opak.	Pa.	Maha.	Ha.	Effat.	Ampat.
Five.	Lima.	Lima.	Lima.	Rima.	Rima.	Lime.	Lima.
Six.	Nenum.	Onong.	Ana.	Ono.	Hono.	Ene.	Anam.
Seven.	Pitu.	Pitu.	Petu.	Hitu.	Hidu.	Fitu.	Tujuh.
Eight.	Wolu.	Aruwa.	Alo.	Varu.	Varu.	Valu.	Delapan.
Nine.	Sanga.	Asera.	Sioh.	Iva.	Hiva.	Siva.	Sambilan.
Ten.	Sepuluh.	Sopulo.	Saputah.	Ahuru.	Anahuru.	Fulu.	Sapuluh.

It should be added, that to the term expressing the numeral *one*, is frequently added in an abbreviated form the words “seed,” “fruit,” or “stone,” the substances with the aid of which, and before the invention of figures, the first calculations were probably made. One of the most universal terms throughout is that for *five*, which, in some of the languages, particularly those of Celebes and some of the Philippine Islands, also means *the hand*, obviously in reference to the five fingers. If any of the other numerals could be as satisfactorily traced to the same quarter, we should be disposed there to fix the origin of the numerals; but this is not the case, and the general accordancy is, upon the whole, greatest with the language of Java.

With respect to the other four and twenty words given by Mr. Marsden, the coincidence, in the different languages, is no doubt, very remarkable, but it is not unaccountable. We have little hesitation in considering them to have been borrowed by the different

tribes and nations one from another, exactly as in the case of the numerals. Few of these can be said to have the same universality as the numerals, and many of them differ, indeed, in almost every different dialect. This applies to the very first word on the list, "man," in which there is much variation among the different tribes. Not only this, but in two or three of the languages the word happens to be expressed by a Sanscrit term. In the word for "eyes," "mata," there is perhaps the most general agreement. Even here, however, we have totally distinct terms to express this object, and that too in the centre of the great archipelago and among civilized tribes, the same generally that had rejected the prevailing numerals. The "moon" is another word of very general acceptance, the common term being "bulan" or "wulan." From this, however, there are a great many exceptions, and when we get into the South Sea Islands, the term nearly ceases altogether, a peculiar and prevalent term of the languages of that part of the Oceanic region being commonly substituted for it.

There is one class of words, the general but not universal prevalence of which may be rationally traced to one source; that connected with useful discoveries, or which, at least, would be deemed discoveries by a rude people, such as the names of the metals, the names of grains, fruits, and other useful plants, and those of many of the domesticated animals, both birds and quadrupeds, together with some terms connected with the useful arts. The following are examples:—iron, steel, tin, gold, sulphur, diamond, rice, sugar-cane, cocoa-nut, mangoe, mangosteen, tamarind, nutmeg, maize, palma-christi, hog, ox, buffalo, goat, horse, duck, peacock, artisan, weave, shuttle, file, axe, dagger, sword, spear, money. All the words here named are clearly unconnected with any foreign language.* When the object of discovery has been introduced from abroad, it will very generally be found to be expressed in a foreign language, and the word, first introduced by one, will present itself with little or no variation, through the whole series of languages that have adopted it. Thus, from the Sanscrit, we have the terms for silver, copper, pearl, cotton, silk, indigo-dye, black-pepper, sugar, goose, spinning-wheel, witness, fortress, crown, king, together with many mythological and some legal terms. Of the last class of words, the Arabic has necessarily furnished a considerable share, and the very same words will be found in almost every language into which the Arabic has been introduced, testifying their admission

* It is by no means unlikely that the frequent occurrence of such words as fire, sun, moon, stars, and even stone, may have originated in the worship of these objects, and that they may in fact, like many Sanscrit and Arabic words, have been originally mythological terms.

through a common channel. If the Indians and Arabs, strangers of a distant country, have extended their religion, their language, and several of their arts, from Sumatra to the most remote of the Philippines and Moluccas, and this too with remarkable uniformity: what argument is there against the supposition that a civilized nation or nations of the Oceanic region, with longer time and better opportunities, should have exercised a similar and a still more extensive influence? Surely none whatever.

To our theory of the existence of a people, who had made an earlier start in civilization than the other tribes of the Oceanic region, and who disseminated their language amongst the rest, the obvious objection is, that no such nation and no such language now exists, or can be proved ever to have existed. Mr. Marsden, indeed, considers the existence of either as "imaginary only." That there is no distinct record to support the hypothesis, we readily admit, but the analogy of languages in other parts of the world is in its favour. Supposing that the Brahmins had not preserved the Sanscrit language embodied in writing, we should have been at the present day quite as much at a loss to account for the vast number of words of that language to be found in all the poly-syllabic languages of the east and west, (except the Semitic class,) as we are to account for the number of native words that are common to the Oceanic languages. Of the people who spoke the Sanscrit language, and of the country which they inhabited, in the absence of all historic record, we are just as ignorant as of the people and language which we suppose to have produced so wide an influence over the Oceanic region. If we were to imagine the literature of Greece and Rome to contain, like the Sanscrit, nothing better than mythological nonsense and extravagant fable, and to be, like that literature, utterly deficient in the materials of historic truth, how should we be able to account, except by a process similar to that which we have adopted in examining the Oceanic languages, for the multitude of words of both tongues to be found in all the modern languages of Europe? The French and Italian numerals, for example, are all borrowed from the Latin language, and we should certainly have no other means of tracing these to their origin, except the method which we have pursued in tracing the Oceanic numerals.

But, although the frequent recurrence of the same Oceanic word in different languages from Madagascar to Easter Island is sufficiently striking, the great body of each language will still remain unaccounted for, after making every allowance. The safest course here, and that which we mean to pursue, is, to bring this at once to the test of experiment. Mr. Thomsen's Vocabulary of the Bugis language contains in all 1900 words in Malay and

Bugis. These are two of the principal languages of the archipelago, and the nations that speak them are of all the people inhabiting these countries, the most adventurous and the most frequently in communication with each other, both through trade and through settlement in each other's countries. Out of 1022 nouns, there are 318 which are the same, leaving 704 totally dissimilar; but of those that are the same, 87 belong to the Sanscrit and Arabic languages, and, therefore, being common to the Malay and Bugis, must be deducted, which will reduce the nouns that are the same to 231. Of 35 pronouns, there are but 4 which are alike, or rather which appear to be so, for it is not a matter of certainty that they are identical. The number of adjectives is 268, of which but 18 are the same, two of which, however, are Arabic. The number of verbs is 417, of which 50 agree, but of these 50 seven are either Arabic or Sanscrit. The adverbs are 69 in number, of which three only agree, one of them being Sanscrit. The prepositions amount to 26; here there is no agreement. The conjunctions amount to 16, of which two only agree, and these are Arabic. The number of interjections is six, and here there is no semblance of similarity. The result of the whole is, that, out of 1900 words, there are but 296 (exclusive of the numerals, which differ materially,) that are common to both languages. Thus, in so far as the comparison goes, five parts out of six of both languages remain unaccounted for. The identity is most remarkable in the nouns or names of things; it is less so in the adjectives and verbs, which according to the genius of the Oceanic languages, are easily convertible into nouns; while in the particles it almost entirely vanishes.

It would appear from this, that but a moderate proportion of words, after all, is common to these two languages, and what is true of them may be asserted of any other two or more of the same region. In our own language, perhaps not less than two-thirds of the whole are derived from the Latin, either directly, or mediately through the French, and yet neither Latin nor French, but Saxon, is the stock from which our tongue is derived; as is clearly proved by a reference to the particles, which in very few instances are either Latin or French. In the Malay language, of which the whole vocabulary may be estimated at 7000 words, there are nearly 300 Sanscrit, and, although many of them be essential words, it would be very foolish to consider the Sanscrit as the original stock of the Malay. When we state that the particles afford the best test of affinity or otherwise of languages, it is by no means to be understood that any of those neighbouring nations do not occasionally borrow from each other. The list

which we give shows that they occasionally do. But the same languages occasionally borrow particles and other words of frequent occurrence even from the Arabic and Sanscrit. Thus we have, from these tongues, in the Malay, such particles as, "like," "because," "between," "with," and terms of such frequent usage as "all," "do," "was," &c. These, however, are but rare exceptions to a general rule.*

Such words as Mr. Marsden has given are not, in fact, as already stated, of the class from which the common origin of two or more languages can be proved. They are such as are very readily borrowed by one language from another, and this is clearly shown by the prevalence, in many of the languages, of Arabic, and in a greater degree, of Sanscrit words, for things of the most common occurrence, as, "man," already alluded to, "joint," "shoulder," "head," "dust," "seed," "smell," "flavour," "steal," "crawl," "clean," "name," "enemy." In some languages the Sanscrit word has been adopted, to the exclusion of the native one, for objects clearly indigenous, as "honey," "elephant," "horse," &c. There is little doubt but the mere sound of a word, its euphony, and nothing else, has often recommended it to adoption, and that most of those above enumerated have been naturalized on this principle. The Bali language, adopting, generally, the Javanese numerals, takes the Sanscrit numeral for "ten," and follows it up in all its compounds to a hundred. Several of the languages, possessing native terms generally for the names of the winds, borrow from the Sanscrit that for the north wind. All this can only be owing to the foreign word having displaced the native one, as few of the languages can be supposed to be so deficient as to want vernacular expressions for such ideas as are now referred to; and, in fact, this is proved by their currency in a great many of the languages, and by their existence as obsolete synonymes in others.

We agree entirely with Horne Tooke, in thinking that it is to the particles that we ought to look for the common origin of languages. Let the East-Insular languages then be tried by this test, which has not yet been applied to them, and see what will be the result. The following table will assist us in forming a judgment.

* Our old English borrowed a few particles, strictly so called, from the French, but their admission being contrary to the genius of the language, they have, for the most part, become obsolete. The following are examples, "Certes," "sans," "maugre," "point" (negation), "point de vise" (exactly), "prest" (ready), "amort" (spiritless), "amain" (vigorously).

English.	Malay.	Lampung.	Sunda.	Javanese.	Bugis.
Here	Sini	Jah	Dyek	Ingkene	Komale
There	Situ, sana	San	Eta	Ingkono	Kotu
Where	Mana	Dipa	Mana	Endi	Pega
Before	Hadapan	Haghokh	Hareup	Ngarep	Riolo
Behind	Blakang	Hughi	Titukang	Buri	Rimunri
Below	Bawah	Bah	Handap	Ngisor	Riawa
Above	Atas	Atas	Luhur	Duwur	Riasok
Whence	Derimana	Saking-ngindi	Polepego
Hence	Derisana	Saking-ngriki	Polekoaria
Each	Sasuwatu	Masing-masing	Tasedi
Now	Sakarang	Ganta	Ayeuna	Saiki	Matupa
Before	Duhulu	Paiji	Tiheula	Dingin	Iolo
Lately	Tadi	Ampai	Tadi	Mahu	Idenre
Not yet	Belum	Makong	Tachan	Durung	Dekpa
Hereafter	Kamdien	Bano-bano	..	Nuli	Rimonripi
Sometimes	Barangkali	Kadang-kadang	Sujan	Manawa	Barakuamongi
Seldom	Jarang	Jaghan-jaghan	Charang-charang	Arang-arang	Malawamongong
When	Apabila	Kapan	..	Kapan	Naiya
Then	Tatkala	Tatkala	Tatkala	Kalane	Riwotu
Ever	Santiasa	Pandai	..	Tabu	Natunguang
Much	Banish	Lamon	Ria, Loba	Hakeh	Maega
Little	Sedikit	Sabah	Sabeutik	Chilik	Chedek
How much	Berapa	Siagi
Enough	Chukup	Gonok
Quickly	Lekas	Galokh	Terih Gasik	Gelis, Kebat	Masitak
Slowly	Perlahan	Bani	Lilah	Suwe	Mania-maniai
Perhaps	Barangkali	Halokh	..	Kirano	Barakuamongi
Possibly	Kalaukalan	Masa	..	Dadak, Mangaa	Nako-nako
Verily	Sunggoh	Satemre	Tongong
Truly	Benar	Pasti	Pasti	Pasti	Majopu
Yes	Ya	Eya	Enia	Iya	Iyo
No	Tiada	Ma	Henteuk	Haja	Dek
How	Bagimana	Pekonagi

English.	Malay.	Lampung.	Sunda.	Javanese.	Bugia.
Why	Mengapa	Luot	Dewi	Luih	Mago
More	Lagi	Di	Di	Hing	Paimeng
Of	Di	Anja	Ti	Seka	Kuwaeroh
From	Dari	Di	Ka	Maring	Kuwiri
At, to	Pada			Lan	Kori
By, through	Dangan	Hanakan	Jeung		Ule
With	Sama	Saghata	Serta	Serta	Salaong
In	Delam	Lom	Jero	Jero	Kalung
Out	Luar	Leah	Luar	Jaba	Saliwong
Above	Atas	Atas	Luhur	Duwur	Iyasok
On, upon	Diatas	Diatas	Di	Hing	Riasok
Below	Bawah	Bah	Handap	Ngisor	Iyawa
Between	Tengan	Halokh	Sela	Selan	Palawangong
Through	Trus	Laju	..	Butul	Losok
Near	Dekat	Pasa	Meh-meh	Meh	Madopek
Far	Jahu	Jao	Jauh	Hadoh	Mabela
Beyond	Sabrang	Sabaghang	Peuntas	Sabrang	Iliwong
And	Dan	Kelawan	Jeung	Lan	Onrongo
If	Jekalon	Kantu	..	Yen	Nako, nareko
That	Maka	Mangka	Mangka	Mangka	Agana
Both	Kadua	Iyaduwai
But	Tetapi	Tetiapi	Tatapi	Tapi	Naiyakea
Or	Atawa	Atawa	Atawa	Hutawa	Iyarega
Nor	Malainkan	Sangadina
As	Seperti	Injokh	Jiga	Sapolah	Padai
Least	Sepaya jengan	Makuleajak
Though	Meaki	Mauna
Yet, also	Juga	Juga	Bahi	Huga	Mua, muto

The first two specimens in this table are written languages of Sumatra, the two next written languages of Java, and the last is the principal written language of Celebes. Between the first four there is here and there an identity, as might be looked for from the propinquity of the nations who speak them. It must be observed, however, that, in several instances of similarity, the words are confined to the written languages and are not used orally, while some have been borrowed from the Sanscrit,—these also, for the most part, being commonly confined to the written speech. Between the first four languages and the last, or the Bugis, there is scarcely any similarity, and certainly none that is not accidental. Indeed, it must strike the reader at a glance that it is a language of a totally different origin.

But there are other classes of words, besides the particles, which will enable us to judge whether or not two or more languages be derived from the same stock. The auxiliary and some other verbs of frequent occurrence are of this description; thus the verbs, “be,” “was,” “will,” “let,” “may,” “do,” “take,” which, with very partial exceptions, are different in all the Oceanic languages, will show each of these languages to be in itself a distinct and original tongue. The pronouns of the first and second person are of the same nature. In these, in which the Oceanic languages, but particularly the most improved of them, are very copious, the neighbouring languages very frequently borrow from each other, but still retaining the native term as that of most frequent and familiar use.

Upon the whole, then, our conclusion is, that each Oceanic language is of separate and distinct origin,—and that the people by whom they were spoken communicated words to each other exactly in proportion to the closeness of neighbourhood, or extent of intercourse between them, the ruder and weaker tribes commonly borrowing from the most improved and powerful. On this principle, the different languages may be divided into several classes or groups, and named after the nation which seems to have exercised the greatest influence in its propagation. The *first* or *Malayan* group, includes Sumatra, the peninsula of Malacca, and the east and west coasts of Borneo, over which the Malayan language exercised such influence. The *second* or *Javanese* group, includes the island of Java and the neighbouring islands of Madura, Bali, and Lombok; in these the Javanese, a language bearing considerable resemblance to the Malayan, prevailed. The *third* or *Bugis* group, from the name of the principal nation and language of Celebes, extended itself over the islands of Bouton, Salayer, and Sumbawa, and part of the south

coast of Borneo, where the Bugis settled and founded states. The Bugis language differs very materially from the two preceding. The *fourth* or *Philippine* group, in which the Tagala language has probably the greatest influence, takes in the great archipelago of the Philippines, including Mindanao, the cluster of the Sooloo islands, with Palawan, and a small portion of the southern promontory of Borneo. In the *fifth* or *Molucca* group, the leading influence was probably exercised by the language of the most civilized nation, the people of Ternate. A *sixth* group will embrace the *South Sea Islands*, inhabited by the yellow-complexioned race, whose languages, as we are informed by Mr. Ellis in his *Polynesian Researches*, possess a great number of words that are common to all the dialects of the South Sea, but which differ entirely from those of the northern or western Oceanic nations. A separate group, smaller than any of the preceding, might be formed of the languages spoken from Flores to Timor inclusive, by that race which is neither yellow-complexioned nor Negrito, but partakes of both, and which we have conjectured to be a third and distinct Oceanic race.

To attempt any classification of the languages of the Negrito tribes would, from our ignorance, be a hopeless undertaking. From the little that we do know of them, they would seem, as we might very well expect, to differ even more from each other than they do from the languages of the yellow complexioned race, or as much as the most dissimilar of these differ from each other. In truth they will probably be found not to admit of any such classification. The language of each tribe among this race will in all likelihood be found distinct and original, and, wherever there are words in common, it will be only where an immediate neighbourhood has made the communication easy and readily available, to a people so exceedingly rude, weak, and ignorant. Specimens have been obtained of the dialects of the Negritos of the Andaman islands, of the Malayan peninsula, of New Guinea, and of those of several tribes of Australia; but, except in a few instances in the Australian languages, easily accounted for by the vicinity of the tribes, there is no semblance of affinity between any of them; an analogy which tends materially to discredit the hypothesis which would attribute a common origin to the languages of the yellow complexioned race.

The particles, we repeat, afford a much better test of the filiation of a language than any other class of words. By a comparison, for example, of the particles of the Italian, Spanish, and French languages, with those of the Latin, the three first are shown to be derived from the last. But a comparison of the

Latin particles with the Greek will show, what is now fully admitted, (although the contrary was once asserted,) that the Latin is not derived from the Greek.

We have thus, we flatter ourselves, satisfactorily disposed of the objections to our theory, that an ancient language, long extinct, has given rise to the considerable number of words which are found to be common to so many of the Oceanic languages. In what country, or by what people this language was spoken, must be entirely matter of conjecture. The influence of this language upon the existing Oceanic tongues, we conceive to have been quite of a different character to that which the Latin has exercised over the French, the Italian, and the Spanish; we take it to have been more like that which Latin exercised over the Teutonic and Slavonic languages, the Sanscrit over the languages of Hindoostan, or the Arabic over the languages of the nations that embraced Islamism, such as the Turkish and Persian.

It should be here observed, that what are called in Europe dialects, or the subdivisions of one language, under different names, much modified by time and circumstances, as in the case of the Spanish and Portuguese, of the Scotch and English, or the Erse and Irish, have no existence among the Oceanic nations. Languages here which have different names are never dialects of each other. A Malay is utterly unintelligible to a Lampong or a Batta, although his neighbours. A Sunda is unintelligible to a Javanese or to a native of Bali, although the three languages are written in the same character, and the nations speaking them contiguous to each other. In the same manner, a Bugis is unintelligible to a Macasar, although their languages are written in the same character, and although they have repeatedly conquered, and been conquered, by each other. If we are to credit some voyagers, this is not the case in many of the South Sea Islands. A native of the Society Islands is, for example, described in Cook's Voyages as being perfectly well understood by the natives of the Marquesas, distant at least 800 miles. We are inclined to question the accuracy of this statement, and rather to believe that Tupia, the friend of Captain Cook, had imposed on the illustrious navigator and his companions, than to credit a story alike inconsistent with experience and analogy. The dialects of the same language which exist, however distinct the people speaking them, are but trifling modifications of what may be considered the parent language; and this is probably in a great measure owing to the very remarkable simplicity which is characteristic of the structure of all the languages of the Oceanic region. A Malay of Champa, Johore, and Borneo, have not the least difficulty in understanding each other, and the same is the case with

the Bugis of Boni, Tuwaju, and of the Bornean colony of Cooti. They, in fact, amount to little more than provincial variations.

The question still remains to be considered, how any portion of an Oceanic language, to whatever country that language belonged, should have reached points so exceedingly remote as Easter Island and the Sandwich group on one side, New Zealand on another, and Madagascar on a third. There can be no question, we think, but that the language must have been communicated from the populous and civilized quarter to the less populous and civilized, that is, except in the instance of Madagascar, from west to east. Any other theory would suppose a case which has never happened in any other part of the world, of weak and barbarous tribes imposing a portion of their language upon more powerful and civilized ones. It is perfectly easy to understand how such a language should have spread from one tribe to another within the tranquil and narrow seas, and with the assistance of the steady monsoons, between Sumatra and New Guinea. Considering the many islands, not very remote from each other, which run from New Guinea to the Friendly Islands, it is perhaps not very difficult to conceive how words of a western language should be communicated to the inhabitants even of these distant islands. Monsoons, or winds blowing one-half of the year from east, and the other half from west, are now ascertained to prevail as far as the island of Rotuma, between the 170th and 180th degrees of east longitude, which in the course of ages would carry even frail native praos from one island to another, and thus propagate the common language. With respect to the more distant countries, considering the ignorance, unskilfulness, and want of enterprise, which characterize the state of society, even among the most improved of the insular races—races which have never gone, but by accident, beyond the precincts of their own peculiar region—the difficulty of rationally accounting for it is great. The matter must not, however, be left in the condition of a miracle or wonder : we must therefore make the attempt.

Beginning our examination to the north of what may be strictly called the Oceanic region, the first and nearest countries which occur, although not strictly within that region, are the Nicobar and Andaman islands in the gulph of Bengal—the first inhabited by the yellow complexioned race, with lank hair, and in a very tolerably civilized state; and the last by a Negrito race, in the very lowest scale of human existence. The nations inhabiting these two groups have every appearance of being, physically, the same, respectively, as the yellow and negro races of the Oceanic region, and yet their languages not only differ entirely from each other, but neither of them contains one word of the Oceanic lan-

guages. The languages of the Nicobar group, although agreeing in many words, appear radically to differ among themselves. It is certainly a most remarkable circumstance that these islands, the largest of which is not above 100 miles distant from the north-west extremity of Sumatra, and between which the illustrious navigator Dampier sailed in an open boat, should not contain a word of the Oceanic dialects, so widely spread in other quarters; neither do they seem to have adopted the language or religion of the Hindoos or Mohammedans. The natives of the Nicobars, however, have their own peculiar numerals, and in other respects exhibit considerable evidence of an indigenous civilization; they did not therefore stand in need of foreign aid, and the distance, although short, is in a stormy sea, with neither monsoon favourable. It may be added that the languages of these islands are polysyllabic, and partake in no respect of the monosyllabic languages of the adjacent continent. The existence of a yellow complexioned race in this quarter, and so near, yet with wholly distinct languages, ought, one might suppose, to be of itself quite sufficient to destroy the theory of one great Oceanic language.

The first point where we discover evidence of an Oceanic language is among the people of Champa, both on the shores of the China sea, and on the gulph of Siam. This is, however, an affair of comparatively modern times, and the result of the settlement of a Malay colony about 400 years ago. The people are of a different race from the inhabitants of the country, and, speaking a polysyllabic language among monosyllabic ones, are distinct to the present day; and their speech, of which we possess a tolerably copious vocabulary, is nothing more than a slightly modified dialect of the Malay.* We find the next traces in the island of Formosa, not above 50 miles from the coast of China. The west coast and plains of this island are peopled by a comparatively recent Chinese colony, but the mountainous eastern side by an aboriginal race. It is, of course, in the dialect of these last only that traces of an Oceanic language are to be discovered. From vicinity and similarity of words, we judge that these people received the Oceanic dialect through the medium of the Philippines. The distance from the northern part of Luconia does not exceed 300 miles, and with the westerly monsoon, which is the mild one in the China seas, there would be no difficulty, even in a very rude state of navigation, in passing from the last to the first. From the same Philippines, in all probability, the Oceanic dialects were communicated to the Marianne, the Pelew, and the Caroline islands, for here also the monsoons are propitious.

* Crawford's *Journal of a Mission to Siam and Cochín-China*, p. 467.

Turning now to the south east, we are disposed to consider that the centre from which the Oceanic language was communicated in this quarter, was the language of the Bugis of Celebes. These, to the present day, hold a commercial intercourse with the Aru islands and the Negritos of New Guinea, and proceed yearly to the Gulf of Carpentaria, in Australia, to fish the *Holothurion* or Sea-Slug, for the market of China. To the natives of New Holland, who cannot count beyond four, and who are too brutal to receive any useful information, they have communicated nothing. If in the course of this voyage, their praos should be drifted by the prevailing easterly wind to the westward, they would naturally keep hold of the coast of Australia, and fortune and accident might conduct them to the latitude of westerly winds, which, in due course would bring them down upon the land of New Zealand, where they would first discover men of the same race with themselves, and, notwithstanding the barbarism of their manners, men bold, adventurous, and not inaccessible to a rude instruction. The praos of New Zealand might be drifted down by westerly winds even as far as Easter Island, and from Easter Island the trade winds would drift them, or the inhabitants of the island, upon the Marquesas and the Society Islands, from whence again a voyage seems practicable, even with praos, and within the trade winds, to the Sandwich Islands. The great similarity which exists between the numerals of all these islands, makes this hypothesis not improbable; at all events, it wears a greater air of probability than the supposed existence of one original general language, of which the experience of the rest of the world affords no example.

We have only now to consider how the Oceanic language reached Madagascar, distant from the nearest point of the Oceanic region, Sumatra, more than three thousand miles, in a strait direction. This, although at first sight the most difficult circumstance to be accounted for, turns out, in reality, to be one of the easiest, while, at the same time, it tends to illustrate the manner in which migration and dissemination of language may have taken place within the Oceanic region itself. Since our own possession of the Mauritius and its dependencies in Madagascar, during the last 24 years, several praos, drifted from Sumatra by the strength of the north-east monsoon, and carried into the trade winds, have reached Madagascar, as the first land, with several of their crews, whose lives were preserved by the accidental presence in their boats of a few cocoa nuts, which served them both as food and drink. These strangers, arriving among a very rude people, such as the inhabitants of Madagascar still are, (and which they would be in a still greater degree, were we to deprive them of

the ideas and objects which are expressed in their language by Oceanic terms,) may be easily conceived in a condition to communicate useful instruction to them; more particularly when such instruction was of so humble a character as not to be above the capacity of the latter, as the numerals, and the name of rice, an article now extensively cultivated in Madagascar, and the introduction of which was probably owing to a few accidental handfuls found in the drifted praos of the Oceanic tribes. That this was the original channel of communication we think we are warranted in assuming, not only from these being the nearest countries, but from the striking similarity of the words in the respective languages. The languages of Acheen and the Nias islands are probably those which furnished words to the dialects of Madagascar. But it is by no means necessary to refer to one or two languages only. Words might be adopted from several of the Malayan dialects, according to the tribe of strangers that reached the coast of Madagascar. That such was the case, is rendered the more probable, when it is found that the several dialects of Madagascar do not always employ the same Oceanic term for the same thing. We may, however, observe, that the real number of Oceanic words that exist in these dialects, is, after all, but inconsiderable. We suspect that they will not exceed 100 or 150; a small addition indeed to a language which, in common with others of the same class, we have no doubt, will be found to contain not less than from 5000 to 6000 words. Neither do the borrowed words seem to be radical, but, on the contrary, such as men would naturally adopt in the progress of improvement, or such as all languages are liable to receive through caprice or accident, a process of which we have already given sufficient examples. The people of Madagascar are, in reality, a Negrito, or at least a Negro race, and if the Oceanic words found in their language were really radical, this ought to prove them to be of the yellow complexioned race, and disprove that part of Mr. Marsden's theory, which proceeds on the belief that the languages of the Negritos and yellow complexioned race are radically and essentially distinct.

We have but very few words to say respecting the origin of the races that inhabit the Oceanic region. The yellow complexioned bears, as already noticed, the nearest resemblance, in form and complexion, to the Hindoo-Chinese race; but notwithstanding this, and their immediate neighbourhood, the evidence of language shows that there is not the slightest connexion between them. The Malays and Siamese meet at the seventh degree of north latitude—their territories and their people are intermixed, and several of the Malay states have been for ages sub-

ject to the power of Siam; notwithstanding all this, their respective languages and manners are preserved perfectly distinct. Living among each other, they continue, to almost every intent and purpose, two distinct nations. The Oceanic tribes, therefore, did not emigrate from the Hindoo-Chinese countries; and the idea of a Chinese or Tartar origin is too ridiculous to deserve a moment's consideration. Neither did they emigrate from the continent of America. An examination of the nearest languages of that continent has detected no resemblance whatever in their genius, structure, or sound, to the Oceanic languages. It would be quite useless to attempt to trace their origin to the country of the Hindoos, of the Persians, or of the Arabs; for from all these people they are as distinct in physical form, and in all the essentials of language, as both are from the nations of Europe.

With respect to the Negrito races, the only people to whom they bear the least resemblance are the Negroes of the continent of Africa; but from them they are clearly a distinct race, being eminently wanting in the stature, figure, and general physical form of the Africans, while similarity of language has not been proved to exist in even a single instance. Besides this, there is the insuperable difficulty of reaching the Oceanic region from Africa, distant from 3000 to 4000 miles, in the very teeth of a vigorous trade wind. The fable of a Portuguese ship or ships being wrecked on the islands of the Oceanic region, with African slaves on board, is unworthy of all sober attention. With respect to the third race, if such it really be, intermediate between the yellow complexioned and the Negrito, nothing whatever exists to show its foreign origin. The three races then must be concluded to be aboriginal; and when we are reduced to adopt this position, we are certainly in no worse situation than when we attempt to trace the migrations of the old inhabitants of any other quarter of the globe. The races of the Oceanic islands are peculiar, like those inhabiting Europe, or Africa, or America. An indigenous and independent civilization has sprung up among them, and in the course of many ages this civilization has been gradually, widely, and silently spread, in the manner in which we have endeavoured to explain. History, of course, makes no mention of the changes which this civilization has effected, because a people so rude have no history. The utmost length to which we can carry back the annals of the more civilized nations of the Oceanic region does not exceed six centuries, and even to this length we can only proceed with the aid of medals and monuments. It is but a poor antiquity that can hardly carry us back within two centuries of the Norman conquest of England! It by no means follows, however, that the Oceanic nations, and even

their civilization, are not of very considerable antiquity; and we shall, probably, not mislead ourselves if we ascribe a period of several thousand years as having elapsed between their emerging from the savage state, and the time in which they are first mentioned in history. To the civilized nations of the ancient world they were nearly as unknown as the inhabitants of America; and the first acquaintance with them made by the nations of modern Europe goes little further back than three centuries, when they were found very nearly in the same state of civilization as that in which they exist at the present day.

We have only a few words to add on the alphabets and literature of the Oceanic races. Mr. Marsden has considered the alphabetic characters in a second section of his dissertation on the Polynesian languages. The alphabets amount to seven in number, (or to eight, including the Sunda alphabet of Java, which is extinct); four of these exist in the island of Sumatra, one in Java, one in Celebes, and one in the Philippines. Those of Sumatra are the Korinchi,* the Rejang, the Lampung, and the Batta. That of Java is the Jawa or Javanese; that of Celebes is the Bugis; and that of the Philippine islands is the Tagála. Now these alphabets are found only with the most polished tribes, and, indeed, there is no powerful and numerous nation which either has not had, or now has not, its own peculiar alphabet. Mr. Marsden, and others of less authority, consider the whole of these alphabets as of Hindoo origin; but, as far as we can discover, on no other ground than that four out of the seven have adopted the rhythmical classification of the Dewa-nagari alphabet of India. Now, the written characters of Europe are not more unlike to the Dewa-nagari than all these insular characters are; and all these, again, are as different from each other as the Hebrew alphabet is from the Arabic. The Dewa-nagari alphabet itself, judging by old inscriptions, does not materially differ at the present moment from what it was between eighteen and nineteen centuries back,† and it is nearly the same now throughout every nation of continental India; while the civilized nations have, in general, each

* Mr. Marsden has, we think, satisfactorily proved that the Korinchi alphabet was the original alphabet of the Malays before the adoption of the Arabic character, and thus cleared up a long disputed question. The Malays, in the year of Christ 1460, settled a colony at Singapore, the modern British settlement of the same name, where there exists a long inscription on a rude slab, or rather mass of sand-stone, in a character unknown to the natives of the neighbourhood. We suspect it to be the Korinchi: and, if the supposition be well founded, the Malays probably wrote in their own character down to the year above quoted.

† The oldest Dewa-nagari inscription found in India is dated 23 years before Christ, and was translated by the venerable Sir Charles Wilkins, fifty years ago.—*Sac Asiatic Researches*, vol. ii., p. 131.

their own local alphabet, differing from it, but adopting its classification, just as the four insular alphabets just referred to do. The alphabet of the bordering country, Tibet, indeed, like the Javanese, Korinchi, &c., has not adopted the rhythmical classification. The Malays, with the addition of some consonants necessary to their language, write the Arabic character precisely as the Arabs do, and appear to have been doing for centuries: yet the Malays have been writing their language in this character for nearly 700 years. The Javanese and Bugis, when they write their language in the Arabic character, as they occasionally do, write it precisely like the Malays, and, of course, as the Arabs. On what ground then can we suppose so vast a change,—so complete a metamorphosis, to have been wrought in the native alphabets of the Oceanic races? No length of time, change in the mode of writing, or in the writing materials, would satisfactorily account for the irreconcilable dissimilitude that exists. But we have local evidence to show that no real change has been made in them during a course of centuries. The Javanese and natives of Bali, whose languages are as distinct as English and Italian, and who have had little or no communication with each other for nearly four centuries, employ the same character, and this character differs as little as that in which the natives of Italy and England write their respective languages. Yet, during most part of this time, the materials used by the Javanese have been pen, ink, and paper; and those used by the Balinese iron-styles and palm-leaves. Again, the colony of Javanese, settled in Palembang in the island of Sumatra, and who for nearly four centuries have been separated from the parent state, still write the Javanese character as it is written in Java, with very minute and trivial modifications. The practice of writing ancient inscriptions in the Pali or Kawi character, a practice also common with the Hindoo-Chinese nations, precludes us in general from referring to these for evidence, that no essential changes have taken place in the insular characters. In Java, however, there are a few examples of genuine Javanese writing on stone and copper, which, making proper allowance for the nature of the materials, shows that no essential change has taken place for several centuries. It may be further added, that genuine Dewa-nagari inscriptions on huge masses of stone, which proves that they were of local composition, have been found in Java; and in these, the character, agreeing entirely with that of India, differs wholly both from the religious and popular writing of that island. The fact of some of the languages having adopted the Hindoo classification seems to us not difficult to account for. The literature of every rude people falls naturally into the hands of the priesthood, and as the

priesthood was Hindoo, or professed Hindooism, it is not unnatural to suppose that they should adopt the arrangement of their sacred character, more particularly as this arrangement is useful and convenient for assisting the memory. It may be remarked, however, that two of the most improved nations, the Javanese and the Malays, did not adopt the Hindoo classification, although the evidence of language and other testimony shows that it was upon these nations that Hindooism made the deepest impression. We may suppose that, in this case, the more polished tribes were, as usually happens, wedded to their own arrangement, and less willing than ruder ones to admit innovation. The Javanese, at least, and we believe the Korinchis and Battas have also a rhythmical arrangement peculiar to themselves, which would have satisfied them, and precluded the necessity of adopting a new one.

There is nothing, therefore, to prevent us from looking upon every one of the seven alphabets of the Oceanic region, as distinct and original—as, not only not borrowed from strangers, but also as not borrowed from each other. If we agree with M. Goguet* in considering the invention of alphabetical characters as the most surprising effort of the human mind, and a discovery which could only have originated with geniuses of the first order, we must be prepared to believe that seven or eight such geniuses must have sprung up in the Oceanic region. Be this as it may, the existence of these alphabets affords proof of early and considerable civilization. It places all the principal nations of that region much higher in the scale than any of the native nations of Africa or America, and in many respects above those of northern Europe, whether Celts, Germans, or Slavonians, before they acquired the knowledge of letters through Greece and Rome.

“I am not afraid of asserting,” says M. Goguet, “that perhaps no discovery has ever contributed so much to draw men from primitive barbarism, as the easy practice of writing. The propagation of that art has contributed more than all other causes to form the heart and mind of nations, to soften their manners, and to unite and hold together the bonds of society. If we see even in the present day, in several parts of both continents, savages degrading humanity by their grossness, their ignorance, and their barbarism, it is because, deprived of the use of writing, they are deprived of all the knowledge which necessarily depends upon it.”—*Origine des Lois*, tome i. p. 208.

This is as just and true of the Oceanic region, as it is of other parts of the world. Of all the nations of this quarter of the world, who possess the art of writing, the Battas, who, un-

* *L'Origine des Lois*, tome i. page 200.

der certain circumstances, devour human flesh, are the only people addicted to bloody or cruel rites. All the Negrito nations, who are in so barbarous a state of society, are utterly ignorant of the use of letters, which, indeed, ceases in all countries to the eastward of Celebes and the Philippines; so that alphabetic writing, in fact, constitutes the grand line of demarcation between the civilized nations of the west and the savages or barbarians of the east.

Exclusive of their ignorance of the art of printing, we are not to suppose that alphabetic writing is of the same frequency of application, and of the same usefulness among the Oceanic nations who possess it, as among Europeans. Mr. Marsden observes that "he never met with a native of the East who could read even his own writing firmly, and without a degree of hesitation," and he quotes the authority of a European friend, who describes one of the tribes as "spelling the syllables audibly or otherwise, as our young children do at school." This is strictly true, but true only of the Oceanic and Hindoo-Chinese nations. The Chinese read their language fluently, and so do the Mohammedans of India, and the Hindoo men of business of the same country. It is the more remarkable with the Oceanic nations, since their alphabets are all perfect for their own purposes, expressing both the consonants and the vowels, without a redundant, a defective, or a dubious letter of any kind; but, in fact, the circumstance is only evidence of the barbarism and imbecility of rude nations in the infancy of letters. The frequent correspondence which exists amongst civilized nations, and the constant practice of reducing every thing of the least moment to writing, is unknown to the Oceanic tribes. It is only affairs of great moment that they ever think of committing to writing, and then the practice obtains of employing a professional amanuensis. All this, of course, leads to general inexpertness. Such also seems to have been the case in the early history of writing among European nations. It was among them even more difficult to practise the art, than in the East, owing to the greater difficulty of procuring materials. It was, in fact, employed only upon solemn and important occasions, and for the most part, in all probability, for state and religious purposes.

The people of this quarter of the globe are utterly ignorant of the period when a written character was invented amongst them; but in this respect they are not in a worse situation than the other nations of the world. The different steps by which they arrived at the invention, from painted representations to hieroglyphics, from hieroglyphics to the Chinese keys, from the Chinese keys to syllabic writing, and finally to alphabetic writing,

were, no doubt, the same as in other parts of the world. M. Goguet concludes that pictorial writing existed amongst the Greeks, because in the Greek language the same word means *to write* and *to paint*. The same evidence exists in the Oceanic dialects; for the same term, with all the nations, equally expresses *to write* and *to paint*; and this is the only testimony we are aware of, which can be produced regarding the history of the progress of writing amongst them.

When Europeans first became acquainted with the Oceanic nations, now more than three centuries ago, their alphabetic writing appears to have been exactly what it is at the present day. The number of their letters was the same; their arrangement was the same; and, in short, they have neither advanced nor retrograded in this respect. We can, as already shown, go three hundred years still further back, and show them in possession of alphabetic writing. The Greeks are supposed to have invented or imported the art of alphabetic writing 300 years before the siege of Troy. Let us suppose the Oceanic nations, 600 years back, to have been in a similar state of society, so far as the use of letters is concerned, to that of the Greeks at that famous siege, and between that period and the invention of letters among them, we may fancy, as in the case of the Greeks, that three centuries would have elapsed since the invention of writing. This conjecture would carry the art back near 1000 years from the present time; but when we consider the vast difference at all times between the intellectual character of the Asiatic and European races, the sluggishness and inactivity of the first, the elasticity and vigour of the last;—the proneness of the first, after a certain advance, to become stationary, and the disposition of the last, after making the first start, constantly to progress, the analogy may altogether mislead us, and we may thus be ascribing a much smaller antiquity to the invention of writing among the Oceanic nations, than it is entitled to; and this, in truth, is our belief.

Of the literary compositions of the Oceanic nations, not much need be said. The field is, indeed, a sterile and unproductive one. These nations are eminently destitute of imagination, of vigour, and above all things, of manly common sense. In this latter quality, they are but children in comparison with the Chinese. In imagination, they are a good deal below the standard of the Hindoos; while for sense and judgment, they are upon a level, and merely upon a level, with the Siamese, the Birmese, and other nations of the same race. Their literary inferiority becomes more striking as we proceed westward, when we compare them with the Persians, the Turks of Asia, the Arabs, and the Jews of antiquity. No comparison can be instituted be-

tween them and the rudest European nations of any age, possessed of the art of writing, in any one of the qualities we have mentioned. Compared with our own rude ancestors indeed, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, they are but children, scarcely capable of imitation. The Javanese possess almost the only indigenous literature, which consists, however, of nothing better than legends, puerile, improbable, monstrous, and alike destitute of instruction and amusement. All their literary compositions are metrical, and the metre various, formal, and peculiar, shows it to be national, and not borrowed. The Javanese legends have been translated, or rather loosely paraphrased, into the other written languages, in which the compositions are for the most part in prose, a fact which shows their comparatively modern origin. All the nations have borrowed largely from the literary compositions of the Hindoos, and more recently from those of the Arabs. In these cases, however, the borrowing does not consist in the translation, but in the adoption of such parts of the works of their masters as are suited to the intellectual capacity of the people. The fables which go under the name of Pilpay, or of *Æsop*, may be considered as the most sensible, instructive, and respectable work which has been rendered from foreign languages into the Oceanic, and from this fact the reader may judge of the rest. The skill, the ingenuity, the fancy and the partiality of European scholars have frequently succeeded in exhibiting the literary productions of India, Persia, and Arabia, in a pleasing or attractive garb, because here there was some raw material to work upon; but the poverty of Oceanic literature forbids us to expect any similar result from it. If ever a gleam of historic truth appears in the literary compositions of these races, it is scarcely perceptible through the dark cloud of fable; and like other Asiatics, but to a still greater degree, what they will know in future ages of their own history will be chiefly gleaned from the authentic notices of their occasional and recent visitors, the Europeans. Still, the study of the Oceanic languages is both useful and interesting, as affording the only sure means of acquiring a correct knowledge of a considerable and a curious portion of the human race, spread, or more correctly, scattered, over little less than half the circumference of the globe, in its greatest circle and in its most productive climates. The study of the affiliations, institutions, and manners of a people so circumstanced, and who, in numbers and civilization, far exceed the native inhabitants of the American continent, cannot fail to afford instruction, amusement and profit to the philosopher, the moralist, the merchant, and the statesman.

ART. VII.—*Le Brasseur Roi, Chronique Flamand du Quatorzième Siècle.* Par M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt. (The Brewer King, a Flemish Chronicle of the 14th Century. By Viscount d'Arlincourt.) 2 vols. 8vo. Paris. 1834.

MONSIEUR le Vicomte d'Arlincourt was, if we rightly recollect, for years before our critical labours commenced, a frequent candidate for public favour in the literary world of France, in the line of epic and romance, in the last of which he has been much more successful, if we are to trust to the authority of title pages, than in the former. His epics, long since condemned to the trunk-makers, we have not seen, therefore cannot speak of; but his first three romances, *Le Solitaire*, *Le Rénégat*, and *Ipsibœ*, we remember reading, and the impression which their perusal made upon us was not of a kind to make us very eager after any new production of the noble Vicomte. The style of those romances, stilted and inflated almost to bombast, the extravagance of the incidents, and the gross and revolting improbabilities of the stories, were such, as to make the reading of them alternately a source of pain and a provocative of laughter; and that the latter was by no means a feeling peculiar to ourselves, we had proofs in the *parodies* that appeared of one or all of them at the time of their first publication. Nevertheless, there must have been some attractive or redeeming qualities in them to a large class of readers, of different but less fastidious taste than has fallen to our lot: as we have seen editions of one of them as high as the *tenth* or *twelfth*, of another the *eighth*, and of a third the *sixth*, which, to all appearance, afforded evidence of general popularity even greater than that of our great deceased novelist himself. Appearances however, of this kind, are rather deceitful: whether it was that the public got tired of the Vicomte, or that he got tired of writing for the public, we know not; but the call for successive editions of an author's works is too flattering to the said author's vanity to make us hesitate much in attributing the infrequency or total cessation of his appearances to any thing but a decline of popularity. Whatever may have been the cause, certain it is that we had altogether lost sight of M. le Vicomte d'Arlincourt for some years. A stronger inducement, however, than the desire of literary fame has drawn him from his retreat. His devotion to the cause of the exiled Bourbons, his abhorrence of the principles and practices of the party opposed to them, and his detestation of *Le Roi-Citoyen*, whom he considers as that party's representative, as well as the usurper of the throne of *Charles Dix* and *Henri Cinq*: such are the motives that have again

brought him forward on the stage in one of his old characters. In short, M. d'Arlincourt has fairly set himself, in his capacity of novelist, to the arduous task of writing down Louis Philippe and his government, by a series of historical romances drawn from the middle age of French history, in which, while the horrors of rebellions and revolutions, the crimes and atrocities of their instigators and abettors, and the intrigues and cunning practices of usurpers, are all exhibited with due emphasis, parallel passages from the history of the Restoration, and the "glorious three days," are selected and applied in a manner sufficiently pointed and ingenious, but, we dare say, by no means pleasant to the objects of the author's satire. The present is, we believe, the third of these politico-historical romances; the first and second being *Les Ecorcheurs* (The Flayers), and *Les Rebelles sous Charles VIII.* (The Rebels under Charles VIII.) What effect these productions have yet had in sapping the foundations of Louis Philippe's throne, we, in our quiet London retreat, have no other means of ascertaining than by the "great broad sheet," which is accessible to all. Judging from that, we suspect that M. le Vicomte's success has hitherto been but small. In spite of all his denunciations, the "King of the French," the "crowned representative of the Revolution of July," still bears himself "every inch a king," as much the most legitimate monarch of the race. His hostility to the press is as great as that of Charles the Tenth ever was. And we shrewdly suspect that our noble author is solely indebted to the form of his lucubrations for having hitherto escaped coming into contact with that inexorable personage, M. Persil, the "bête noire" of journalists, whether Carlist or republican. No.—It is not by "paper pellets" such as these of M. d'Arlincourt, that the throne of the Barricades will be overthrown, and a third "Restoration" accomplished.

It is not, however, with reference to its politics that we are induced to touch upon the novel before us, but for other reasons, which we may as well state. In the first place, our gifted countrywoman, Miss Edgeworth, having written her last admirable novel, *Helen*, to exemplify the evil consequences resulting from every, even the slightest, the seemingly most innocent, deviation from truth, we could, but for some chronological difficulties, almost fancy that M. le Vicomte had been thereby provoked to write an *Anti-Helen*, for the sole purpose of exemplifying the evil consequences which may result from a rigidly scrupulous adherence to a rashly-plighted word. At least, in his *Brasseur Roi*, such a rigid observance of rash promises it is, that compels his hero, whom it characterizes, first to assassinate his

lawful prince, whom he loves with a friendship even idolatrously impassioned, and next, to suffer the same prince, whom, in Irish phraseology, he had not killed dead, to marry a dishonoured damsel. Nothing but sheer good luck prevents these disastrous consequences of promise-keeping. But we should do M. d'Arlincourt injustice did we suspect him of having written a book with views merely ethical. No: his "*Brewer King*" is, as we have already said, a political romance, designed to illustrate the evils of revolution: and illustrate them it does with a vengeance. Our Vicomte is not of the milk and water school: no painter he of mixed motives and characters. His revolutionists are the plainest spoken set of selfish knaves we ever had the luck to meet with; not even affecting to flatter their own consciences by the profession of patriotic views. His Arteville (as he is pleased to Frenchify the name of the great Flemish demagogue Artevelde) is not a well meaning, although ambitious, promoter of change and convulsion, whose head is turned by the extent of his success, by the power that he obtains; but a regular crookback Richard of low degree, avowedly to himself seeking only his own advancement, and reckless of the crimes necessary to effect his purpose. Our author, perhaps, lays claim to the merit of impartiality between republicans and royalists, because Edward III., of England, appears in his pages pretty nearly as selfish and unprincipled as his plebeian majesty of malt and hops himself; but we incline to refuse him that praise, when we reflect that the legitimate sovereign being an *English* prince, his baseness is a matter of course in the eyes of all modern Frenchmen, whether *Carlites*, *mouvement*, or even, we believe, *juste milieu* men.

And this brings us to our second reason for noticing the *Brasseur Roi*; namely, that it is founded upon a portion of Flemish history striking in itself and interesting to English readers from its close connection with a brilliant period in our own annals. The brewer, Artevelde, who rebelled against the Count of Flanders, expelled him from his dominions, and usurped an arbitrary authority such as the hereditary princes had never dreamed of exercising over the free, proud, and wealthy burghers of the commercial Flemish cities, was the close ally of Edward III. of England, and the immediate cause of that monarch's assuming the title of King of France; for Artevelde found, that however willing to drive away their count, the Flemings entertained scruples about bearing arms against their count's feudal superior, the French monarch, which scruples were entirely removed by Edward's bearing that character as King of France. Artevelde, after some years of despotic rule, fell by the hands of that same popu-

lace to which he owed his elevation, and the Count of Flanders was not long afterwards restored to his throne.

And here we are irresistibly tempted to pause, and,—first reminding the reader that the period of history here treated may, without any great violence, be termed the commencement of a long rebellion, interrupted by restorations of more or less duration, beginning nearly with Jacques van Artevelde and closing with the fall of his son Philip, some forty or fifty years later,—to deviate, perhaps, from our path as foreign reviewers, for the purpose of instituting, or at least hinting, a comparison between the French prose romance and the poetical dramatic romance recently published by a countryman of our own, upon the fate of the younger Artevelde.* To the points of contrast we may advert before we have done: we now return to M. d'Arlincourt.

In style and manner, we think the *Brasseur Roi* is decidedly superior to the author's earlier romances. This may, however, be partly owing to the air of historic truth which he has contrived to fling over it, chiefly by extracting from the old chroniclers bits of description, fragments of speeches, and in short, whatever seemed likely to answer his purpose. A mode, however, which, if pleasing, is somewhat empirical and inartificial, compared with Mr. Taylor's, who has produced a better effect by really and deeply imbuing his imagination with the spirit of those old chroniclers, and of the times they paint.

We are now to say a few words concerning the strange story, (the proper epithet for most of the author's stories,) which he has introduced amidst the political disorders and horrors of Artevelde's ascendancy. The principal personages of this story are Urbin Winemare, a passionate admirer and partizan of Artevelde, and a mysterious female named Bertrade, who exercises an incomprehensible but irresistible authority over the triumphant usurper. Urbin's affianced bride, Neolie, is torn from his arms by an armed band wearing the colours of the exiled count; and Artevelde pledges himself to procure the restitution of the lady upon condition of Urbin's luring Louis de Mâle, the count's youthful son and heir, to the Mariner's Chapel below the lazaretto of Oudenburg, near Ostend, by an appointed day, and then and there murdering him, and delivering up his corse to him, Artevelde, in exchange for Neolie. How the brewer-chief is to obtain possession of Neolie, if she be actually in the hands of his enemies, neither

* Philip Van Artevelde; a Dramatic Romance. In two parts. By Henry Taylor, Esq. 2 vols. London, 1834. We are glad to see that this beautiful poem has already reached a second edition.

Urbín nor the Vicomte pause to inquire. Urbín, in consequence, pretends to desert to the count, and gains his confidence; but whilst so doing becomes almost as ardently attached to young Louis as to his lost bride herself. This does not prevent his proceeding with his plot, and, by means of forged letters, luring the young prince to Flanders. We shall extract the scene to which Urbín's adherence to his word gives birth, as one of the most striking in the book. Accident has separated him and the prince from their attendants, and they are wandering in a forest near the appointed scene of murder, when the distraction of the traitor's air alarms the affectionate boy, who says,—

“ ‘Urbín, you seek to hide from me your secret sufferings, but friendship cannot be so deceived. Vainly are you patient under agony to spare me; I feel your pangs through my whole frame. Wherefore struggle, singly, within yourself, against a stormy crisis of life. A burden is less heavy when borne by two; Urbín, suffer aloud, if you love me.’

“ Winemare turns suddenly upon the august outlaw: his eye, black as the raven's wing, darts sinister beams, and with savage irony he falters out, ‘It is you, then, who pity me! It is you who fear for Urbín! Do you think me in the toils of a traitor, my life in your hand? Shall I cry to you for mercy?’* * * *

“ ‘Yet are you dearer to me than all the wealth of this world; I prefer you to every thing, to myself. When your hand pressed mine, I was proud and happy! Alas! Fate, that wills my destruction, is about to separate us. It is fate that decrees it. But I will rejoin you; yes, my prince, I could not live without you; I will follow you every where.’

“ He paused; then added in a hoarse whisper; ‘every where. What do I say? Except to heaven.’

“ ‘Why such dark thoughts?’ Count Louis thus interrupted him.* * * *

“ Suddenly a voice thunders ‘’Tis here! We have reached the goal!’

“ Artevelde's soldier (Urbín) is at the foot of the mountain, upon the summit of which appears a vast edifice.

“ ‘What building is that?’ asks the prince.

“ ‘The Lazaretto of Oudenburg.’

“ ‘And that pious monument half way up on the left?’

“ ‘The Mariner's Chapel.’

“ ‘Let us go pray there!’

“ ‘Not yet.’* * * *

“ ‘Prince,’ exclaims Urbín, ‘sit there! A pause upon the brink of the abyss!’

“ ‘Of the abyss! What mean you?’

“ ‘Nothing; I have said nothing. Nothing yet.’

“ But the august and unfortunate exile can no longer understand him.

His limbs seem frozen, his joints are stiffened. Mechanically he sits down upon the mound pointed out by Urbin, stretches himself out with the smile of death, and closing his eye-lids as though weighed down by sleep, sinks into a lethargic stupor, without motion, without pain, without life. These last words steal from his lips; 'You slept under my watch.' And his repose is funereal.

* * * * *

"Urbin stands beside the sleeping prince: his eye is upon his dagger; his cold and convulsed hand has set up his hair like an infernal diadem,

" 'My oath before God,' he murmurs in horror. 'Can it have been a pact with the devil? No matter! It must be fulfilled.'

"He unsheathes his weapon, and goes on in broken accents. 'How gracious a countenance! What, thus in cold blood, murder a being so tender, so sweet! I, who yesterday slept under his ward! and him, him, who so loves me!'

* * * * *

" 'Let us make an end!' he exclaims; 'him first, then myself!'

"He bends over the boy. 'How pale he is, poor child! I will kiss him. Is that allowable to the hangman?'

In the midst of his agonies and conflicts, it suddenly occurs to Urbin that Artevelde was to have been present to exchange the living Neolie for the dead Louis, and he now joyfully exclaims:—

" 'Idiot that I am! Does not Artevelde, by forgetting his own promise, release me from mine? This is Good Friday. The *Renard* (Artevelde's title) should be here. The hour of assignation has struck—where is he? I have seen no one. Since the leader is wanting to the crime, the crime may well be wanting to the leader.' * * * *

"He spoke; and lifts up his brow with a sort of triumphant joy. Oh, consternation! Oh, terror! The door of the Mariner's Chapel suddenly opens. Many warriors are seen there: the Brewer-King is at their head. 'Fiend!' exclaims Urbin.

* * * * *

"But, on the summit of the mount, where stands the Lazaretto, a trumpet resounds. 'Tis a signal, a summons. Several women appear; they are the hospital-sisters. Their white robes stand out upon the black vapours of the stormy heavens. Suddenly men at arms assemble around the daughters of the cloister. One of these last assumes the command. 'Tis Bertrade. They descend the mountain.

"But Winemare sees neither Bertrade nor her escort. He looks only at Artevelde. For to the demagogue's soldier, Artevelde is fate: to the child of his sovereign he is death.

* * * * *

" 'Louis, arise!' exclaims Urbin, and the clang of his dreadful voice peals from rock to rock.

"The count half uncloses his eyelids. An exclamation of terror nearly

escapes him. The livid-countenanced murderer stands over him, brandishing a dagger.

“ ‘ What is it ? Urbin ! What would you ? ’

“ ‘ Thy blood, ’

“ ‘ Thou murder me ? Oh my God ! ’

“ ‘ God hears thee not, thou must die. ’

“ ‘ Heaven—

“ ‘ ’Tis no time for trust in heaven. ’

“ ‘ Strike, then ! ’

“ ‘ No ! Defend thyself ! Hast thou not the sword of the brave ! ’

“ ‘ A moment, Urbin ; can my sword mate thine ? Let me recollect myself. ’

“ ‘ Why kill me ? What have I done ? ’

“ ‘ Why kill thee ? What matters it ? ’

“ ‘ Who commands my murder ? ’

“ ‘ Artevelde. He desires thy crown—he comes to claim it. Behold him. ’

“ ‘ Horror ! What ! Am I ensnared ? ’

“ ‘ Yes, unhappy boy, I have betrayed thee ! I wound myself about thee, only to devour thee. I surrounded thee with adorations only to make sure of vengeance. No cries, I am pitiless. Neolie will be restored to me when thy blood has flowed. I have sworn upon the eucharist to murder thee here, to-day. This is the hour—the spot. Defend thyself. ’

“ Urbin offers him a sword mechanically. Count Louis accepts and gazes fixedly upon it. Then, breaking it upon his knee, flings away the fragments.

“ ‘ Kill me, ’ he answers, ‘ I am prepared. Already hast thou robbed me of the dearer half of my life by crushing thyself in a murder ; it will cost thee little to take the other half, since I no longer value it. No more illusions, no career for me. Feeling extinguished, all is dead, I have had enough of this world. Strike ! It is thee, only thee, I pity ! ’ But these last accents are lost in the formidable voice of Winemare, who glares on him like a tiger, whilst bellowing.

“ ‘ Thou wilt not defend thyself ! Aha ! Thou sparest my remorse ! ’Tis no longer such a crime to kill thee ; in thee Flanders loses little, for thou wast, I see it, thou wast but a coward. ’

“ ‘ A coward ! ’ repeats the boy Count, lifting a brow full of majesty, indignation, and audacity. ‘ That is too much ! A weapon ! Let us fight ! ’

“ Hastily he draws his dagger, and a horrid struggle begins. Louis displays the address of the gladiator and the intrepidity of the hero. The murderer suffers the hostile blade to reach him. He has fought languidly ; he would be the first wounded.

“ He is so. A savage roar, the signal of extermination, bursts from his chest.

“ ‘ Louis ! ’ he exclaims, ‘ my blood flows. Here is now no infamous murder, but lawful self-defence. It is my turn for attack and success. ’

"He strikes with his poniard, and the prince rolls (seemingly) lifeless at his feet."

But we are running into greater lengths than we had proposed, and will merely add, for the relief of the reader's mind, that this scene ends by Bertrade and her escort carrying off the dangerously, but not mortally, wounded prince; and that the flattering unction of self-defence which Urban so astoundingly lays to his soul, loses, as was to be hoped, its remorse-healing quality, even before the wretched murderer discovers that Artevelde has held the word of promise to the ear, but broken it to the sense, Neolie being restored,—dishonoured by his son Philip d'Artevelde, the real author of her abduction.

Upon this portion of the story, with which we close our account of the novel, we must just remark that Philip van Artevelde was the godson of Philippa, Queen of England, whence it seems probable that he was born *after* his father had risen to power and become the ally of Edward III., in 1336, a conjecture confirmed by the lapse of thirty-seven years between the father's fall and the son's accession to his sway; Philip would therefore certainly have been the most juvenile Lovelace on record, prior to his father's murder, in 1345.

May we now be permitted to add a few words respecting the English poem with which we have compared *Le Brasseur Roi*. Mr. Taylor has interwoven no extraneous tale with his main subject, and, although he has given his hero two love-affairs, both touchingly beautiful in their different kinds, the interest of his poem turns chiefly, as it ought to do, upon the political career of Van Artevelde,—upon the modification, the deterioration of his mind and feelings by that career. His reluctance to quit his philosophic seclusion, his pure and disinterested love for the pure and devoted Adriana, his resolute decision when induced to come forward, his gradual assumption of state, dignity, and arbitrary sway, his less pure and less disinterested love for the frail but still devoted Elena, are as ethically and metaphysically just, as they are poetically delineated. The political propensities of the poet are evidently opposed to those of the novelist; Mr. Taylor throws no veil of charm over his feudal chivalry; and though he shows us something of the evils of the sanguinary violence of revolutions, the vice is principally upon the royalist side. But we must not indulge ourselves in dwelling longer upon this really fine poem, nor yet we fear, in extracting one of its calmly powerful scenes, to contrast with the extravagant power of the Vicomte's; but we may perhaps venture to give, as especially relevant to *Le Brasseur Roi*, Philip van Artevelde's character (partial of course) of his father, so roughly handled by M. d'Arlincourt.

" First of my father ;—had he lived to know
 His glories, deeds, and dignities postponed
 To names of barons, earls, and counts (that here
 Are to men's ears importunately common
 As chimes to dwellers in the market-place)
 He with a silent and a bitter mirth
 Had listened to the boast; may he his son
 Pardon for in comparison setting forth
 With his the name of this disconsolate earl.
 How stand they in the title-deeds of fame?
 What hold and heritage in distant times
 Doth each enjoy—what posthumous possession?
 The dusty chronicler with painful search,
 Long fingering forgotten scrolls, indites
 That Louis Mâle* was sometime Earl of Flanders,
 That Louis Mâle his sometime earldom lost
 Through wrongs by him committed, that he lived
 An outcast long in dole not undeserved,
 And died dependent: there the history ends,
 And who of them that hear it wastes a thought
 On the unfriended fate of Louis Mâle?
 But turn the page and look we for the tale
 Of Artevelde's renown. What man was this?
 He humbly born, he highly gifted rose
 By steps of various enterprise, by skill,
 By native vigour to wide sway, and took
 What his vain rival having could not keep.
 His glory shall not cease, though cloth of gold
 Wrap him no more, for not of golden cloth,
 Nor fur, nor miniver, his greatness came,
 Whose fortunes were inborn: strip me the two.
 This were the humblest, that the noblest, beggar
 That ever braved a storm!"

* The boy-Prince in the scene extracted from *Le Brasseur Roi*.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Versuch über die Preussischen Provinzialstaende*, vom Syndicus Klenze in Uetersen. (Essay on the Prussian Provincial States. By Syndicus Klenze.) Altona. 1832. 8vo.
2. *Auch eine Stimme aus Preussen ueber die jetzige Zeit, Verfassungswesen, Landstaende und Polnische Angelegenheiten*. (Another Voice from Prussia upon the present time, Constitutions, Provincial States, and Polish affairs.) Berlin. 1833. 8vo.
3. *Ueber den Geist der Preussischen Staatsorganisation und Staatsdienerschaft*, von Regierungsrath Dr. Wehnert. (On the Spirit of the Prussian Government and Administration. By Regency-counsellor Dr. Wehnert.) Potsdam. 1833. 8vo.
4. *Preussen und Frankreich staatswirthschaftlich und politisch* von David Hanseemann. *Zweite Auflage*. (Prussia and France compared in their Economical and Political relations. By D. Hanseemann. Second Edition.) Leipzig. 1834. 8vo.

IN a period of general commotion like that of which we have recently been witnesses, during which almost every state in Europe has been more or less shaken by internal convulsions, it must have been a subject of frequent wonder to observant politicians how it happened that one state, and that one composed of very discordant elements, surrounded by general excitement, with newly acquired provinces, which not many years ago became rather unwilling members of the monarchy, should have been wholly unaffected by those convulsions. Spain and Portugal, Italy, Switzerland, Holland and Belgium, Great Britain and Hanover, Brunswick, Saxony, Poland and Russia, and most of the minor German states, have all more or less felt the shock of the political tempest which burst forth in France. Prussia, a country surrounded and divided in the midst of its territory by the very states which were most inflamed, a country, too, which neither enjoys the liberty of the press, nor possesses any of those constitutional forms which are generally regarded as indispensable for protecting the interests and promoting the happiness of a people, has never had its tranquillity disturbed. This may well be deemed an extraordinary phenomenon, and it is worth while to inquire into the causes which have led to the exemption of this state from the general calamity, and which it would be a great mistake to attribute either to the apathy, or the want of courage or intelligence of the people. The causes we conceive, will be found in the constitution and character of the Prussian Government, with which it is our purpose in this article, agreeably to a promise already made,* to make our readers better acquainted than we suppose the generality of them to be.

* See F. Q. R. No. XXIV. Art. XIII., *Notes sur la Prusse*, p. 511. We are glad to observe that a translation of M. de Chambray's pamphlet has been recently published by Messrs. Boone.

It would be a waste of time to enter here into any metaphysical discussion about society and its general constitution. Little benefit, we apprehend, is to be expected from the application of metaphysics to internal policy; nor is philosophy, without observation of the real world, and without regard to experience and history, likely to be of much use in laying down rules of practical administration. Statesmen ought not to strive after an ideal perfection, but should rather consider the adaptation of their measures to their time, like the Athenian legislator, whose boast it was, not that he had given his countrymen the best laws, but the best they could bear. Without, therefore, entering into the oft-renewed controversy about the *best* form of government, or into any discussion of the general principles of public law and polity which are laid down in the writings placed at the head of this article, or saying how far we agree or disagree with their authors, we shall content ourselves with a few preliminary observations, in the reasonableness of which we hope persons of all parties will concur.

The problem which every government has to solve is, that no injustice, no violence be suffered by any of its subjects; that no internal dissensions be fostered; that no class of society be able to oppress another; but that all should move freely and harmoniously together; in short, that every member of the body politic should willingly and cheerfully, and to the utmost of his ability, aid in increasing the power of the state of which he is a member. This object is not to be attained by an exclusive adoption of any particular form whatever. Those who would stamp the political form of their own preference upon all the states in the world, seem to us much like the quacks who profess to cure all diseases by one and the same nostrum. With such men, the past and the individuality of the present time go for nothing. The leading aim and object of all administrative measures should be the general welfare of the community. The different classes of which that is constituted must be left in a certain degree to themselves, but their action must in time be so regulated, that no one may be placed in a state of permanent hostility with another; that no one may violently oppress another; that no one may be arbitrarily favoured at the expense of another; but that all may be employed for the common benefit. The influence of power is great, of talent and benevolence still greater. Government must above all secure itself; and it secures itself only by governing well; and it cannot govern well, unless it governs according to the general interests. But if ever anything has been accomplished by human power for the benefit of the many, it has been

done by individuals marked by their disinterestedness and freedom from prejudices, consequently possessing the general confidence. Such distinguished individuals, however, must be the few, for they are only distinguished by being few. It is superiority of intelligence which in the public career of every state must win the palm; political institutions have attained their highest point, when the reins of power are entrusted to the hands of those, who by their moral and intellectual superiority have shown themselves fittest for ruling, according to the genius and popular feeling of the nation. If a government, regarding the state as a living body, strives to ennoble it more and more by its progressive development—if it raises itself to the summit of the intelligence of the people—if by calling into its service the talents of the most able and distinguished in every department of knowledge, and availing itself of the higher experience offered through foreign channels, it keeps itself on a level with the knowledge of the age, and enables itself to meet its subjects with a higher intelligence; if it succeeds in gaining the confidence of, and attaching to itself, all who are able and worthy, by proofs of its own ability and worth; if it favours political activity by providing a succession of public duties, and at the same time retains sufficient power to rule the subject, so as to protect the nation from the horrors of anarchy: if a government does all this, it may be said to have attained every object for which it was formed. These objects being—the maintenance of a strong and lawful power, not only tolerating but protecting freedom (freedom being nothing else than the government of the law), carefully avoiding all extreme measures, and refraining from the exercise of any power beyond the law. Under such a system, all danger of violent commotion, arising from a collision between the government and the people, is entirely removed; and its action may be not inaptly compared to the course of a magnificent river, which, rolling along within its deeply imbedded channel, constantly renovates its waters, keeping them free from either stagnancy or putrescence, and, in the event of an inundation, is prevented by protecting banks from overflowing the surrounding country, and sweeping all before it in its headlong and destructive course.

An impartial inquiry into the principles on which the administration of the Prussian government is conducted, will, we think, go a great way to show, that though the political constitution of that kingdom is yet far from perfect, its institutions are such as to secure the social advantages above mentioned; and that in no other country are the administrative measures so thoroughly based on the laws of political economy. A faithful

outline of these institutions will afford the best proof of the correctness of this assertion; in giving which we shall endeavour, as much as possible, to let facts speak for themselves, and to be sparing of any comments or reflections of our own. Hereafter, we may enter more into detail as to some particular branches of the Prussian administration; at present we mean to confine ourselves to a general view of the whole system.

Hereditary monarchy is a political institution which upon the whole has been found most conducive to the prosperity of the nations by which it has been adopted. Hereditary princes are rarely so absolute as they are generally thought. Their conduct is in a great measure regulated by the line chalked out for them by their great predecessors, and which it becomes in a manner imperative upon them to follow; for a dynasty only becomes great, when, through a long succession of years, the institutions and examples left by its great princes have been followed up; but these in a great degree exclude recourse to arbitrary acts by a dynasty unaccustomed to employ them. The House of Hohenzollern has been generally distinguished, not only by its domestic virtues, its strong sense of justice, and its tender care for the prosperity of its subjects, but also by uncommon skill in the management of its public and domestic economy. The length of the several reigns (from the accession of the family to the Electorate in 1415, there have been only sixteen princes, giving an average of more than twenty-six years to each,) has been of prodigious advantage to the state. The long reigns of the Great Elector and the Great Frederic raised the country to the rank which it occupies among the nations. These popular heroes, putting themselves at the head of the civilization of their time, became in a manner the political patterns of European sovereigns, and shed an uncommon lustre over their people; and the least that can be said of the present king is, that there never existed any monarch, who, by his universally acknowledged private and public virtues, and the benefits he has conferred upon his people, has so thoroughly and deservedly acquired their love and entire confidence, and the respect and esteem of the other nations of Europe. Frederic William III. may indeed be truly called a "citizen-king." His palace is more like the dwelling of a wealthy private gentleman than the residence of a monarch; the simplicity of his court, of his equipages and his establishment, surpasses that of every other in Europe; his whole bearing and behaviour on every occasion testify his modesty and Christian-like humility, his contempt of vain show, his sound understanding and honest heart; the manifold institutions by which he has gradually forwarded the political improvement of his nation and

almost every measure of his reign evince the great practical wisdom of this illustrious prince. No wonder, therefore, that the nation regards him as the palladium of its welfare. But the attachment which the Prussians bear to their government does not depend merely on the character of the reigning dynasty and its actual representative; it is strengthened by their sense of the value of the institutions they possess, some of which are of ancient date, but the greater portion the acquisitions of more recent periods. These, which it will be our principal business to describe in the following pages, are of a kind to secure them a sufficient degree of liberty, as well as to impress them with the conviction that their government works for the common benefit to a degree not surpassed by any, and equalled by few, of the other governments of Europe. In the great years of danger, the Prussian state acquired a development analogous to the great social movement of the century, and wants were then satisfied which were felt and expressed in other countries, but have in most instances been very imperfectly obtained, where they were only to be carried by political convulsions. In Prussia, this development took place in a spirit peculiar to itself,—effective but legal,—not in alliance with the foreigner, but in opposition to him. The measures connected with it were carried, not, perhaps, with general assent, but certainly without incurring that opposition which obstinately resists all necessary improvements, and clings to antiquated institutions that are no longer capable of satisfying the just claims of a more enlightened age. These measures were adopted under a general feeling of their indispensable necessity, but carried into effect in a benevolent spirit, with a consideration for individual interests, and at successive intervals, which allowed time for acquiring experience of their effects, and turning that experience to account, with a view to farther improvements. Institutions were then founded, which conciliated the old and the new order of things. The great reforms, which elsewhere are still but in expectation, were then made; and such was the feeling of their propriety, that several of the representative bodies in the constitutional states of Germany thought they could not do better than adopt the Prussian institutions with slight alterations, as models for their own country. In all these changes, the conduct of the Prussian government has been alternately firm but conciliatory, enterprizing but considerate, but always temperate; and the beneficial results of which they have already been productive fairly justify us in anticipating a still more extensive popular development, unaccompanied by the sufferings and calamities which have in other countries

been the constant attendants upon political revolutions. As Hardenberg said:—

“ The new system is based upon the principle, that every subject personally free be able to raise himself and develop his powers freely, without let or hindrance from any other; that the public burdens be borne in common and in just proportions; that equality before the law be secured to every subject, and that justice be rigidly and punctually administered; that merit, in whatever rank it may be found, be enabled to rise without obstacle; that the government be carried on with unity, order, and power; that by the education of the people, and the spread of true religion, the general interests and a national spirit be promoted, as the only secure basis of the national welfare.”

We shall first cast a glance over the relations of the different classes of society in Prussia, and the institutions which may be considered preparatory for constitutional forms, and then proceed to detail the forms of the administration itself which secure the common welfare.

All exclusive privileges possessed by any one class of society, which were oppressive to any other class, have been abolished. Prussia is fortunate enough to have now neither slaves nor serfs in any part of her dominions. The only personal privileges of the nobility are, the right to indicate their rank by prefixing to their name the article *Von*; of using such arms as designate nobility and are their own; and of having a *forum exemptum*,—a privilege, however, which they share with the gentry, and that gives them no advantage in the distribution of justice. The nobility are also particularly entitled to be appointed to court offices; but in both the civil and military branches of the administration they have no title to preference whatever. There is no doubt that high connections and noble birth have frequently an influence in forwarding the advancement of their possessor; but it may be said at the same time, and with truth, that in no country at the present moment has birth less influence than it has in Prussia; and the organization of the administration is at any rate such as to prevent any person wholly unworthy from ever becoming a member of it. The property in what are called “ noble estates” certainly gives its possessor some privileges of greater importance, in regard to the payment of the land-tax, and the exercise of several honorary rights, such as that of church-patronage, and of holding a baronial court (*Patrimonialgerichtsbarkeit*). These rights, however, are inherent in the land, so that every proprietor exercises them without regard to his rank, whether he be a noble or citizen; and in fact, the greater portion of these estates is now in the hands of citizens. The proprietors themselves, however, cannot exercise this jurisdiction, but must appoint a person who

has gone through the requisite trials, and shown himself qualified to be a judge; once appointed also, he is as irremovable as any other judge, and his salary is quite independent of the will of the proprietor. In spite, however, of all these restrictions, and notwithstanding the rigid controul which prevents any material injustice from being committed, this privilege is the most objectionable of any that have been allowed to remain. For if the judge derives not his authority exclusively from the highest power in the state, or if a subject has to seek redress for his wrongs in a quarter in any way dependent on his adversary, there is a risk that the confidence in the administration of justice may be lessened, and the dignity of the state be compromised. This privilege, however, is in a *gradual* course of abolition, for in this, as in all its other reforms, the Prussian government wisely proceeds step by step.

The citizens obtained their great charter (*Staedteordnung*) in November, 1808; and by means of that, Stein effected the emancipation of the Commons, which had from a remote period been entirely dependent. The active influence of the citizens in the administration of their own affairs revived the public spirit. The interference of the government was confined to an inspection of their printed accounts, to confirming the appointment of the magistrates who had been elected, and to settle amicably the complaints made against any *Commune*. All persons of good repute residing in a town are *entitled*, without reference to birth, rank, religion or personal connections, to be citizens; house-proprietors and tradesmen are *bound* to be citizens. Every citizen possessing an income of not less than 150 thalers (22*l.* 10*s.*) in the smaller towns, or 200 thalers (30*l.*) in the larger, and every proprietor of houses or lands, however small the income, is entitled to a vote in the election of the town-representatives (*Stadtverordnete*), whose number varies from 24 to 102, according to the size of the place. Every elector is also eligible to be a representative, but two-thirds of the electors are required to be proprietors in the town. The representatives are elected for three years. The elections take place by districts, into which the towns are divided. The town-council nominate a commissary for the election (*Wahlcommissarius*), and the citizens choose an inspector (*Wahlinspector*) and three assessors. Every elector is entitled to propose a candidate, and to state what he thinks proper in his favour. The election is made by ballot, and those who have most votes are the representatives. Their election, however, must be confirmed by the town-council. The representatives elect their own chairman and recorder; and they also elect the town-council. For the mayoralty they choose three candidates, of whom the king nominates one, who holds office

for twelve years. A few scientific members of the town-council are also elected for twelve years, and receive salaries; but the greater number, who are citizens and continue to attend to their ordinary occupations, are elected only for six years, and receive nothing. Every district elects an overseer, whose business it is to inspect the streets, roads, bridges, &c. within his district, to attend to their repair, to inspect the watchmen, &c. The town-council and the town-representatives have the whole administration of the affairs of the town in their hands. This is carried on by means of committees (*Deputationen*), each having a member of the town-council as its chairman, some representatives and some citizens. The town-council can neither tax the citizens, dispose of the town-property, nor involve the town in obligations without the previous agreement of the town-representatives; and they must submit to their inspection all such public documents as they may require. Extracts of the accounts are published every year, and the accounts themselves are exhibited in the town-hall for the inspection of every citizen.

This excellent law has on the whole produced all the benefits that were expected from it. But as some partial inconveniences were found to attach to a too rigid adherence to its forms, another was promulgated in 1831, which it was left optional to such towns as preferred it to the former to adopt, and it has been so adopted by several which did not belong to Prussia at the time the first law came into operation, but have since been incorporated with it. The leading principle of the first law was, that the inhabitants of towns, unshackled by any corporation influence, should administer their own affairs through representatives elected by themselves, and town-councils elected by the representatives, the councils being, in all cases of importance, bound by the resolutions of the representatives. The principle of the new law is the same, but it recognizes a greater number of distinctions, according to the charters of the several towns, and a greater exercise of local influence, subject, however, to the provisions of the general law. By the new law, every inhabitant of a town is entitled to carry on trade and to possess property in it; but it requires a certain amount of property or income to constitute an elector, and the electors only are called citizens. Of these electors there are four classes: 1. *proprietors*, to the amount of 300 thalers and upwards (£45) in small towns, and 2000 thalers and upwards (£300) in large towns; 2. *traders* with an annual income of from 200 to 600 thalers (£30 to £90); 3. persons deriving an *income* from other sources of from 400 to 1200 thalers (£60 to £180); 4. persons of inferior means, but who are considered worthy of citizenship by the concurrent voice of the

town-council, the town-representatives, and the district government. By the new law, therefore, a higher qualification is required than by the former for both elector and representative; the latter must either possess *property* to the value of 1000 to 12000 thalers (£150 to £1800), or an annual *income* of 200 to 1200 thalers (£50 to £180); but with the exception also here, that persons of inferior means may be elected whose merits have met with the same concurrent voice of the town-council, town-representatives, and district government. The number of representatives has been also diminished by the second law, being reduced in the proportion of nine in the smaller to sixty in the larger towns. By the former law all corporation influence in towns was expressly prohibited; the latter in some measure recognizes it, by leaving it optional to towns to elect their representatives by districts or classes, or both; because in large towns it frequently happens that persons who are near neighbours know nothing whatever of each other, while those who are engaged in the same trade or profession are generally acquainted with the individuals of most eminence in their own walk of life; the objects of an election are therefore likely to be best attained when the voters are brought together in classes, having a closer connection with each other. The new law allows mayors to be elected for life, provided the representatives, council, and district-government concur. By the law of 1808, the decision in all matters of importance was in the hands of the representatives, who in all new measures were required to be unanimous; if there was a disagreement, the law had made no provision as to the course to be pursued. The new law directs, that when all attempts to produce unanimity have failed, the decision shall rest with the district-government, whose assent is also required in all cases involving the alienation of town property in land or houses, the erection of new buildings, or the contracting of debts to any considerable amount. By it also the powers of the town-councils are somewhat increased.

We now turn to the country part of the population, for which not less has been done than for that of the towns. The entire abolition of serfage in Prussia had been decreed by a law of the 9th October, 1807, but it was not till the famous edict of 1810 that this was completely carried into effect. Up to that time, the greatest portion of the land could only be held by noblemen, but neither nobles nor citizens could possess peasant estates: the division of landed property was by law either prevented or subjected to great restrictions. The new system put an end at once to all these restrictions, and the law of entail was entirely remodelled. But the greatest changes were effected by the new

regulations fixing the relations between proprietors and peasants—by the measures for the improvement of agriculture—and by the division and separation of the commons, which were successively introduced by the edicts of November, 1811, May, 1816, June, 1817, June, 1819, June and July, 1821, and several others, down to the year 1825. The leading principles on which this great change was based, were:—that all services and dues from the peasants to the landlords were considered redeemable, and ordered to be abolished, but *gradually*, so that the cultivation of the land should not suffer from the change; that the landlords should be indemnified to the extent of what they were actually in the receipt of, or could legally claim, without reference to the advantages which the peasant would derive from his emancipation, and after deducting the allowance which he could claim of his landlord in aid of his support. In cases where the services and dues of a peasant's estate had been so much increased that they could not be continued without involving his utter ruin, they were reduced to what could be legally claimed before the new regulations. The peasants who enjoyed a hereditary lease, were entitled, (unless any other arrangement was agreed upon,) by giving up one third portion of their farms to the landlord, to become absolute proprietors of the remaining two thirds, free of all rent, services, or dues whatever. The peasants who had *not* an hereditary lease, enjoyed the same advantage to the extent of a half, on giving up to the landlord the other half. Whatever injustice was committed towards the landlord, by this apportionment of his property, was really only in appearance, for in point of fact, with such estates, he was prevented by law from taking them into his own hands, and could only transfer them on the same terms to individuals of the same condition with the former tenants. The public burdens also were so heavy, that the landlord's portion of the produce seldom averaged more than from 15 to 30 per cent., that of the peasant never exceeded 30 to 40, while the rest went into the public purse; both these classes, therefore, were gainers by the change, the *fisc* the only loser. By this grant of property in the land, and the abolition of all restrictions on its use and disposal, a better system of agriculture, a more undivided interest to the peasants in the improvement of their farms, were secured, and a great impulse was given to the labour market, by the increased facilities for acquiring land, and the incentive of becoming small proprietors to the industrious peasants. Thus, what many great countries have long been ardently struggling for, and often in vain, with a privileged church and aristocracy: what some have attained only after shedding rivers of blood,—while others who understand not their own interests do not even yet wish it,

Prussia has long attained. For this Prussia blesses the mighty hand of her royal benefactor, who, without wavering or shrinking, has perseveringly carried through what his wisdom and humanity perceived to be right.*

From the commencement of these reforms, up to the end of 1831, the landed interest in Prussia had received an accession of no less than 46,694 *new* proprietors, who may be truly said to have been created for agriculture and industry. The quantity of land possessed by them amounts to 3,731,681 acres, an extent fully sufficient to render them independent and useful citizens. The number of new family establishments formed, and of farm houses erected, on the emancipated land, amounts to 17,925; and not less than 19,526,657 acres of land, freed from burdens of every sort, and restored to a long-lost liberty, were then cultivated by resident owners for their own profit with active diligence, not for the benefit of strange proprietors. These numbers are by this time greatly increased; for the boards, to which the regulation of these matters is committed, had nearly a third of their business on hand at the time this account was made up.† It may be easily guessed what an immense effect this change in the division of landed property must have produced and continue to produce, and how much the prosperity of the country must be increased by it.

The population of Prussia contains about one sixth of individuals not of German origin, of whom about a million and a half are Poles, about 300,000 of other tribes of Slavonic origin, and 130,000 Jews. Upwards of a third of the whole population are Catholics. The enlightened policy, which treats with equal favour the various religious creeds, has prevented any serious dissensions between their several votaries. Lutherans and Calvinists have even united in Christian meekness under the title of Evangelicals. Equality of civil rights is still denied to the Jews, but their emancipation has commenced; they enjoy greater privileges than in most other European countries; they are treated with great justice and with the respect they deserve; and they have already made great progress in consequence of their improved condition. The same justice and respect for the peculiarities of

* We are spared the necessity of farther details, by the very full accounts which has been already given of this portion of Prince Hardenberg's reforms, by Mr. Russell in his *Tour in Germany*, a book which we have never occasion to consult without finding fresh reason to admire it for those qualities which render it a model for tourists and travellers. See vol. ii. (edition, 1828,) pp. 85—94.

† Ferber—*Neue Beiträge zur Kenntniss des gewerblichen und commerciellen Zustandes der Preussischen Monarchie*. (New Contributions to the Knowledge of the Manufacturing and Commercial State of the Prussian Monarchy.) Berlin, 1832.

the different populations throughout the kingdom, has disarmed the hostility of such as were adverse to the government, and gained the confidence of the tribes that were ill disposed to remain under its sway.

In Prussia, for centuries, almost every thing was done by the government; to the intelligence and care of the public authorities alone, the inhabitants were accustomed to look up for improvements. In the preparations for that reform by which a national spirit was to be revived, it was not overlooked that a participation by the people in the work of legislation might do much. Stein went so far as to say, in the famous circular which he wrote previous to his retirement from office, and which is designated his *Political Testament*,—

“ My plan was that every active citizen, whether possessed of one hundred *hufen* (a measure of land, equal to 30 acres) or one, whether engaged in agriculture, manufactures or commerce, or connected with the state by spiritual ties, should have a voice in the representation.”

It is certain that if this plan had been carried into effect it would never have worked well; especially at a time when, by the additions made to the population by the territorial acquisitions of 1814, the kingdom contained such discrepant elements. Most wise and prudent, therefore, do we consider the provision of the ordinance of May 22d, 1815, which decreed the erection of Provincial States, from which, in process of time, an assembly of National Representatives should be elected.

“ Much good,” says Ancillon, “ may be hoped and expected from the plan which the king’s wisdom has chosen, of first organizing Provincial States, and looking upon them as a necessary preliminary to the institution of a national representation. Thus we shall preserve our own peculiarities; the new state of things will find its root in the old, and the old will be purified and improved. Without servile imitation, without dangerous innovation, we shall thus proceed upon a popular path, preserve the unity of the sovereign power, and obtain forms that must increase the national spirit; and thus complete harmony between prince and people may permanently endure.”

It is only after public affairs have been for a length of time publicly discussed, that we can expect a knowledge of the qualities required for an able administrator, and of the men who possess these qualities, to be at all generally diffused. Upon this principle it is, that as yet only provincial states, which are from their nature merely consultative, without a decisive power, have been established, whose office it is to consider all projects of law which have reference to the interests of the provinces, in respect to persons, property, or taxation. They have also the right of petitioning the crown, and of examining the complaints

laid before them; but, with very limited exceptions, they have no share in the general administration. A representative must be a landed proprietor. The propriety of this disposition has been questioned; but neither the merits of the dispute, nor the details connected with the constitution of the states, are such as to require dwelling upon here; the latter are besides sufficiently well known, and we need only refer for them to the work of Syndicus Klenze (No. 1.) But we entirely agree with the anonymous author of No. 2., that the small amount of the qualification, and the facility of acquiring land, make it a much easier matter to obtain the honours of representation in Prussia, than in either France or England. Whenever the provincial states, in their minor sphere of activity, shall prove themselves imbued with large views and sound doctrines—when they shall begin to consider themselves mutually as members of a great community, and their own particular interests as subordinate to the general, then the necessity for provincial states will cease,—then the time will have arrived, when, for the public advantage, the royal promise of a national representation can be safely fulfilled. In such an assembly the amicable collision of opposite views will tend to remove prejudices, to rectify pre-conceived opinions, and to conciliate the hitherto jarring elements, so as to form a centre of Prussian nationality, an object which the exalted mind of the sovereign labours to accomplish, as the noblest monument of his reign. Till that time arrives, no one who wishes to address the public on matters of general concernment, and writes in a spirit of temperate and calm inquiry, with respect not excluding freedom, not for the school but for the world, will find any difficulty in obtaining an impartial hearing from those who have the power of turning general observations to beneficial account. So long as the public functionaries in Prussia are on the watch for every man of distinguished talent, and for the sake of that eager to receive him into their ranks, without regard to his birth, wealth, or family connexions: so long as they prove themselves the most cultivated and enlightened part of the nation, all who look more to the spirit than to mere forms, must regard them as the best representatives of the people—as the intellectual element of public life—the ideal power of the popular spirit. Such, indeed, is the inaptitude for public affairs still exhibited by the great mass of the people in Prussia, that in a body of national representatives, from which the administrative aristocracy of the kingdom was not excluded, the latter, from its being the most capable and intelligent portion of the people, and from its almost exclusive acquaintance with public business, would soon acquire such an overwhelming preponderance, as to render the representation almost nugatory.

The causes that have given this character of superiority to the Prussian Bureaucratic are well worth inquiring into. The first point that claims our attention is the constitution of the administrative hierarchy itself. This is founded on two leading principles,—science, and the division of labour. In Prussia it is regarded as a truism, that a knowledge of the science of administration is only to be acquired by study and practice, like every other business. Talent may here do much, but even talent of the highest kind will not prevent its possessor from committing very serious mistakes, unless it is under the guidance of knowledge and experience. But to administer—to direct the movements of the complicated state-machine, requires a very long apprenticeship in its own peculiar department, and it by no means follows that distinction in another line is a sure proof of the possession of the qualifications requisite for a successful administrator of the highest class. The requisites are so different in the different branches,—the field is so vast, that one is not sufficient for all; at the same time the connexion between the various branches is so close, that without some general knowledge of every one of them, no one can ever be a good administrator. This view has made it be laid down as a rule, that no one can hold an office of any importance under government, who has not made a regular study of political economy and the sciences connected with it, and previously given practical proofs of his knowledge and ability. With the view of affording to individuals an opportunity of developing themselves in their own way, a good deal of latitude is allowed to a candidate for employment, as to the subjects on which he may be examined; but in every candidate a quantum of knowledge is looked for which in England would be considered very high scientific acquirement. Whoever means to follow the career of official life must, even before he is admitted a student in one of the universities, exhibit proofs of such a degree of classical, mathematical, and historical learning, as would, in more countries of Europe than one, entitle its possessor to be regarded as a scholar, in the enlarged sense of the term; and after finishing his course of studies, he must again undergo repeated and severe examinations. The examinations for those who are destined for the law, and for such as wish to enter into the public offices, are quite distinct. Whoever wishes to qualify himself for a lawyer or judge, is examined publicly by two members of the superior law court of the province, (*Oberlandes-gericht*), designated for the purpose by the president of the court, who is also frequently in attendance; and all who take any interest in the matter are allowed to be present at these examinations. The subjects on which the candidate is examined are the history of law, the Roman, German, canon, &c.;

in short, every branch of knowledge connected with the general study of law. If the candidate acquits himself satisfactorily, he is admitted to the bar, under the title of *auscultator* (hearer); is attached to one of the law courts, and placed under the tutorship of one of the members of that court. He is first employed for some months in writing down the affidavits in the different suits, under the dictation of his tutor, who explains to him, as opportunity offers, the reasons for the course of proceeding. By degrees he is initiated into the different branches, and allowed, under the tuition of the different members, to discuss legal points more independently, first in the easy and trifling, and afterwards, in the more complicated and important cases that come before the court. After having passed, in the course of two or three years, through the routine of the business transacted by the court, he obtains certificates from the different members under whose tuition he has been placed, and if these are satisfactory, the president also grants him one, testifying that the candidate may be admitted to a second examination. This, like the first, is a public one; but the subject of examination is now exclusively Prussian law. The candidate must also make reports, and draw up decrees, in some cases of difficulty, which are afterwards submitted to the criticism of the superior provincial court. If the result is satisfactory, the candidate becomes a referendary, (*Oberlandes-gerichts-referendarius*), and recommences his studies in the court. After a certain lapse of time, if the superior provincial court continues to be satisfied with his knowledge, intelligence, diligence, and general conduct, he may be appointed a lawyer or a judge in the country, or in an inferior court in one of the towns which has a less population than 10,000 souls. But if he seeks to become a member of the superior court, he must take his stand there for three years more; must again go his round of the whole range of the business of the court, must conduct, on the spot, three lawsuits of a complicated kind, under the controul of a member of the court, but without any assistance, and must draw up a number of decrees, which the court adopts as its own. If at the end of this second course, his performances have obtained him the satisfactory testimonials of the members of the court and the president, he is admitted to a third examination, which embraces law in general, and the Prussian law in particular, in the fullest detail; this is conducted by five commissioners, judges of repute, and sometimes in the presence of the minister of justice. If he passes through this ordeal with credit,—if he succeeds in the decrees, which he is called upon to draw up, on the instant, in cases of difficulty that are proposed to him, he then obtains a certificate that he has given proofs of the possession of sufficient learning and

skill to entitle him to be a member of a superior law-court, he is appointed an assessor of such court, and is promoted as vacancies occur to a judgeship (*Oberlandes-gerichtsrath*.)

The admission to, and advancement in, the public offices proceeds according to similar rules. After finishing his course of studies at the university, and before he undergoes his first examination, the candidate must have devoted himself for a year at least to the study of one of the three great branches of industry, residing during that time in some great agricultural, commercial, or manufacturing establishment, and making himself familiar with the details of business, or the processes of agriculture or manufactures. The subjects of this first examination are not very precisely defined: they embrace questions of administration, history, geography, languages, natural science, philosophy, legislation, the law of nature and the law of the land, and especially political economy, regard being also had to the studies to which the candidate has addicted himself in preference. This examination passed, the candidate becomes a referendary (*Regierungs-referendarius*), and is bound apprentice to one of the district-governments (*Regierungen*): in this capacity he comes successively under the tuition of the several members of that body. When his apprenticeship expires he must produce satisfactory testimonials from his superiors, and be again examined as to the extent of his acquirements in the different departments, and his competency to perform the duties entrusted to him. During another period of from three to five years he is gradually initiated into higher functions, and taught all that may be required to qualify him for his last examination. This, like that of the judges, takes place at Berlin, before a special board of commissioners (*oberexaminations-commission*) composed of the leading ministers of the crown. The candidate is again examined on the same topics as on his first examination, and at the same time very minutely and searchingly on questions of administrative law and the economical relations of the country, particularly of the province in which he served his apprenticeship. He is also required to produce a written essay or treatise on some administrative or scientific problem. This last ordeal successfully passed, he is appointed an assessor of one of the district-governments, under similar conditions with the law candidate, and with the expectation of becoming in due time a member of the government board (*Regierungsrath*).

These successive trials, and the number of persons who must concur before any one can become a member of the administration, make it not only very difficult, but next to impossible, for any unqualified or improper person to intrude himself into it. As the candidates are obliged to occupy themselves with scientific

pursuits, even while they have official duty to perform, they acquire by that means a scientific turn, which generally accompanies the individual through life, and serves to give a character of science and superior knowledge to the whole body of public officers. At the same time, it generally appears that each attaches himself to one particular department, and is almost universally promoted in that department. It is not considered that a good minister of public instruction will make an able minister of foreign affairs, or of finance; and therefore the appointment to the higher offices is generally made from the immediate subordinates of the same department who have distinguished themselves. The division of labour thus kept up is most favourable to the attainment of the highest skill and experience in each department.

The spirit prevailing among the public officers is excellent; most of them are truly anxious to be indeed the servants of the public; and if at any time there are to be found some who conduct themselves improperly, show a deficiency of proper spirit, or a want of respect for public opinion, they are sure to be generally despised by their fellows. Such a thing as bribery is hardly ever heard of.

Of the judicial body, the general conviction entertained among all classes of society is, that no one will ever be wronged wilfully by it. Into the details of the administration of justice, we have no room here to enter. Notwithstanding great defects, the correction of which is one of the objects most unceasingly pursued by their government, the Prussians pride themselves on the possession of a system by which justice is more equally distributed than almost any other in Europe. The collegiate form of a great number of the law courts, generally containing a considerable number of members;—two, and in most cases three stages of appeal that are open to the suitors;—forms that provide security, as much as forms can, against fraud;—a code that speaks consistently and in plain and popular language, and is moreover in entire consonance with natural equity, and with the manners and opinions of the age;—provisions which make justice equally accessible to the poor as to the rich, by not requiring payment from him who is steeped in poverty;—arrangements which take from the judges all interest in the increase of expenses, or in the protraction of suits;—these are the leading features of the Prussian judicial system. The magisterial body is deeply imbued with the spirit of justice; suitors may be occasionally injured by the tediousness or unnecessary delays of the proceedings, but they have scarcely ever to complain of a hasty or inconsiderate decision, or of the partiality of the judge to one party over another.

With respect to the criminal law, it should be observed that

although Prussia has not, except in the Rhine provinces, admitted trial by jury, the law affords great securities against the condemnation of the innocent. Persons arrested must be examined *within three days at latest*, and unless circumstances render it impossible (which must appear in evidence) their trial must proceed *de die in diem* until its conclusion. All captious and suggestive questions, and every species of compulsion in order to extort confession, are forbidden; the accused must subscribe all the proceedings, which the examining magistrate dictates to a clerk, who holds his office independent of him, and is sworn to take notice of anything that is not conformable to truth. The records are examined by at least three members of the court, and in cases of importance by several more; and the sentence is delivered by a board, according to a theory of proofs, which is very favourable to the accused. In political cases, it has unfortunately happened that the right of a prisoner not to be withdrawn from his natural judges has not always been respected, but recourse has rarely been had to extraordinary courts, and whenever it has, their composition has been such as to secure an impartial distribution of justice. Our space compels us to refrain from entering into the peculiarities of the judicial administration in the Rhine provinces, in order to notice some points of greater interest.

As every office in the administration, from the highest to the lowest, is alike open to all classes of society, (three of the present ministers, viz. the minister of justice, the minister of finance, and the minister of foreign affairs, were originally only simple citizens, without wealth or powerful connections of any kind,) it happens that the great majority of the public officers belong to the middling class. They are also generally possessed of some private fortune, which when added to the competence secured to them by the very moderate emoluments attached to their situation, places them in a state of comfort. There are very few of them who can be called wealthy, and this is one of the reasons why the administration is so popular, as in this way so many links are formed between the government and the middle ranks. The moderate fortunes of the administrative hierarchy, which are not great enough to excite envy, at the same time quite sufficient to confer respectability, contribute in no small degree to secure to them the public confidence; while the certainty of their position (they can only be removed from office according to established forms, which prevent any arbitrary acts) and their high scientific character clothe them with authority, and the humanity, public spirit, and sense of justice prevalent in their ranks command the general esteem. The elements of this hierarchy are in a great degree of an anti-aristocratic nature. They have, by the certainty of their position,

almost become a power in the state; at all events, a much more influential one than any which the remains of the aristocracy can claim.* The political views of the Prussian publicists are also—as is well remarked by the author of *Prussia and France*,—a good deal made up of a combination of monarchical and democratical ideas, and are at any rate decidedly anti-aristocratical. We cannot give a stronger proof of this than the following passage which we quote from the pamphlet of Dr. Wehnert, (No. 3,) a gentleman who has been for more than twenty years a member of the district-government of Potsdam, and whose views are certainly shared by the great majority of the public men in Prussia.

“ Every constitution, and every administration is good, which evinces practical respect for the dignity of man, even in the humblest individual of the nation—which recognizes neither privileged nor oppressed classes—which makes equality of rights a fundamental law—which protects the citizens from all arbitrary acts, come from what quarter they may—which leaves every person at liberty to exert his faculties, and to improve his fortune by industry;—every government, we say, conducted energetically in this spirit, is a good government. Wherever the anxiety for the common welfare, the endeavour to make all classes equal participators in the general good fortune and prosperity of the state, are the moving springs of public measures, there the maxims of the government go far towards realizing the *beau-ideal* which is the object of the philanthropist's desire. Such an object may be much more easily effected by an enlightened and resolute statesman under a monarchical government than under any other, as the comprehensive authority of the sovereign facilitates his carrying through plans of improvement, overcomes opposition, and enables him to satisfy the wants of the age, by the renovation of political institutions which require it. In a good government, every action is the expression of reason. Monarchy consists in the unity of the sovereign power, *from* which all emanates, and *to* which all returns. But the unity of national spirit can only be created by it, if the general *amor patriæ* be such as to make men renounce antiquated claims and prejudices for the advantage of the nation; if the government does not allow its steps to be fettered by the particular interests of certain classes of society; and if it grants to no one class a preponderance over the others. The aggregation of the greatest possible number of well-educated men in the middle ranks of society, is the principal support of a state. It is to the great power of the middle classes that all the movements of our century are to be ascribed, proceeding as they did from the altered state of society by a sort of natural necessity.

* The fortunes of the aristocracy throughout Prussia are greatly reduced, as an instance of which we may mention the state of the landed property in the March of Brandenburg in 1827. The total value of the *noble* estates in that province was estimated at twenty-seven millions of rix-dollars, on which there were incumbrances to the extent of twenty-one millions; whereas the *present* estates were valued at thirty-one millions, and the charges upon them only six millions and a half.

In the middle ranks only is a nation, politically speaking, formed. With it kings first obtained true subjects, instead of vassals and slaves. An aristocracy is the counterpart of a state, of citizens; *here* the governing principle is equality; *there* it is exception. . . Civic merit is the governing idea of our time, which cannot be resisted with impunity; when a great idea has got possession of an age, all opposition to it is utterly vain. . . . Most dangerous to monarchy is its general weak partiality to an illegal aristocracy, by which it is frequently debased. Public life has now attained a higher moral character than when it was exhibited in the patrimonial egotism which was the characteristic of former times. In a pure monarchy, the sovereign stands so high upon his throne in tranquil dignity, so exalted over every rank, that his interest is coincident with the general interest of the civic state. The centre of power, the monarch is the highest human unity; unity of power is the soul of his government. Where genuine sovereignty protects the state, there only the nation can be certain that the passions or narrow views of single classes or leading men shall not assume to be *the will of the people*,—that the spirit of party shall be replaced by a common spirit,—and that the nation shall live with moral dignity and intellectual pride in a political body that exists in it. It is indispensable that the government, which keeps all the threads of administration in its hands, should by its mental cultivation, by the mass of its acquired knowledge, by its just appreciation of the spirit of the time and of its own people, by its honesty, firmness and strength of purpose, and by its strong and sincere desire that justice shall have sway; it is indispensable, we say, that in all these attributes the government should surpass even the highest standard of intellect and morals among its people, that it should stand in all respects pre-eminently above it."

To a system founded on such principles, and directed to such aims, is Prussia indebted for the high cultivation, intelligence, and moral power which her administration has attained. The other German states regard it as the model of what a political body may become through its administration. Its present happy state is the result of the most perfect agreement between the government and the people in regard to the most urgent interests of the time. At the time that Prussia, through the great defects of her administration, and a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances, was on the brink of ruin, the king and the enlightened statesmen who called his resolution into action, judged that by the internal development of a genuine national spirit, and the establishment of a system of legal freedom, and by those alone, were those giant powers likely to be awakened which would raise Prussia from her actual degradation, and exalt her even higher than her former elevated position. "How happy shall we be," said Hardenberg to the intermistic representatives, "if, by the noble resolution of a just and enlightened monarch, and the voluntary acceptance of an intelligent and right-minded people,

enlightened enough to comprehend its real interests, we succeed in establishing, without a violent revolution, a new system in accordance with the wants of the age." It has succeeded! Feudality, with all its characteristics and accompaniments, has been banished; all the fetters which impeded the progress of a higher cultivation, or the movements of material or spiritual freedom, have been broken; the distinction of classes has been changed into civic equality; an entirely new basis has been given to the state by the emancipation and development of the classes of burghers and peasants, and, above all, by the entire re-organization of the administrative authorities. The unitarian power of the monarch was surrounded by institutions which secured the most ample enjoyment of rational freedom and the dominion of the law throughout the whole kingdom.

In no way can a government exhibit the extent of its intelligence, or its knowledge of social wants, more conspicuously than in its classification of the various departments of public business, in its regulations for the efficient action of the different authorities, and in its distribution of the powers by which society is to be moved, either in great masses or in minor groups. The different branches of administration require, in a great kingdom at least, to be classed systematically according to their nature, and geographically according to districts; but they must be connected together by certain links, and the divided organs placed in perfect subordination to the preponderating will of the central authority, that unity and order in the state may be secured. Unity of forms, organic coherence, and internal activity, are the objects of this machinery. The re-organization of the public offices in Prussia was begun by Stein in December, 1808, and continued by the ordinances of the 27th Oct. 1810, 30th April, 1815, 20th March, and 29d Oct. 1817, 31st Dec. 1825, &c. These laws corrected the faults which had insensibly rooted themselves in the former institutions, either from an excess of controul, or from pernicious divisions and conflicts between the different authorities, which impeded their spontaneous action. The aim of the new organization was to create a free and self-dependant efficiency, not only in every public board, however great or small, but even in individual minds, at the same time without impairing the general unity. Branches of administration were separated which had no natural connection, and those of a similar kind united; the attributes of the different authorities were clearly defined, and business was divested of the antiquated forms which impeded its march. The different branches are all concentrated, according to a uniform system, in the hands of the several ministers placed at the head of them; but the duties of these ministers are confined to the direc-

tion and inspection of the public affairs, the preparations for legislation, the controul of the district governments, and to the combination of administrative results for the preservation of unity in the central administration; in order that they may thus be better enabled to ascertain whether the objects of administration have been accomplished, and provide a remedy where they fail. They act under the immediate orders of the king, but being independent in their several departments, they are fully responsible for that which they have to controul. They submit to the king the names of the candidates for office or promotion, which are not in their immediate gift; but they must obtain the king's sanction, through the state-ministry (or cabinet council) of any measure involving a change in the rules or principles of the administration. The same sanction is required for all grants of money or pensions which are not fixed by law; and the budget is, of course, always submitted to the king. The nomination to the offices of upper presidents and presidents of the district governments is made by the council in a body, and receives the royal sanction. The ministers give the first impulse, and superintend the movement of the administration, that it may go on with regularity; but their business is less to act themselves than to make others act,—rather to discover the means of effecting public objects, than to execute them personally. They, therefore, require to be kept free from the great mass of minor business and its details, to be better enabled to keep in view the great outline of business, and devote themselves tranquilly to the consideration of the best means of promoting the public interest within their several spheres. For this reason, the single departments are divided into sections, and placed under the direction of under-secretaries (*Directoren der Abtheilungen*) who have the charge of all current affairs of which the minister thinks it needless to retain the decision in his own hands. These directors have in their sections a deciding vote; the affairs are discussed among them and a number of councillors (*vortragende Räte*), who have only a consultative vote. The ministries have neither quite a bureaucratic nor quite a collegiate form; the members attached to them are not appointed by the minister, but by the king, and neither the minister nor the under-secretary has the power of dismissing them. The minister is bound to discuss the affairs with his councillors, but they have no voice in their decision. A collegiate form here would only tend to paralyze the action of the authority in whom the central power is lodged; the discussion, however, must be of use in preventing the minister from acting with precipitation, and furnishing him with materials for forming a correct judgment.

The state-ministry (*Staatsministerium*) (or cabinet council) is the

central point through which harmony and uniformity are kept up between the various departments. It is composed of the different ministers in office, several ministers without portfolios, and the prince royal. Before it are brought all questions of competency or conflict between different jurisdictions, and all matters which require agreement or conformity. The ministers are bound to report to this council from time to time on the state of their respective departments.

Besides this, there is a council of state (*Staatsrath*), the members of which have no salaries and incur no responsibility; this is a species of consulting board, the business of which is to discuss all plans for the improvement of legislation. It consists of about seventy members, including the different ministers of state, the upper-presidents, if they happen to be at Berlin, the princes of the blood-royal who have attained their eighteenth year, several of the great officers of state, both civil and military, and a number of distinguished men of business or learning, who have been called by the king's confidence to take a seat in it.* Here the proposed new laws or ordinances are discussed, and judged by the tests of science in its most advanced state, and by the unchangeable principles of law and equity; and their efficiency as well as the clearness of the language in which they are clothed, are studied by the most experienced and intelligent statesmen, according to a systematic view of all branches of legislation. Every subject, previous to its discussion, is committed to a reporter, to whom, as well as to the council, the ministers are bound to communicate all necessary information. In this way a calm, impartial, and dispassionate consideration of the various interests or objects affected by legislation is secured, perhaps in as great a degree as is attainable by human weakness. To this it is owing that, with all its defects, the Prussian legislation need not shrink from a comparison, both as to matter and form, with that of any other country in Europe; and if the style of the ordinances is sometimes not so clear as could be wished, it is very doubtful whether it would be less open to criticism, were it discussed and settled in public or popular assemblies. The labours of the council are divided into seven sections, each of which embraces a particular department of business, such as justice, finance, public instruction, &c. Here the matter is prepared for general discussion in committees, from which the royal princes are excluded, and before which, whenever it seems useful, persons of every station in life are called, and

* Among these, for instance, are the distinguished professors of the University of Berlin, Savigny and Hofman, William Humboldt, Nikolovius, Stägemann, Beuth, and many other eminent and excellent men.

examined. The council has only to consider the laws proposed by the king, but possesses no initiative. All cases in which the destitution of public officers for alleged misconduct is called for, come before it; as do all disputes or differences that may arise between the different ministers.

The necessity of maintaining the ministerial authority unimpaired over the district governments, the distance of some of which from the seat of power removes them from under its immediate inspection, has led to the establishment of Upper Presidents, (*Ober-präsidenten*), who act as the representatives of the ministers in the several provinces,* and exercise a more exact controul over the district governments, at the same time that they serve as a sort of equipoise to the centralization effected in these bodies. Their situation gives them the means of making improvements in the mode of managing business, as well as of preserving their judgments unaffected by the influence of prejudices to which those engaged in more active duties are liable; it enables them to represent the peculiarities of the province in opposition to the more general views of the ministers, and at the same time to ascertain that every branch of public business is conducted in conformity to the general system. The authority of the upper president is principally a controuling one; but he has also a consulting, and sometimes an executive authority. He controuls not only the authorities beneath him, but in a certain degree also those above him, by giving utterance to his sentiments, whenever an opinion is called for, requiring a more enlarged view than is likely to be obtained from the district government itself. He has to look to the execution of such measures as extend beyond the compass of the single governments. Under his immediate direction are the consistories and school colleges, to which the management of ecclesiastical affairs and of public instruction in the district belongs. These authorities, however, are only sections of the administrative board, in whose hands the administration, properly speaking, in the several district governments, is vested. The number of those boards throughout the kingdom is twenty-five.† Their collegiate form certainly diminishes, in a considerable degree, the energy of their executive authority; but it has the counterbalancing advantage of affording a strong protection to the subject against arbitrary

* The provinces of East and West Prussia, Cleves and Lubeck, Berg and the Lower Rhine, have jointly an Upper President; all the other powers have one attached to each.

† They have their residences at Königsberg, Gumbinnen, Dantzic, Marienwerder, Posen, Bromberg, Potsdam, Frankfurt on the Oder, Stettin, Coeslin, Stralsund, Breslau, Oppeln, Liegnitz, Magdeburg, Merseburg, Erfurt, Münster, Minden, Arensburg, Cologne, Dusseldorf, Coblenz, Trier, and Aix-la-Chapelle.

power and injustice, and the best security for the impartiality, liberality, and consistency of their measures. The talents and experience of many individuals are here combined; and even the form of an abstract personage acting increases the confidence which the public deservedly place in these bodies. Their position, from the large responsibility vested in them, is a very independent one, as it is only in a few and very peculiar cases that they require any sanction for their acts from the higher authorities. They often remonstrate when the application of general measures appears to involve a hardship on the inhabitants of their district, and thus serve as a protection against the abuse of the higher powers, as well as against local tyranny. They avail themselves of all the advantages which science can supply, and conduct the administration on the most approved principles of political economy; the regulations by which they are guided have been successively improved in the several departments, and the spirit which they breathe is much more favourable to the subject than to the revenue, the improvement of which is necessarily a main object of their exertions. The administration of the indirect taxes, a department which requires greater activity and energy, forms a separate and distinct branch, entrusted to the charge of provincial tax-directors, acting immediately under the orders of the minister of finance and the general tax-director. These tax-directors are entitled to attend the meetings of the district government board, and bound to do so whenever summoned by the president of the board; on such occasions they have a right to give their vote as members. The district government-boards have each a president, and sometimes a vice-president, and consist of an indefinite number of members.* They were formerly divided into two sections, with a director at the head of each; but of late years, for the purpose of greater dispatch, these sections have been multiplied to three and sometimes four, under the direction of upper government councillors (*Ober-regierungsräthe*). These sections, however, have no separate authority; disputed points among themselves are settled by a plurality of votes, but the head of the section is entitled, in case of disagreement, to suspend the execution of an order, and to lay the affair before the president or the general board for their decision. Every member has a particular branch of duty assigned to him, as medical police, general police, administration of demesnes, public buildings, &c. &c. The unity of their proceedings is secured by the casting vote of the president

* In 1828 the twenty-five district governments had 418 members and assessors attached to them, being an average of seventeen members to each, exclusive of the presidents.

in the general board. With the exception already mentioned, all branches of the administration are concentrated in these district boards; this concentration ensures harmony and uniformity of action, favours the development of greater intelligence and activity in individual members, and affords them the opportunity of attaining a higher eminence in the state. Without the multiplication of endless petty controul, which would only check the necessary exercise of individual judgment, there is sufficient controul by superior authority to prevent abuse or oppression. All complaints are minutely and rigidly inquired into, and impartially decided upon. The subject who conceives himself aggrieved has a farther check upon these boards by the right of appealing from their decision to the courts of law, where the parties are upon a perfect equality, and may rely on an even-handed justice; no better proof of which can be given than by stating the fact which has been established from official returns, that, on an average of years, two-thirds of the suits between the treasury and private individuals have been decided in favour of the latter.

The influence of the district governments has altogether been most beneficial. They have generated amongst them an elevated, patriotic, and honourable spirit, eminently solicitous for the public weal, and have acquired a consistency and vigour of action, which at once facilitates the development of their mental powers, and renders their members and the pupils placed under them, worthy assistants of the superior administration. In the official intercourse between the superior and inferior authorities throughout Prussia, although obedience is strictly enforced, that does not exclude either liberty of thought, or freedom of action, on the part of the latter. In fact, co-operation, rather than passive obedience, is what is required of them. They are not to regard themselves as mere blind instruments in the hands of their superiors, but rather as fellow-servants to the same gracious master, whose pleasure it is to encourage the development of their faculties and zeal in the public service.

The district governments are sub-divided into circles or hundreds (*Kreise*), of which there are upwards of three hundred throughout the kingdom. The civil administration of these is placed in the hands of magistrates called land-councillors, (*Land-räthe*), who are elected by the estates of the hundred, and confirmed by the government. They are the instruments for carrying into execution the measures prescribed by the district governments, but they also possess a certain portion of independent authority. They have a number of clerks under them, appointed by themselves, and for whose conduct they are, of course, responsible.

As the police is entirely in their hands, excepting where distinct authorities are appointed for the special purpose, the local authorities are subordinate to them; the collectors of the assessed taxes are also under their direction. Whenever so required by the president of the district government, they attend the meetings of the board, and on such occasions they have a vote as members. As these magistrates come in direct contact with the people, and have no small influence on their comforts, the voice of the people has, with great wisdom, been allowed the principal influence in their appointment. Besides the land councillors, there are other organs of the district government in the hundreds. Among these we shall only mention a few, such as the (*Physicus*) public physician, paid by government to watch over and report the general state of health, to carry into effect within his hundred the measures of medical police prescribed by the district government, and to attend the sick poor gratuitously. His duties are shared by a surgeon of the hundred. There are building inspectors (*Bau-inspectoren*) to superintend the public buildings; and bailiffs, intendants and other subaltern officers for the administration of the public domain, &c.

Passing from this head, which has perhaps detained us too long, we shall now only briefly advert to a few other topics, which, even in a general sketch like this, it would be unpardonable to leave unnoticed.

The system of popular education, now established over the whole of Prussia, has become thoroughly well known throughout Europe by the elaborate report of M. Cousin, (since so ably translated by Mrs. Austin). As we gave an analysis of that Report in a recent number of this journal (vol. xii. p. 273), we think it unnecessary to trouble our readers with any further details on the present occasion. "In that system," (to repeat the words of the article just alluded to,) "it is impossible not to recognise a truly sincere and enlightened desire of raising the condition, and advancing the civilization of the people: an absence of all narrow, political, or sectarian views; a wise foresight in providing remedies for all probable abuses, and means of avoiding all probable obstacles; and a judicious distribution of power, in causing it to be exercised in detail by those who have local and minute knowledge, and superintended in general by those who have the widest and furthest views."

The military institutions of Prussia are deserving of peculiar attention. The army, by its constitution, by the treatment of the soldiers, and by its relation to all classes of citizens, is in every respect a popular army. The soldier, as Blucher said, has become a citizen, and the citizen a soldier. It required the whole

people to regain its liberty—the whole people required therefore to be armed. This was the grand idea by which Scharnhorst has made his name immortal. The first and the last strength must be devoted to the noble duty of defending the country, if the country requires it, and from this duty no one can claim exemption. In consequence, every male capable of bearing arms, not incapacitated by bodily ailments or defects, or rendered unworthy by the commission of crime, must, on completing his twentieth year, enter, 1. the *standing army*, which is always kept in marching order, ready for action, and in which the whole civil population are bound to serve for five years. After three years active service, they pass into the *war reserve*, (from which the standing army, when necessary, is completed,) where they remain for the other two years. This period expired, all who wish to continue in the army enlist themselves for such period as they choose. Young men who can prove by competent testimony, or by examination, that they have the knowledge required for the middle class of high-schools, or the upper class of burgher schools, or who are artists or engineers, and cannot well be spared in their line, have the privilege, if they offer themselves as volunteers for service between their seventeenth and twentieth years, of selecting the *arm*, (infantry, cavalry, artillery, &c.) and even the regiment in which they wish to serve, and if they are able to pay for their uniform and accoutrements, and to support themselves, their period of active service is shortened to one year; but they also remain two years in the reserve. After this, they become, 2. members of the *Landwehr* (Land-defence) *first levy*, consisting of persons from twenty-six to thirty-two years of age inclusive. During peace, these are left to their usual occupations, and are only called out once a year for exercise; in case of war, they meet when required, and serve like the army. From their thirty-third to their thirty-ninth year, they are then ranged, 3. in the *Landwehr, second levy*, in which they are sometimes used as reinforcements to garrisons, or to do duty in the provinces to which they belong. But they are only called out if the *Landwehr of the first levy* is insufficient. On entering their fortieth and up to their fiftieth year, inclusive, they become members of, 4. the *Landsturm* (Land storm) which is composed of every individual from seventeen to fifty inclusive, who is not enrolled in any other branch of the armed force. This is divided into companies, but not regularly organized, or wearing uniform. It is only assembled in time of war, by special proclamation, and in such districts as are near the theatre of hostilities; its principal use is to preserve order, and protect the military transports, but in case of necessity it may be required to assist in the defence of the country in its immediate neighbourhood.

The standing army is the great school of arms, through which every one must pass before he can establish himself in business. It is a school which teaches order and obedience, and at the same time develops strength of character. By means of the various military institutions for instruction, it increases the intellectual and moral cultivation, especially of the lower orders, and often remedies the defects of previous education. It is impossible to appreciate the extent in which the intelligence of the inferior classes of society has been raised by their military career; the cases are frequent where a youth enters the army ignorant and brutal, and returns to his former sphere, ennobled both in soul and body, and capable of spreading the cultivation he has received. But this is only attained by the feeling of honour which is excited in the army by the treatment which the private receives. The strictest obedience of course is required of them, but the strictest watch is also kept that the lowest individual in the ranks shall neither be injured nor unjustly treated. There is no caning or flogging allowed in the army—no degrading punishment inflicted. All are treated with the respect due to men. Those only are subjected to more severe punishment who have by their crimes or their disorderly conduct proved themselves incapable of appreciating mild treatment, and been condemned by regular sentence to serve in the *companies of punishment*, from which, however, they may, by a return to, and perseverance in, good conduct, be released and restored to their former station and privileges. The administration of military justice is such as almost to prevent the possibility of unjust punishments. These are inflicted by courts-martial, differently constituted, according to the grade of the individual to be tried. When a private soldier is the accused, the court consists of a major, three captains, six lieutenants, three non-commissioned officers, and three privates. No enemy of the accused can be a member, and the accused is entitled to challenge any member against whom he can show sufficient reasons. A military judge (*Auditeur*), a lawyer by profession, is always present. The votes are free, without any respect to military subordination, and delivered by classes.

Respecting promotions, the law ordains that, in time of war, neither rank nor birth, but superior valour and capacity,—in time of peace, greater knowledge and cultivation—shall be the sole recommendations for advancement in the army. Until he reaches the rank of captain, an officer is required to pass through repeated examinations in those branches of science, a knowledge of which is required to stamp a scientific military man; so that here also ignorance is excluded, and merit and exertion are sure to meet their just reward. Wealth also has no influence here; as

commissions in the army are not to be bought, merit alone can obtain them. The military institutions of Prussia are in harmony with her other institutions, and are worthy of a free nation. Arms are placed in the hands of the whole population, and the government is therefore compelled to act for the benefit of the people at large. Were it even disposed to set public opinion at defiance, or to adopt a course injurious to the public weal, it would be speedily compelled to retrace its steps by the nature of the military institutions. In the language of the intelligent English traveller to whom we have already referred, "surely a military force so constituted is not that to which a despot can well trust for enchaining a struggling people;—if popular feeling were against him, these men would bring it along with them to his very standard."

Into the details of the financial and economical administration of Prussia, we reluctantly refrain from entering. The work of Mr. David Hansemann (No. 4,) supplies us with some excellent materials for illustrating it, of which we should have gladly availed ourselves, had our space permitted. The able and intelligent author has, according to our views, committed some important errors, which it would have been well to rectify; and we think that it would not be difficult to vindicate the Prussian government from some of the charges which he has brought against it. But it is only fair to acknowledge, that he has treated the subject with perfect independence and impartiality, and that more information may be obtained from his book than from all the others that have been written on the subject. We entirely concur with him in the opinion he expresses, that notwithstanding many defects, in no great state is the career of trade and industry more open to general competition, the freedom of commerce more unlimited, or taxation better regulated with a view to impose the least possible shackles on industrial activity, and throw its weight on those best able to bear it, than in Prussia. If the aim which was expressed in the preamble of the law of 2d November, 1810, by which a preparation was made for the utmost freedom of trade within the boundaries of the state, has not yet been completely attained, it cannot be denied that the principles at least upon which the new legislation rests, namely, property in the land, with the free use and disposal of it,—liberty of trade—the abolition of all monopolies and privileges,—and the distribution of taxation over all classes, on equal principles, have been more and more acted up to. Commerce has been placed upon the basis of reciprocity with all nations, to whatever extent these are willing to go, and is even allowed unlimited freedom with such as will assent to the same condition. The tariff of customs is so well regulated

that its defects may be more easily remedied and removed than in that of any other European state.*

The faithful sketch we have here given of the Prussian government and administration is sufficient we think to satisfy every candid reader, that in the elevated position in which she is placed by her numerous excellent institutions, Prussia has no reason to shrink from a comparison with the best constituted countries in existence. No enlightened Prussian, however, either thinks or will be hardy enough to maintain, that the system is all perfection. Much yet remains to be done. Great improvements are undoubtedly still required both in the fiscal and the judicial systems; the want of a proper organization of the rural communities is greatly felt; a greater degree of liberty of the press would raise the nation still higher in European estimation; and the institution of a *popular* authority, which should accompany legislation with its counsels, watch with unremitting vigilance over the ministers of the executive, and denounce to the sovereign all attempts to violate or infringe the law, has in all countries into which it has been introduced, been found so beneficial, that it is but a natural wish that Prussia may also, ere long, as has been promised, be provided with it. But a great part of the want has already been supplied by the erection of the provincial states; and although the financial, military, and foreign relations require for their consideration a chamber of general representatives of the kingdom, yet the wisdom of the monarch cannot be sufficiently appreciated, who, to use the words of the author of No. 2, "has first erected the pillars before he thought of vaulting the cupola, and has given to a people entirely unaccustomed to political and legislative func-

* These views, we are aware, are considerably at variance with those of two articles on the *Prussian Commercial Policy*, published in this Journal in May, 1832, and April, 1833 (Nos. XVIII. & XXII.) The able writer appears to us to have laboured under considerable misconception of the objects of the Prussian government, in seeking to establish a commercial league among the German states, and to have been actuated too exclusively in his comments by considerations affecting British interests alone. This is not the arena, nor the present the opportunity, for entering the lists with our much respected collaborateur; but we may at least be allowed to enter our protest against the correctness of his representations, and would refer such of our readers as desire to hear what may be said on the Prussian side of the question to a short and able article inserted in *Ranke's Historisch-politische Zeitschrift*, June—August, 1832, written by Professor Hofman, of Berlin, one of the most enlightened and influential Prussian publicists; also to an English pamphlet printed at Hamburgh last year, under the title of "Remarks on the Averages of Hamburgh, and on the Commercial Policy of Great Britain towards Prussia and other Northern States," which is understood to be the production of an English gentleman, resident in that city in a public capacity. The views taken by the latter writer of the German commercial league, and of the injurious consequences which may result to British interests of all classes, should the British government persist in a refusal of all concessions which would neutralize the operation of that league, appear to us eminently sound and practical, and well worthy of the consideration of the statesmen who sway the British counsels.

tions, an opportunity of serving an apprenticeship on minor theatres, before they are raised to the dignity of states of the kingdom, which require so much more political experience." And it must be confessed, that the acts of the provincial states* still exhibit marks of great unskilfulness and inexperience, so that the government appears by its proposals and administrative measures in a greatly superior light to the provincial representatives. What, indeed, might have been the consequences, if, in 1815, a chamber of deputies had been convoked? Representatives from the Rhine, Westphalia, Saxony, Brandenburg, Silesia, Pomerania, Prussia, and Poland, would have had to discuss laws for the whole kingdom. Would there have been harmony or agreement on a single point in such an assembly? If the question had, as in all such assemblies, been decided by the majority, how loud would have been the complaint of the Pole, if it had been attempted to make him a German, how keen the feelings of the Rhinelander or of the Old Prussian, if the institutions of either had been forced upon the other! All this might be much more easily accomplished now, and the revolution of every succeeding year must add to the facility, as the bond of union between the different parts of the kingdom daily grows more close. And thus the moment best suited for the completion of institutions which were freely granted, may be well left to the calm consideration of the monarch and his ministers, without seeking to extort concessions before their time. Meanwhile, as Mr. Hansemann correctly states, the desire for greater constitutional rights has nowhere in Prussia been very eagerly expressed. The nation, upon the whole, was satisfied; for it had made great progress in the social reforms, and enjoyed their fruits, and the comparison of its administration with those of other European states was such as to afford fair grounds of satisfaction. The honest, noble, and benevolent character of the king had generated an extraordinary affection for him in the breasts of his subjects, and the same character was stamped upon the whole administrative hierarchy. People live so comfortably under this paternal, benevolent, and enlightened government, that the question of a constitution has been hitherto entirely a question of higher politics.

As to the foreign policy of Prussia, we may assert without fear of contradiction, that the confidence which she has acquired from both the political parties into which Europe is now divided, and the conciliatory and moderate course which she has pursued, have, more than any thing, contributed to the preservation of general

* They have been printed in nine volumes—*Landtagsverhandlungen der Provinzialstände in der Preussischen Monarchie, herausgegeben von J. F. D. Rumpf*. 1826—1833.

peace in the present crisis. Much of this may no doubt be attributed to the personal character of the king, but scarcely less to the character of the state, which, as its history shows, has been from the beginning, a promoter of light and civilization, a supporter of the intellectual and moral interests of humanity, and which would naturally lose all the elements of its power, the moment it ceased to maintain its character of superior intelligence. For what is it that has given to a state so inferior in means of every kind to all the great political bodies of Europe an equality of rank and influence with the greatest? What else but the genius, knowledge, vigour, spirit, and honesty of the people and the government can have secured to it that general confidence, which makes its relations friendly with powers the most opposite in their political principles, and raised it from its natural inferiority to that height as to hold in its hands the balance of European politics? We may conclude in the words of the author of the first book on our list.

“ Prussia, by its geographical position, by the cautious and active character of its inhabitants, by the greatness of its power, and the superiority of its intelligence, seems to be destined by Providence to become the political cement not only for the whole of Germany, but also for the east and west of Europe. It will always become more evident, that Prussia may be justly called the state of the conciliatory principle.”

A state, therefore, that derives its main strength from its intellectual and moral power, must of necessity do more and more for the development of mind—first, within its own boundaries, and afterwards by its influence upon the states with which it is connected.

ART. IX.—*Sammlung neuer Schriften* von Alexander Bronikowski. (Collection of New Writings, by A. Bronikowski.) 23 Vols. 8vo. Leipzig. 1829—1834.

ALEXANDER VON OPELN BRONIKOWSKI is a writer whose varied career has afforded him ample means of gathering materials for his numerous productions. Belonging, as his name shows, to a noble Polish family, he is himself the scion of a branch that removed to Dresden, whilst the Electors of Saxony wore the crown of Poland. Our author's father was Adjutant-General to the present King of Saxony, then Elector, but the son was, nevertheless, at an early age placed in the army of Prussia. After a brief confinement to the most unintellectual routine of garrison life in a petty Silesian town, his regiment was, in 1802, quartered at Erfurt, where Bronikowski was introduced to a literary society, was encouraged to write, and first saw the children of his brain introduced to the world in *pic-nic* volumes published by that society. His incipient authorship was, however, speedily crushed by Prussia's fatal war against France in the year 1806; and after the peace of Tilsit our Saxon Pole entered the French army, whether dazzled by the brilliancy of Napoleon's military glory, or lured by the vain hope that the conqueror of two of Poland's destroyers (Austria and Prussia) would restore that unhappy and ever distracted country to independence. We give him credit for the latter and nobler motive the more confidently, because, after Napoleon's fall, when seven additional years had somewhat enlarged his experience and matured his judgment, a like hope induced him to enrol himself in the Polish army of the Russian Autocrat, and new King of Poland. But the Grand Duke Constantine proved a more efficient master of the art of disappointing than the French Emperor, and Bronikowski, with the rank of Major, quitted the service in disgust. He then spent some time in exploring the "land of his sires," after which he took up his residence in his native city of Dresden, and in the year 1825, at the age of forty-two, resuming his early propensities, turned author.

In his new capacity, Bronikowski has, we believe, already published twelve volumes of *Schriften* (Writings), being chiefly Polish romances, various detached short tales, some political, and some historical works, besides the twenty-three volumes of "New Writings" that head this article. Of so formidable a mass, we, who boast not German industry, pretend not to be acquainted with more than some half-dozen or so of novels, mostly of the *Neue Schriften*; but these are sufficient for the purpose of forming an opinion of the nature of the writer's genius, and the general merits of his productions. Bronikowski, who appears to be deeply and thoroughly versed in history, is, like many of the German novelists of whom we have lately spoken, peculiarly felicitous in the conception and development of character, as modified by the circumstances, political or other, of the countries and times in which he places or finds his personages; most of his novels being historical, and some of them in truth no novels at all, but fragments of History or Biography wrought out into a novel-like form, by the unfolding, and exhibiting, or insinuating the views and motives, as well as the detail of conduct, of the

leading persons, in conversations, able and characteristic, but almost as lengthy, to speak American, as the harangues of the Americans themselves in Congress. Apparently for the sake of his female readers, he intermingles herewith a few imaginary persons and incidents, and some little love; but the chief and really powerful interest is awakened by the great historical, political, and psychological truth of the already mentioned developments of historical characters and events.

As an instance or two we may name, first, *Der Gallische Kerker* (the French Prison), which recounts the fact of the arbitrary seizure and imprisonment in France of John Casimir, a Polish prince, by Cardinal Richelieu, together with the subsequent endeavours of the said Cardinal's spies and other instruments to lure him into attempts at escape, which, if he could not be shot in making them, might serve as pretexts for his detention, and the counter-endeavours of his Polish friends, and of Clara Hébert, a low-born French girl, who has fallen in love with the Sarmatian captive, to prevent his being so misled. This girl, be it observed, can scarcely be called an imaginary personage, since John Casimir did in after-life marry the dowager Maréchale de l'Hôpital, who was of humble origin, and whose maiden-name was, we believe, Hébert. Secondly, *Polen im Siebzehnten Jahrhunderte, oder Johannes der Dritte Sobieski, und sein Hof* (Poland in the Seventeenth Century, or John III. Sobieski, and his Court); the main interest of which novel lies in the portraiture of the factions and plots, domestic and foreign, relative to the succession, that harassed the declining years of this most glorious of Polish monarchs, the defeater of the Turks, and deliverer of Germany, if not of Christian Europe. The best drawn, at least best executed, characters are those of the Abbé de Polignac, French Ambassador, and of his dupe, Sobieski's French Queen, the vain, domineering, and rash Marie Casimire. The imaginary loves of Prince Wisniowieczki, and the king's daughter, and the attachment of the lowlier, though still noble, Eva Jorkiewiczowna to the former, are far less effective.

Our author is less happy when he undertakes to construct a fable altogether fictitious, the devising of stories being evidently not his forte; in illustration whereof we shall say a few words concerning his extravagantly wild, but not proportionately fanciful, *Beate*, which appeared in 1832. This tale professes to be extracted from an old, often illegible chronicle, without a title-page, but ends during the recent disastrous Polish insurrection. Beata, the heroine, is introduced to us as the devotee (*Anglice*, evangelical) widow of a shop-keeper, who, by the purity and tranquillity of her life and feelings, has preserved her beauty longer than most women. Gradually we discover in this supposed pattern of female excellence a hypocritical, heartless, and ruthless sensualist, who has poisoned her parents to get rid of their authority—her husband, because he refused her a silk gown—her children, to avoid maternal cares,—her successive paramours, when she was tired of them, or suspected their discretion—an honourable lover, to get his fortune by marriage-articles without actually marrying him, lest, in wedded life, he should discover that, vice having withered her prematurely, her charms are all false; being in fact, partly provided by the further poisoning of her maid to get her hair, of a poor child to get her teeth, &c. &c.* This wholesale murderess

is solicited by Satan in proper person to do what we should have thought a complete work of supererogation, namely, to sell him her soul;—indeed, he does try to get it cheap—and she, to our no small surprise, positively refuses. But his Infernal Majesty proves too many for the scrupulous poisoner. By dying poisoned in her house, he occasions her detection; and then, by the help of Courts of Justice, and of the ghosts of her victims, he scares her into compliance. The bargain signed and sealed, he rescues her from prison, and takes her to Poland, where he employs her in her old trade of poisoning; Diebitsch-Sabalkanski being one of her victims. But except this, she achieves little at Warsaw, and accordingly Satan carries home his doubly and trebly-secured purchase, when he has sufficiently displayed to her, and to the reader, the dissensions palsying the efforts of the most patriotic Poles, and the selfish views, the folly and the treachery of the majority of the insurgents.

We now turn to Bronikowski's last work, *Die Magyaren* (The Magyars), because we deem his latest production the fairest specimen of the talents of a writer in the full vigour of his career. This is one of our author's developed histories, for, in truth, the loves and sorrows of Balthasar Zrinyi and Anna Veselenyi can hardly even be called a thread to connect the different scenes here presented to us. The Magyars, our readers need not perhaps be told, is the name of the Hungarians in their native language, which denominates Hungary, *Magyar-Orszag*, or land of the Magyars; and the book before us delineates various portions of the great Magyar insurrection during the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the discontented Hungarians were driven by resentment of Austrian encroachments upon their constitution, and acts of individual oppression, to place themselves under the protection of their hereditary foes, the Osmanli.

This insurrection affords our author three distinct novels, or shall we say three series of scenes, of which two have been published in the last and current year, respectively entitled, *Das Verlobungs-Fest zu Murany* (The Betrothment Festival at Murany), and *Balthasar und Anna*. The Betrothment Festival is held at Castle Murany, the residence of Count Veselenyi, Palatine of Hungary, whither the Hungarian nobility are invited to witness the betrothing of Balthasar and Aurora Helena Zrinyi, the children of the Ban of Croatia, to Anna Veselenyi, and Francis, Prince Rakoczy; the further secret object of the assembly being to concert the means of maintaining the old constitutional rights of Magyar-Orszag. As one of the brides, Aurora Helena Zrinyi, became a person of great note in the troubles that ensued, we extract part of the scene in which she is first introduced; but must observe that it is difficult to do justice by extracts to an author who works so much by detail: the scene in question occupies about forty pages.

“A few hours afterwards Anna Veselenyi, richly attired, stood beside her mother in the reception-rooms of Castle Murany, modestly curtseying and replying to the greetings and inquiries of the illustrious ladies there assembled.

* The idea of this personage, and a number of the details, are evidently derived from the history of the woman Schonleben, whose case, as reported in Feuerbach's *German Criminal Trials*, will be found in our Eighth Volume, pp. 269, 275.

"The first of these, whose whole carriage bespoke the effort to be every where the first, and the consciousness that this effort was seldom resisted, after greeting the lady of the house, turned her loftily-borne head to Lady Anna, looked her steadily in the face, glanced over her person, and then said, in a tone rather imperative than courteous, 'Come nearer, my fair girl.'

"The speaker was a middle-aged lady, not tall, but of full person and strong make; her complexion was darker than is usually seen even in Lower Hungary, and a foreign air in her well-formed but somewhat masculine countenance seemed to indicate a more southern origin. The glance of her large dark brown eye was not only cold and commanding, like the Countess Veselenyi's, but, as were her voice and her manners, decided and abrupt, although majestic. * * * * * A grass-green travelling dress embroidered with gold, assorting with the character of her person, completed the image of an amazon. This was Anna Catharina Frangipani, wife of Peter, Count Zrinyi, Ban of Croatia.

"Half-beside, half-behind her, stood or moved a delicate, languid young lady, with downcast eyes, and a soft, youthfully lovely face, the tender, almost transparent paleness of which rendered her as dissimilar to the goddess whose name she bore, the glowing Aurora, as similar to the white rose assigned her by the gardener, Gabriel Cserklos. A friendly glance exchanged between the two young ladies indicated their previous acquaintance.

"At the Countess Zrinyi's command, Anna approached her, but with something of the shyness which she usually inspired, as much as Countess Veselenyi, and did reverence. Anna scarcely ventured to lift her eyes towards her whom she wished to love, or to gaze upon the features that seemed to disdain this sentiment. The Lady Zrinyi, after again surveying her from head to foot, without addressing another word to her, turned to the mother, saying:—'A graceful, elegant, noble maiden, only too shy, and convent-bred. I am no friend to conventual education, at least in these times; it may be useful to train modest and domestic house-wives, and to guard them, for a while at least, against the allurements of the world; but at present the world is not alluring, it is stern and rough, and requires the strength of action rather than that of forbearance, which old books of morality pronounce the chief virtue of our sex. What think you of it, Countess Nadasdy?'

"This question, significantly, almost ironically asked, was addressed to the wife of the *Judex Curie*, the first magistrate, and one of the most distinguished and powerful magnates of the kingdom. But all the grandeur and splendour that surrounded the still juvenile Countess seemed not to touch her. The expression of her countenance was deep seriousness, if not melancholy; her movements were languid, as though she bore an invisible burthen; her voice was sweet, but plaintive; and in this tone she replied: 'I am not of your Ladyship's opinion; the lessons of pious nuns open the heart to the peace of Heaven which is always needful, and the more so, the sterner and rougher the times are. * * * I believe a husband oftener wants a sympathising companion who may help him to bear, than a partner of his deeds, even should the latter not often be more of an obstacle than an assistance.'

* * * *

"During the tedious and ceremonious entrance of the gentlemen, Countess Zrinyi drew the mistress of the castle aside, and said: 'I fear the Chief Judge has let his wife penetrate into certain matters. Did you note her drooping air and her sighs? It were awkward should these prematurely clothe themselves in words.'

"'I have observed her, and am of your opinion,' replied Countess Veselenyi. 'But fear nothing: I know Isabella Nadasdy. The precious vessel will be consumed by its contents, ere it suffers a drop to escape.'"

At the betrothment banquet, the Palatine, who purposed only to

assert legal rights, and, if possible, by legal means, is poisoned by mistake, instead of the Ban of Croatia, and with him expires all Magyar prudence. The other leaders are either selfish or wrong-headed. Count Zrinyi wants to be King of Magyar-Orszag; Nadasdy, we know not what, for Bronikowski will not presume to solve a problem that history has left unsolved, and it is only known that Nadasdy, whilst plotting most deeply against Leopold I., Emperor and King of Hungary, persuaded him and his ministers that he was a devotedly loyal subject. The Austrian ministers meanwhile seek to provoke rebellion, in order to confiscate and divide the property of the wealthy Magyar magnates. The kindly and well-intentioned, but neither very intellectual nor very energetic Emperor, is entirely deceived. The Ban's plot is betrayed; his insurrection quelled at its very outbreking; and he himself induced, by promises that his life, honour, and property, shall be respected, to send his son, who had disapproved, and refused to aid his plots, and whose marriage is postponed till happier times, to Vienna, as a hostage for his fidelity, and afterwards to go thither in person. A series of ministerial trickery is nearly foiled by Balthasar, with the aid of two excellent priests; and the son, as the price of his father's pardon, accepts a commission in the imperial guard, taking an oath of fidelity to Leopold. But a rash insurrectional movement of Rakoczy, and a detected attempt at regicide of Nadasdy, serve as pretexts for violating all promises; Leopold is terrified, we hope, out of his senses, and Peter Zrinyi, with some of his friends, are basely sentenced to death. Here, again, we incline to make an extract, which materially explains much of the second novel, *Balthasar and Anna*. The imperial commissioners read his sentence to the Ban: it begins with depriving him and his race of their dignities and their nobility.

"Here the Ban's brow grew cloudy, and he said, in a suppressed tone, 'I could have wished the Emperor had dealt less hardly with my guiltless son.' Hereupon Councillor Abele observed: 'This is little more than a form, and if your son prove faithful, the Emperor will assuredly restore to him his forfeited rights.'

"'Good Master Doctor,' said the Ban, shaking his head, 'such hereditary rights can neither be taken away nor restored by one who himself is what he is by the like rights. The displeasure of Leopold of Austria, King of Hungary, has fallen upon Peter Zrinyi, and Balthasar is his son; but he is likewise great grandson of Nicholas Zrinyi,* as Leopold is Maximilian's. The Emperor's will be done! may my son bear the loss of the rank he was born to, in a manner worthy of that rank, of which he can never cease to be intrinsically worthy.'

"His sentence of death he heard with silent composure, only when the striking off his right hand was mentioned, he shuddered painfully, and looked at it with a bitter smile; perhaps, because this punishment was somewhat disgraceful, perhaps, because he reflected how often that hand, now doomed to the executioner's axe, had wielded a sword gloriously and victoriously for the service of the house of Austria.

* Nicholas Zrinyi had highly distinguished himself, and essentially served the empire, in wars with the Turks.

"During these words a young man in the Austrian uniform had come in, but, seeing the prisoner in conversation with his judges, paused at the door. It was Balthasar, who, unobserved, gazed upon his father, whilst a feeling of joy and of pride blended with his grief, and softened it to melancholy.

"The Ban looked a while earnestly at his son. * * * He said, 'I have strange presentiments touching my pale little Helena, as though she should shed new lustre on the house of Zrinyi, and on Hungary.' * * *

* * * 'My blood,' he went on, as though seized by a secretly gratifying thought; 'the blood of Peter Zrinyi is shed by the command of him for whom I have so often sacrificed it: it is poured out upon Austrian ground, but not to be there absorbed: it shall stream on to Hungary, and bloody seed yields a bloody harvest. Whatever my errors,' he continued, with almost his wonted proud demeanour, 'I am pretty well quits with the world; but towards thee, Balthasar, I am not so, and die thy debtor, since I have nothing to bequeath thee.'

" 'Your words are kind, my father,' answered the younger Zrinyi, 'yet they pain me. Why look upon me as your creditor? * * * You think my sister has inherited your strength of mind: I too have received my share, and it will be my dearest legacy. You foresee happiness to Hungary from Helena; I too am a Hungarian—by God, and all his Saints, I swear that I am!'

" 'A Hungarian thou art, I will believe it,' rejoined the Ban, with a look of dislike at his son's uniform; 'but under those colours thou wilt hardly be recognized as such. Pure as new fallen snow, standest thou before the Austrians, pure from thy father's crime; but beware lest hereafter they find the stains of his blood upon this white garment. Thou hast chosen thy part, and the father who has overthrown the house of which thou wast the heir, has no right to judge.'

" 'You know not, my Lord,' said Balthasar, with painful emotion, 'that when I chose this coat, it was done to prevent the shedding of this precious blood. I bartered my oath for a promise;—that promise has not been fulfilled, but my oath remains.' * * *

" * * * 'You fall, my father, as you know, a victim to crafty enemies rather than to the king's will, exasperated as he is by an atrocious crime. * * * Your noble blood shall flow, not in accusation, but in atonement; and as your death is an atonement, suffer my life to be dedicated to constant mediation between my king and my country.'

"With a compassionate smile the Ban rejoined, 'You nourish high thoughts, young man. * * * But hope not for thanks;—not from the Magyars in that coat—not from the Emperor or his ministers as my son. * * * Here you will be only an Hungarian—there only the Emperor's servant.'

" 'Nevertheless,' was Balthasar's decided answer, 'I will be a true Hungarian, and the true servant of the King of Hungary.'"

The ex-Ban is executed, and Balthasar sent, as Captain Gade (the new name assigned him instead of the abolished Zrinyi) to the imperial army; and so ends *Das Verlobungs-Fest zu Murany*.

In *Balthasar und Anna* we have the rebellion and fortunes of Tököly, usually called Tekely, provoked partly by his own mingled patriotism and ambition, partly by the filial revenge of Helena Zrinyi, with whom he is in love, and whom he marries as Dowager Princess Rakoczy, and the purely patriotic, unwearied, but ever unavailing and misconstrued efforts of Balthasar to mediate between Leopold and the Hungarians, to move the one to clemency, the other to submission upon fair terms. The detail of all this we think not to give; and find our—with this author—usual

difficulty, in selecting an extract capable of compression within reasonable limits, without entirely losing its character. We will take the first appearance of the rebel hero. Helena, now the widow of Prince Rakoczy, is, with her son, and Anna Veselenyi (who, upon the violent arrest of her mother had fled to her friend and intended sister-in-law), resident at Munkacz, under the control of her mother-in-law, the bigoted and *ultra-loyal* dowager, Princess Sophia Rakoczy. The three ladies and the boy-prince are looking from a window for the approach of the venerable Gregory Szelepcsényi, Archbishop of Gran, sent thither by Leopold.

"The plain below gradually filled with horsemen, but they seemed not to belong to a prelate's escort, for they galloped wildly about, casting up thick clouds of dust from their light horses' heels, through which, however, it was discernible that they were Hungarians. Gradually their numbers increased. Infantry followed, battalions upon battalions, in close array, and behind them the dust arose yet thicker from the wheels of artillery and ammunition wag-gons. A gust of wind dissipated, for an instant, the white clouds that shrouded the whole; then was a banner seen bearing the arms of Hungary, and the countenance of Princess Sophia, losing the rare and faint gleam of serenity called forth by expectation of the Archbishop, became anxiously thoughtful.

"And now, at the head of a considerable train, a young and handsome man, richly dressed in the national garb, galloped to the front, and gave the word of command. It was repeated far and near; horse, foot, and artillery, halted, faced half round, and fronted Castle Munkacz. The leader sprang yet onwards with a few companions, paused at the foot of the rock, and looked earnestly up to the castle. 'Decidedly, that is not the train of his Grace of Gran,' said the elder Princess, bitterly, but uneasily; 'nor do those below seem very peacefully disposed; had we heard any alarming report I should take them for enemies.'

"With shouts and clapping of his little hands had Prince Francis beheld the brilliant spectacle; and he now exclaimed: 'How can my grandmother's highness speak so? Those enemies! They are all Hungarians; and how grand they look! And the cavalier there in front, with the dolman* full of gold cords and tassels, and with the feathers nodding in his cap—how he rides! Look, mother, look! What is he doing there? He bows, and lowers his sabre, just as if he were greeting us. And now how he makes his horse prance and curvet! That is just the man I have always fancied as the leader of my hussars!' (a toy army.)

"Helena Zrinyi, in a choking, and yet tolerably steady voice, and without casting a look of triumph or of the slightest scorn at her mother-in-law, said: 'Well, my boy; and that is the Emmeric Tököly.'

The elder Princess, indignant at the approach of rebels to her loyal castle, orders them to be fired upon, to which her Austrian castle-captain objects, that he cannot do so without danger to the prelate.

"And, indeed, upon one of the many sand-hills, surrounded by several priests and a few soldiers, they now discovered the primate, recognizable by his ample violet-coloured robe, his large round hat and his milk-white palfrey. But three or four of his small troops had ridden forward to the young leader, who remained stationary, as though awaiting the return of his salute.

"After a short conference with the prelate's men, Emmeric, not without another bow to the window, turned his horse, and rode back to the head of

* The native name of the Hungarian garb.

his squadrons; one of which, to the renewed delight of the young heir of Munkacz, galloped to the sand-hill, and encircled the archbishop.

" 'Help, merciful Heaven!' exclaimed Princess Sophia, 'has my life been prolonged only that I might see the anointed of the Lord seized before Munkacz by execrable heretics and rebels, and laid in irons, or his blood shed by the accursed hands of the Amalekites?'"

Tököly, however, merely escorts the archbishop respectfully to the castle, whither the emperor has sent him to negotiate with the insurgents. And now, having relieved any alarm which Princess Sophia's fears might have excited in the reader's mind for the excellent prelate's safety, as we intend not to attempt an abstract of the story, which could be but a dry statement of the triumphs and subsequent misfortunes of Tököly and his Helena, of the unsuccessful labours of Balthasar, and of the sorrows of his virgin-bride, we shall take our leave of Alexander Bronikowski, with one single additional criticism. He appears to us somewhat deficient in his sense of poetic justice. Of course, we do not wish him to paint virtue prosperous when history records its calamities and sufferings, but we do wish that he would set forth in stronger and bolder relief the final punishment of his vicious characters. He exhibits them almost *con amore* during their success; their ultimate disappointments, regrets, mortifications, &c. &c. are, as though he were glad to get rid of them, merely mentioned, and that so slightly as wholly to deprive us of any consolatory picture of retribution, as scarcely, perhaps, to produce a moral reflexion in the young and light-minded.

Since the above was written, ampler means of appreciating this novelist have been afforded to the British public; a translation of another of his historical novels, *Boratinski*, having appeared, under the title of "The Court of Sigismund Augustus." We do not, however, consider *Boratinski* as the best or fairest specimen of our author's powers. If it is replete with more striking scenes, with more novel-like interest than the works of which we have spoken, it is inferior to them in the skilful development of character, in the delicate touches and simple truth to nature, which, to us, constitute Bronikowski's great charm. The characters in *Boratinski* are strongly drawn, but somewhat too highly coloured. The translator is a Polish refugee of distinction (Count Valerian Krazinski), and we congratulate him upon having attained to a mastery of our language very uncommon in a foreigner. At the same time we cannot say that the work does not often betray a want of familiarity with English idiom. In case the Count should, as we hope he will, give us translations of more Polish novels, we would hint to him that Bronikowski requires much compression for English taste, and, like German works generally, to be purified from that German construction of sentences which in English becomes heavy.—We regret to learn from the preface that Alexander Bronikowski is lately dead.

ART. X.—*Famiglie Celebri d'Italia*, del Conte Pompeo Litta. Fol. Milano, 1833.

WE have in a former number of this journal noticed this splendid work of Count Litta, which may be truly called the *Fasti* of the great Italian

families, whose names have figured in the eventful history of their country, especially during the middle ages. The author has carefully collected the scattered documents concerning them, placed them in chronological order, and given the accurate genealogy of each family from the earliest authentic records till the present period, where the line is still in existence, or till the period of its extinction. A spirit of sound criticism and an enlightened judgment are everywhere conspicuous throughout these historical sketches, which are drawn with all possible conciseness and clearness of language. The plates are beautiful, some of them richly coloured, and exhibit the true portraiture of the most distinguished individuals of each family, their coats of arms, the monuments raised to them, the medals cast in their name, &c. As a work of art, it does high credit to Italy, and it may vie with any work of the kind yet produced in any country. The author, unfortunately, is lately dead, after having completed forty-five families, containing but a small portion of the great catalogue of the Italian aristocracy. But among these are some of its most illustrious names. The Visconti of Milan, the Medici of Florence, the Carrara of Padua, the Scaligeri of Verona, the Appiani of Pisa, the Vitelli of Citta di Castello, the d'Este of Modena, the Trivulzio, the Eccellino, the Sforza Attendolo, the Alighieri, the Buonarroti;—all these, which are complete, constitute a brilliant constellation of fame, genius, and fortune, partly dimmed by guilt and adversity. We hope that the numerous materials which the indefatigable author had collected for the continuation of this great work have fallen into capable hands, and that the series will be continued with equal discrimination and talent.

ART. XI.—*Memorias Historico-Políticas*, de Don Vicente Pazos. Tomo 1. Londres. Impreso para el Autor. 1834. 8vo.

WE rise highly gratified from the perusal of this volume, the work of an able and honest mind; and sincerely hope that the young republic of Buenos Ayres may ever have to boast amongst her statesmen, spirits so enlightened, candid and sagacious as that of her Vice-Consul in London, its author. The residence of Señor Pazos in so many countries of Europe and America has tended to free his mind from the natural though narrow prejudices inherent to every land; and every reader of Spanish must feel the advantages to be derived from this faithful and spirited, but unpretending narrative of events as they occurred, untinged by political bias. Señor Pazos commences with a view of Spain from the earliest ages of her history, and adds many touches that are wanting to finish the larger pictures of her historians, with a simplicity and truth that are at once felt and recognized by internal evidence. Facts and reasonings equally correct and novel to the general reader appear in every page, as he proceeds with the Moors, Don Pelayo, and Columbus, the Spanish Discoveries, Almagro and Pizarro, and the state of Spain down to the intrusion of Joseph Buonaparte. His account of the proceedings of Napoleon, the Spanish Insurrection, the Cortes, the French Invasion, the Peninsular War, the various errors committed by the government, and his comments on the infatuated course of the different liberal ministries towards the Spanish-Americans,

are concisely and impartially given, in a tone that makes us feel for the author as Dante did for Virgil, when becoming his guide to "the sights and sounds of woe."

The reader, it is true, may not always agree with the writer, but will scarcely ever find it possible to deny him the praise of candour, sincerity, judgment and research. With this opinion of his talents, we must also add that, unlike the generality of Spanish writers, his language, like his thoughts, possesses little of turgidity, or of *exaltado* frenzy; and as a clear style is evidence of a clear head,—the thing that has been most wanted in much of the transactions he relates,—we trust Señor Pazos will shortly favour us with a second volume of these *Memorias*, and enlarge the first, in which trifling errors are so amply counter-balanced by all that is dear to the lovers of historic truth. The advocates of republics should note the passages regarding Bolivia. We may probably notice this work at greater length hereafter.

ART. XII.—*Altdeutsches Elementarbuch*, von Adolf Ziemann. *Erste Abtheilung: Grundriss zur Buchstaben und Flexions-lehre des Altdeutschen, nebst einem Wurzelverzeichnis. Nach Grimm bearbeitet, Zweite Abtheilung: Altdeutsches Lesebuch. mit Anmerkungen.* (Old German Rudiments. Part the First:—Introduction to the Knowledge of the Letters and Inflexions of the Old German Languages, with a Catalogue of Roots. According to Grimm.—Part the Second: The Old German Reader, with notes. By Adolphus Ziemann.) 8vo. Quedlingburg and Leipzig. 1833.

THE copious title of this little volume gives but an inadequate idea of its value and utility. The first division contains not only a condensation of the learned Grimm's views of the Gothic, Old High German, and Middle High German languages, but likewise a copious list of their root-words. It will be found highly useful to the philological student, and a safe and intelligible guide to the lover of poetry and romance, who would fain explore the ancient records of German chivalry and song in the rough but stirring language of contemporary poets. The rules which mark the formation and inflexions of those languages from which the German of the present day is lineally descended, are here briefly but clearly explained in the space of some fifty or sixty pages. In the second division, or as it is appropriately entitled, the "Old German Reading-Book," the student is furnished with examples and applications of those rules, in a selection of passages drawn from the most remarkable monuments of those olden tongues, accompanied by illustrative notes from the pen of the editor. These extracts are of themselves highly curious. The specimens of the Gothic are taken from *Ulfilas*: those of the Old High German from *Isidore's* translation, Kero's *Benedictinner-regel*, Otfried, &c.; and those of the Middle High German from Lachman's edition of the *Nibelungen Noth*, from Wolfram von Eschenbach's *Parzival*, *Titarel*, *Willehalm*, the *Tristram*, *Wigalois*, and a number of similar works.

In the attention which has hitherto been paid to the known and ac-

known relations of early French and English poetry, the connexion of the latter with the other literatures of the continent, more especially those of the Teutonic branch, has been entirely overlooked. The investigation of the obligations which the poets of these countries have reciprocally conferred upon each other, has not yet met with the attention which it deserves. That there existed an intimate connexion between the vernacular writers of England and Germany, at a period when they are generally supposed to have been as widely separated as pole from pole, is a fact which may easily be proved. We will say nothing of our borrowing from the Germans "*The Merie Jest of a Man that was called Howleglas*," for that might have been derived from them through the medium of a French translation; but the adventures of the "*Parson of Kalenborow*" are clearly translated from the German direct; and, as has just been discovered, the "*History of Frier Rush*," which caused Ritson so much perplexity, turns out to be a literal prose translation of a German poem, "*Von Bruder Rauschen*," printed at Magdeburg in 1587. *Reynard the Fox* was avowedly translated by Caxton from the *Dutch*; and among the Cottonian MSS. in the British Museum, there is a mystic rhapsody in which the nightingale and her plaintive song are declared to be typical of the doctrines and sufferings of Jesus Christ; the prototype of which, the reader will see by referring to the article on *Dutch Popular Songs* in our last number. (p. 166), is to be found among the Spiritual Songs of Holland.

One instance of the obligations of German literature to that of England shall conclude our observations upon this subject. In the Rostock manuscript of "*Iwein der Riter mit dem Lewen*," by Hartmann von Aue, is the following passage, in which the derivation of this romance from the English one of "*Ywain and Gawain*," published in Ritson's collection, is plainly stated.

"Er was Hartman genant
Und was ein Awere,
Der bracht dise mere
Zu Tisch als ich han vernomen
Do er usz Engellandt was komen
Da er vil zit was gewesen
Hat ers an den Welschen buchen gelesen."^{*}

The three lines which we have printed in Italics are omitted in the edition of this romance published in 1827, under the editorship of Be-necke and Lachman. It is true that they do not occur in the manuscripts employed by them; still, the general resemblance which the poems bear to each other would seem to prove that the words in question were the words of Hartmann himself, and not the interpolation of a copyist.

These few notes will, we think, establish the correctness of our views. The reader who may be desirous of examining this question for himself, will derive invaluable assistance in his researches from the little volume which has called forth these remarks.

* He was Hartman named, and was an Auwer, who brought this book into German, as I have heard, after he came out of England, where he had been a long time, and had read it in the English (foreign) books.

ART. XIII.—*Les Juifs dans le Moyen Age, Essai historique sur leur état civil, commercial et littéraire.* Par J. B. Depping. Paris. 1834. 8vo.

THE Royal Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres proposed in 1821, as the subject of a prize essay, an inquiry into the state of the Jews in France, Spain, and Italy, during the Middle Ages. M. Depping was a competitor for the prize, although not a successful one, and the academy expressed its sense of the merit of his labours by *une mention tres honorable*. The author, however, conceiving that the history of the Jews in the south could not well be separated from that of their brethren in the other countries of Europe, determined to extend his researches, and to make his work embrace a complete sketch of their state over the whole of Europe. The volume before us exhibits the result of his labours and researches.

In a short introduction, M. Depping gives a summary of the principal events in the early history of this extraordinary race, and endeavours to indicate the leading features of their national character, as displayed during the various phases of their existence. The body of the work is divided into *three epochs*; in the *first* of which the writer follows the Jews, step by step, from their first entrance into Europe after the destruction of Jerusalem, to the end of the 10th century. Previous to the 5th century, there were very few of them to be found in any part of Europe excepting Italy, where they had settled from the commencement of the Roman empire. It is to Italy, therefore, that we must look for the basis of the legislation which was subsequently applied to them. Up to the time of the first Christian emperor, this legislation was alternately harsh or lenient, according to the dispositions of the different sovereigns; but the latter had so far predominated, that previous to Constantine's accession, they had changed the character of persecuted for that of persecutors, and one of his first measures was to protect the Christians from their violence and insults. Julian, on the contrary, favoured and protected them. At the fall of the Western empire their worship was still respected, and they were allowed to follow their national customs. With the reign of Justinian commenced that barbarous, unjust, and sanguinary code, which for a succession of centuries regulated the policy of the various Christian nations towards them. Under Justinian it was that they were first stripped of all civil charges, and declared incapable of filling them to all eternity; to crown their degradation, the laws respecting them employed the most outrageous and insulting epithets; their faith was vilified, and every sort of persecution resorted to, under the sanction of the bishops, to make them renounce it. The popes were rather more favourable to them than the bishops, and sought rather to convert them to Christianity by mildness, in order to induce others to follow their example. In Spain, where their numbers early became excessive, the code of the Visigoths treated them with most revolting barbarity; the rites of their worship were interdicted to them, under the penalty of being stoned or burnt alive, and they were enjoined to eat all their dishes seasoned with pork, the well-known object of their detestation. Under the Moors, who succeeded the Goths, their situation

was considerably ameliorated; although the spirit of the Koran is even less favourable to them than to Christians. In France, where they obtained a settlement about the beginning of the 6th century, and introduced the leprosy, the Merovingian kings and the clergy treated them much in the same way as the Visigoths in Spain. Charlemagne mitigated the severity of the laws in various ways, and even went so far as to employ some of them in the distant embassies which required a knowledge of the oriental tongues. Under his two successors, Charles the Pious and Charles the Bald, their influence and power became considerable; they were allowed to buy and sell estates, to fill civil offices, and even to collect the taxes; the unrelenting severity which they displayed in this last capacity, excited the clamours and hostility of the people against them, and from that time a species of civil war was maintained between the two, which continued for centuries, and ended, as everywhere else, in their further degradation and oppression.

In the *second* epoch, extending from the 10th to the 13th centuries, we find the splendour of their name revived in the south, under the Moorish governments in Spain. This is the period of their history which opened up a new era to them, and gave them a national literature, illustrated by some of their greatest names, such as Rabbi Moseh, Isaac-Ben-Jacob Alphesi, Samuel Jehudah, Aben-Hezrah, and Maimonides, in Spain, and Abraham-Ben-David and the Kimchis in France; in which last country, however, they were not much better treated than during some of the preceding centuries. In Italy, in England, and elsewhere, the persecution against them suffered little remission either from the people or the sovereigns.

The *third* epoch, extending from the 13th to the 16th century, was the most calamitous of all to the unfortunate Hebrew race. The expulsion of the Moors from Spain was a death blow to their power and influence in that kingdom, and everywhere throughout Europe they were treated with the same barbarity and intolerance which characterized the proceedings of the Spanish inquisitors, under whose power they fell. In France and in England, they became the victims of the periodical fits of popular fury and insanity which broke out on the appearance of any epidemical disorder, of which the Jews were always regarded as the cause, and their wealth became a prey to the avarice and cupidity of the sovereigns of these kingdoms. They found refuge and a short-lived tranquillity in Portugal, on their expulsion from Spain, but lost it when the two countries were united. All over Germany, they were subjected to similar persecution, massacre, and pillage.

M. Depping's work everywhere attests the patient and laborious erudition of its author; he has in all cases had recourse to original authorities, and detailed a prodigious number of facts. But he has rather collected materials for a future historian than written a history: his book wants the life and animating spirit necessary to carry the reader pleasantly through a narrative replete with so much that shocks and revolts the feelings of an enlightened age, and is altogether deficient in those masterly touches which serve to relieve the sombre gloom of the picture.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XXVII.

DENMARK.

The 8th vol. of the *Scriptores Rerum Danicarum* has recently appeared at Copenhagen. The 7th vol. was published in 1792, and the printing of the 8th was then commenced; it was far advanced, when the whole impression became the prey of a conflagration which only spared two copies. The 9th vol. will complete the work, and will contain a general index.

FRANCE.

THE second part of the 5th volume of M. Quérard's laborious and admirable Dictionary of French Literature, entitled *La France Littéraire*, has just made its appearance. It contains a small portion of the letter *M*; consequently the author may be considered to have completed one half of his undertaking. We sincerely hope that he will live to finish the other half. It is impossible for any one who has not had frequent occasion to consult and refer to this work, to form an idea of the immense labour which it must have required, or sufficiently to appreciate the industry, the patient research, and the minute accuracy which the author has every where displayed. The short notices of the little-known and obscure authors and their productions have a merit of their own, as great as the larger and more elaborate ones dedicated to celebrated or distinguished names. In this department of literature the French and Germans very much surpass us. It will be long indeed, we fear, before we have a Dictionary of British Authors and their works, that will bear any comparison with the work before us.

Captain Sicard has just completed in four 8vo. volumes, with an Atlas of 200 plates, a *History of the French Military Institutions, followed by a Sketch of the Military Marine*. The first three volumes are divided into five parts, comprising,—1. History; 2. Dignities and grades; 3. Administration and justice; 4. National and foreign troops; 5. Artillery, engineers, &c.; hôtel of invalids: military schools. The 4th volume embraces the military orders; wars and systems of tactics; fortified places; arms and machines of war. The work is dedicated to the king.

The autograph MS. of the Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz has been recently discovered in the royal library among the papers of Count Réal, and has attracted a good deal of attention. Numerous passages of great interest are marked for erasure, which do not appear in the printed editions.

A *History of Corsica*, by M. Jacobi, Advocate, will be shortly published, in 2 vols. 8vo. It will include the topography, scenery, and statistics of the island, interspersed with some of those touching and romantic episodes with which its history abounds.

A French translation of Lieutenant Burnes's interesting Travels to Bokhara, &c. has been announced as in preparation at Paris, with notes by Klaproth, the distinguished Orientalist.

Professor Schroeder, of Upsal in Sweden, (whose name has been frequently mentioned in this journal in connection with Swedish literature,) is now at Paris for the purpose of searching among the public libraries for materials to complete the great collection of Swedish Historians of the Middle Ages, edited by him, and of which 3 vols. in folio have already appeared.

A *History of Russia*, compiled from the national chronicles, is announced, in 1 vol. 12mo., by Louis Paris, the translator of Nestor's Chronicle. The same author has in the press *La Chronique de Reims, recit historique de 1238 à 1260*; now published for the first time from the unique MS. in the king's library.

A new edition of the *Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France*, from the 13th to the end of the 18th century, inclusive, is announced for publication, in 20 vols. royal 8vo., distributed in 80 livraisons, one of which will appear every ten days. M. Michaud, the academician, and M. Poujolat, the companion of his late travels in the east, will discharge the duties of editorship, supply the necessary explanatory and other notes, &c. &c. By means of printing in a smaller type and in double columns, it is calculated (but the accuracy of this calculation is denied in the strongest terms by the proprietors of Petitot,) that these 20 volumes will include the whole two series of Petitot's collection, in 130 vols. 8vo. at a price not exceeding one-fourth of that. It will proceed chronologically, beginning with Geoffrey Villehardouin, and ending with Saint Simon.

A new monthly Paris periodical, entitled *Revue du Progres Social*, under the direction of two young and talented litterateurs, MM. Lechevalier and Mallac, was commenced with the present year, with the professed objects of "uniting under one standard all who are occupied in the reformation of doctrines and institutions: and of enlightening the attempts of innovation by a firm and comprehensive criticism, which shall legitimize its sympathies for social progress, along with respect for traditions, morality, religion, and existing interests." We have only seen two numbers of this journal, those for July and August last, the perusal of which has impressed us with a very favourable opinion both of the ability and the principles of the conductors. They are, like ourselves, friends of intellectual and political progress or movement, but of *peaceful movement*; they accept, and are ready to defend, against the attacks of both the extreme parties, the present order of things in France, as better calculated to secure the happiness and moral and political improvement of the nation, than either the old regime or a republic. Zeal in the cause of national education, respect for the best interests of society, and a vigorous and independent tone of politics, are qualities conspicuous in several of the articles we have read. The following short passage, from a cleverly written paper on the works of M. Sainte Beuve, appears to us to give a very satisfactory explanation of the causes of the extraordinary fecundity of French literature since the last revolution, and of its prevailing characteristics—the cause and the effect are here both clearly indicated.

"The literary profession has become the prey of a whole youthful generation, which has undertaken to depict human life before it had made the least acquaintance with it; to pronounce critical judgments without having acquired the right to possess a judgment; to become the public schoolmaster in reviews and newspapers, when it had scarcely quitted school itself. What, therefore, do we see? This young France is already worn out at thirty, before it has produced a single work of any importance; an abortive generation, com-

pounded of ambition, vanity, and indolence, which has during the last four years inundated France with a mass of printed paper, which it calls its literature."

The royal printing office of Paris possesses the types of 56 Oriental alphabets, comprehending all the known characters of the languages of Asia, ancient as well as modern; and 16 alphabets of those European nations, who do not employ the Roman character. Of these the royal printing press possesses 46 complete founts of various forms and sizes. All these together weigh at least 750,000 lbs. and as the types of an 8vo. page weigh about 6 lbs. this establishment is able to compose, simultaneously, 7812 8vo. sheets, forming nearly 260 volumes, or 125,000 pages. The number of presses employed enables it to throw off 278,000 sheets per day, or 556 reams of paper, equal to 9266 volumes in 8vo. of 30 sheets each. The annual consumption of paper by the royal printing office is from 80 to 100,000 reams, or from 261 to 326 reams per working-day. The number of workmen constantly employed is about 350.

The 10th volume of the *Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres* has recently appeared, and contains thirteen memoirs on subjects connected with the literature and history of the East; of Egypt and of Greece, of Ancient Rome, and France during the Middle Ages. Of four by M. Silvestre de Sacy, on oriental subjects, there is one on the origin of the *Thousand and One Nights*, which it is incumbent on us to notice, with reference to the opinion expressed towards the end of the fifth article of our present number. The passage of Massoudi there alluded to, on which the supporters of their Indian or Persian origin mainly rest, is considered by M. de Sacy to be an interpolation, and the conclusions drawn from it to be totally at variance with all the literary and historical data we possess respecting these famous tales. He considers it probable that they were originally written in Syria, and that the first author did not complete them; copyists at different times, and perhaps in various places, but especially in Egypt, have attempted to do so, by inserting other tales, either such as were previously known, or written by themselves. Hence arises the extreme variety which has been remarked in the manuscript copies, and especially the two very different dénouements with which they are concluded. "I do not think," says M. de Sacy, "that any impartial reader can look upon the *Thousand and One Nights* in any other light than as a collection of tales made by one or more Arabian or Mussulman writers, at a period not very remote, and when the Arabic was no longer written with purity. What may be said with most certainty as to the date of the collection, is, that at the time it was made, the use of tobacco and coffee was undoubtedly not known, as there is no mention whatever of these throughout. This would prove that they existed about the middle of the 9th century of the Hegira, (the 15th of our era)."

The 19th volume of M. Sismondi's *Histoire des Français*, just published comes down to the year 1580, consequently it includes the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. We propose shortly to devote an article to an examination of the volumes of this valuable work which have appeared since our former notice of the first twelve. (VOL. IV. ART. 1.) And in conjunction with it, we may take M. Capefigue's last work—*Histoire de la Reforme, de la Ligue, et du Regne du Henri IV.*, of which the fifth and sixth volumes have lately appeared.

Necrology.—Lately, M. Prosper Dondey Dupré, jun., the eminent oriental bookseller and printer. His connexion with the most distinguished orientalists of France and of Europe enabled him to set on foot, and carry on with great success, a twofold establishment of books and printing in the Oriental languages, which in a few years attained a distinguished eminence, and rendered the most valuable services to literature.

A curious little work has recently appeared entitled, *Les Amours, les Malheurs, les Ouvrages d'Héloïse et d'Abélard*; it is translated from the edition of 1616, now become excessively rare, and is illustrated with notes by M. Villenave, formerly Professor at the Athénæum of Paris.

The work of the venerable Abbé de la Rue, (well known in this country by his antiquarian researches), which was announced some time since, has just appeared at Caen, in three volumes, 8vo., entitled, *Essais Historiques sur les Bardes, les Jongleurs et les Trouvères Normands et Anglo-Normands*. We hope shortly to be enabled to give an account of it, replete as it is with interest to the amateurs of our own literature and history.

M. Francisque Michel, one of the most zealous and indefatigable inquirers into early French literature, and whose mission to this country, under the patronage of the minister of public instruction, has been the means of hunting out many curious MSS. of the Trouvères, which had been consigned to oblivion under the dust of our public libraries and archives, has published since his return to Paris, copies of two very curious MSS. of the 13th century preserved in the Royal Library, which had never before appeared in print. The first is the *Roman de la Violette, ou de Gérard de Nevers*, in verse, and the second, the *Roman d'Eustache le Moine, pirate fameux du xiii. Siècle*.

The third volume of M. Pardessus's valuable *Collection des Loi Maritimes, antérieures au xviii. Siècle*, the previous volumes of which we have more than once had occasion to refer to, has just appeared. A continuation of the Introduction continues the historical sketch from the time of the Crusades to the discovery of the passage by the Cape of Good Hope. The body of the work contains the Maritime Laws of Norway, Iceland, Sweden, Denmark, Bremen, Hamburg, Lubeck, the Prussian States, and Russia.

GERMANY.

Professor Ellendt, of Königsberg, has nearly completed a *Lexicon Sophocleum*, forming a complete repertory of the labours of grammarians and philologists, for the elucidation of the great Greek tragic poet. The work will appear in May next, in 2 vols. 8vo.

The Posthumous Works of the German philosopher *Fichte* are announced for publication, in 3 vols. 8vo.

A Map of the Moon is announced as in preparation by Messrs. Beer and Maedler, which, from the promises held out as to its execution, we should judge well worthy of attention of astronomers. The price will be 25s.

An edition of the Hebrew Prophets, with a German translation, and an original and complete Commentary, along with those of Jonathan Raschi and the Massora, with Emendations, is announced for publication in 33 parts 8vo. price about 17 Rix-dollars. The editor is Dr. Heinemann, of Berlin, whose

edition of the *Me Kor Chajim* forms so valuable an accession to Hebrew literature.

An elegant looking volume, under the title of *Euthymia, oder die Freude in Gott, eine Mitgabe für das ganze Leben*, has just appeared at Mentz. It consists of Extracts from the best religious and moral poets of Germany, and of Reflections and Fragments in prose of the same description. The selection is creditable to the editor's taste and feelings, and may be put into the hands of youth, and particularly of the fair sex, with the utmost confidence. The names of the writers, however, should have been attached to each extract, and not left to be guessed at from the general index.

M. Jaeck of Bamberg has lately published, at Leipzig, the first part of a Collection of Alphabets and Specimens of Writing, from the VIIIth to the XVIth century inclusive, selected from MSS. in the public library of Bamberg, with a glossary of antiquated Latin words not to be found, or insufficiently explained, in the Glossaries of Ducange and Stephen. M. Jaeck's work is intended to make two volumes in folio.

M. Heinrigs, of Berlin, has also published the first part of a Collection of European Manuscript Alphabets of ancient and modern times.

The first volume of a new edition of Suidas's Greek Lexicon, printed in quarto, from the text of the Milan edition, edited and illustrated by Professor Bernhardt, has just made its appearance at Halle.

The splendid Collection of coloured engravings published by Messrs. Boisseree and Bertram, of the old German and Flemish pictures now in the Munich Gallery, is brought to a conclusion; the 38th livraison, recently published, completes it. This collection was noticed, with due commendation, in the course of the article on *Albert Durer*, in our 11th Volume.

M. Pohl, of Vienna, author of the splendid work entitled *Plantarum Brasiliæ Icones et Descriptiones*, died in that city in May last, in his 50th year. He was Conservator of the Brazilian Museum of Natural History, which he formed during his travels in that country, and is one of the finest collections in the world.

A *Booksellers' Assistants' Society* has recently been formed at Leipzig, the objects of which are stated to be the promotion, after the labours of the day of friendly intercourse and improvement, by means of a library, lectures, and a reading-room. Classes will also be formed for instruction in the most useful living languages. The lectures are to embrace the various arts connected with bookselling, such as letter-founding, printing, bookbinding, paper-making, copper and wood engraving, lithography, &c.

A complete edition, in one volume, 8vo. of the Poetical Works of Voss, is announced for publication. The *translations* will not be included.

A *Physical Description of the Earth* is preparing for publication by Baron Humboldt.

A narrative of the first Prussian *Voyage round the World*, performed by H. M. S. *Louise*, under the command of Captain Wendt, during the years 1830 to 1832, drawn up by Dr. Meyen, the naturalist attached to the expedition, has just appeared at Berlin, in two volumes quarto.

An institution or endowment is announced to be formed in memory of the celebrated theologian and philologist Schleiermacher, and to be named after him, for the purpose of enabling young men, students of theology in the University of Berlin, who have previously distinguished themselves by their attainments, to devote themselves exclusively, and with minds undisturbed by pecuniary cases, to their studies for the entire period of their university career, and in cases that may be deemed fit, even after that period. The management of this institution to be in the hands of the twelve founders, in whose name an appeal has been lately put forth to the well-wishers of such an institution, for pecuniary assistance to carry its objects into effect. The names of these founders Messrs. Eichhorn, the two Humboldts, two Neanders, Savigny, Fostner, Nikolovius, Steffens, Hofbach, Pischon, and Strauss.

A Picturesque Tour of the new Austrian Military Road through the Tyrol to Milan, with coloured plates and a map of the road, has recently been completed by Messrs. Orell, Fussli and Co. of Zurich. Our readers will recollect the account of this road given in vol. xii. p. 152—156.

M. Von Hammer having completed the first edition of his *History of the Ottoman Empire*, is now busily engaged in passing a second through the press, considerably improved. The first and second volumes, published in livraisons, have already appeared.

M. Braun of Carlsruhe, the publisher of Dr. Hilpert's *English-German and German-English Dictionary*, announces that he has made arrangements for the speedy completion of that valuable work, which had been suspended in consequence of the author's sudden death. The English-German part was published two years ago, but of the German-English part the author had only prepared the MS. from A. to the article *Führen* inclusive. M. Ludwig Süpple, an able German philologist, has undertaken to continue and carry it on to a conclusion; and Dr. Ernest Kärcher has agreed to supply the accentuation, etymologies, and synonymes, and to superintend the general arrangement of the words. Mr. Spearman, an English professor, will revise the English words, and translate the etymologies and synonymes into English; and Messrs. Mittell and Killinger, two German gentlemen well acquainted with English, will assist in correcting the press. The well-merited eulogiums which Dr. Hilpert's first volume has obtained, and the arrangements now announced for making the second equally valuable, lead us to anticipate that, when completed, this Dictionary will prove the best which has yet appeared of the two languages.

A neat pocket edition has just appeared at Tübingen of the *Nibelunge Lied*, the text of which is taken from the edition lately published (and we believe only privately distributed) by Baron Joseph von Lassberg, from the oldest and purest MS. in existence of this famous poem. A copious glossary is added.

The fourth volume of Raumer's *History of Europe since the end of the 15th Century*, has just made its appearance.

An important work by M. Keferstein has just appeared at Leipsic in two volumes, on the Physiology of the Earth, Geognosy, Geology, and Palæontology (Fossilology.) The latter part contains a voluminous catalogue, with the Latin names, of all the known fossils of either the animal or vegetable kingdom.

The first volume of M. Erman's *Travels round the World, through the North of Asia, and both Oceans, in the years 1828, 1829, and 1830*, which has recently appeared at Berlin, contains his *Journey from Berlin to the Frozen Ocean*. The sequel is looked for with great interest.

Dr. Jungmann's *Dictionary of the Bohemian Language*, in the compilation of which he has been incessantly engaged for the last 30 years, will shortly appear, in successive parts, at intervals of three months, and will be completed in five volumes, quarto. Few nations, it is said, possess a dictionary so complete, in every respect, as this will be.

ITALY.

NAPLES.—The kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which four years ago possessed only two journals, can now boast of not less than thirty. A French journalist lately asserted, that the Neapolitan journals contained nothing but translations from the French periodicals, than which nothing is more unfounded; the least examination will show that the articles in them are of home manufacture. Most of the writers connected with them belong to the youthful class, a class which fortunately is likely to realize the hopes which have been long entertained of seeing our literature resume the tone and character of nationality. It will be sufficient to mark the prominent features in the physiognomy of a few of these publications.

The *Annali Civili* is the journal of the higher scientific class, the writers in which certainly spare no pains in composing profound and elaborate articles in a pure and elegant style. But they are far too learned to be relished by the multitude. This journal besides, if it remains faithful to the plan on which it set out, can scarcely deviate from the narrow path of *éloges*.

The *Progresso* is a good journal, in which there are frequently important articles on science and the belles lettres.

The *Omnibus*, a name borrowed from the long vehicles which now traverse our streets, no doubt with reference to its matter and spirit, which are calculated for *all* readers, addresses itself to the great mass, to idle readers, who look to it for an agreeable *délassement*, to those who are fond of scandalous stories, comic anecdotes, and drolleries of all sorts.

The *Mercurio* is under the direction of the famous Dominico Babraja, whose object is to attack the anonymous society, who have now the monopoly of the theatres. It is singular enough to see a petty stage-manager attempting, in imitation of a fallen statesman, to regain through the press the opinion which he has lost through his own folly.

The *Topo Litterato* (Literary Mole) frequently contains good articles. Several of its collaborateurs have begun to write in the *Giornale del Comercio*, recently established, which treats of all subjects relative to industry, arts and manufactures, and political economy, and which promises to be a good journal.

The *Folletto* (The Fairy) is as light as its name.

The *Giano* (Janus) is so mysterious, that no one yet knows what to make of him. He will do well to preserve his *incognito*.

The *Diogene* smells too strongly of the tub; he has all the bile of the Greek cynic.

The *Veriterio* is a miserable journal, the attempt of some novices.

The *Vesuvio* has none of the fire of the volcano whose name he bears; he is an icy pedant, who is incessantly babbling, and knows not one word which has not been long since forgotten by the meanest of his readers.

The *Industriale* presents an interesting *mélange* of news, inventions, dis-

coveries, agricultural processes, and useful knowledge, together with information relative to manufactures, commerce, and statistics.

Besides these there are five or six medical journals of high reputation.

Finally, the desire and the want of publicity are shown, even in the provinces, with the same emulation and the same activity as in the capital. The Capitanate already possesses three journals of its own, one of which, the *Po-ligrafo*, publishes all the memoirs signed by the members of the Economical Society of the chief town of the province.—From the *Biblioteca Italiana*.

RUSSIA.

In no country in Europe does the government take such an active interest in the publication of journals as in Russia. Almost every principal branch of administration possesses a journal through which its proceedings, plans, and means of execution are communicated to the public. During the year 1833 there were published, in the Russian language, 40 journals and newspapers; of which 24 were published at St. Petersburg, 10 at Moscow, three at Odessa, two at Revel, and one at Kasan. Five of these were devoted to political subjects, 13 to literature, and the remaining 22 to various branches of science; and were edited, for the most part, by individuals connected with the government. These are independent of the journals that are published in German and in French, of which there are several.

Prince Protojon, the present Hetman of the Cossacks, has just translated the Poems of Parny into the Calmuc language. We think he might have made a more judicious choice.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

M. G. Pauthier has announced a translation of the Political, Moral, and Philosophical Works of Confucius (Kong-fou-tseu) and of Mencius (Meng-tseu), the two most celebrated Chinese philosophers, accompanied with the original Chinese text. These writings are what are called by the Chinese the *Se-Chou*, (the Four Books); they form the basis of the instruction of youth in all the colleges of the empire;—they are the books held in the highest estimation by the Chinese literati, of whose contents all who are designed for the career of letters or administration must make themselves masters, and even get by heart. The work will form two volumes in royal 8vo. (price 50 francs, or 2*l.*) and will be sent to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are found to defray the expence of printing.

M. Garcin de Tassy has just published in 4to. an edition of the works of Wali, a Hindoo poet, in the original Hindoostannee. Wali is one of the oldest and most celebrated poets of his country, and his works have hitherto remained unpublished. A preface by the editor gives a number of details respecting his life, collected from biographical works, and from his own writings. A French translation of these poems, with notes, will shortly be published by the same editor.

M. Von Hammer has published an edition of the *Rose and the Nightingale* poem, by Fazli, a Turkish poet, in the original, with a German translation.

An edition of the Gulistan of Sadi, in the original Persian, with a French translation, and critical and historical notes by M. Semelet, has just appeared at Paris, in 1 vol. 4to.

- 193 Molitor, Philosophie de la Tradition, traduit de l'Allemand par Xavier Quiris. 8vo. 8s. 6d.
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- 218 Rotteck, Lehrbuch des Vernunft-Rechts und der Staats-Wissenschaften. 4 Bde. gr. 8vo. *Stuttg.* 2l.

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